

Ballads



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BALLADS:
SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH.

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WILLIAM P. NIMMO.



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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. LAWSON.

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BALLADS.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

"SIR PATRICK SPENS" was long admitted to be one of the earliest specimens of Scottish ballad poetry extant, but of late years there has been a considerable amount of discussion on this subject. It is now understood by many, on what is supposed to be reliable evidence, to have been written by Elizabeth Halkett, Lady Wardlaw, authoress of the ballad of "Hardyknute," the antiquity of which was also questioned for a time; but this point is still open to dispute. The ballad details the circumstances of the expedition to Norway, which sailed, by command of Alexander III., in 1281, for the purpose of conveying thither Margaret, his daughter, who was espoused to Eric, King of Norway. On the return of the fleet the catastrophe of the ballad occurred, and among others, Sir Patrick Spens, the presumed head of the expedition, was drowned.

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"Oh where will I get a skeely skipper,¹
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

¹ Skilful sailor.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the faem;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

“Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi’ a’ the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say—

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud,
And a’ our queenis fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie;

“For I hae brought as much white monie,
As gane¹ my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou² of gude red goud,
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

¹ Suffice.

² The eighth part of a peck.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld mōon in her arm ;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift¹ grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the topmasts lap,²
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast ;
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap³ them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in."

¹ Sky.² Sprang.³ Wrap or swaddle.

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith,¹ were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon ;
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
That floated on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they'll see nae mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves !
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet !

¹ Reluctant.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

"JOHNIE ARMSTRONG of Gilnockie, the hero of the following ballad, is a noted personage, both in history and tradition. He was, it would seem from the ballad, a brother of the laird of Mangertoun, chief of the name. His place of residence was at the Hallows, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins still serve to adorn a scene, which, in natural beauty, has few equals in Scotland. At the head of a desperate band of freebooters, this Armstrong is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, and to have levied *black mail*, or *protection and forbearance money*, for many miles round. James V., of whom it was long remembered by his grateful people that he made the 'rush-bush keep the cow,' about 1529, undertook an expedition through the border counties, to suppress the turbulent spirit of the marchmen. But, before setting out upon his journey, he took the precaution of imprisoning the different Border chieftains, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The Earl of Bothwell was forfeited, and confined in Edinburgh Castle. The lords of Home and Maxwell, the lairds of Buccleuch, Fairniherst, and Johnston, with many others, were also committed to ward. Cockburn of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, were publicly executed. The king then marched rapidly forward, at the head of a flying army of ten thousand men, through Ettrick forest and Ewsdale. The evil genius of our Johnie Armstrong, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before James, at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. Pitscottie uses nearly the words of the ballad in describing the splendour of his equipment, and his high expectations of favour from the king. 'But James, looking upon him sternly, said to his attendants, What wants that knave that a king should have? and ordered him and his followers to instant execution.'—'But John Armstrong,' continues this minute historian, 'made great offers to the king: that he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scotchman; secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: but," said he, "had I known this, I should have lived upon the Border in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know king Harry would *downweigh my best horse with gold* to know that I were condemned to die this day."—Pitscottie. Johnie, with all his retinue, was accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people believe, that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away. Armstrong and his followers were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are still shown. As this Border hero was a person of great note in his way, he is frequently alluded to by the writers of the time. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in the curious play published by Mr Pinkerton, from the Bannatyne MS., introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in reliques, who produces, among his holy rarities—

'The cordis, baith grit and lang,
 Quhilt hangit Johnie Armistrang,
 Of gude hemp, soft and sound.
 Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
 Whaevir beis hangit in this cord,
 Neidis never to be drowned!'

Pinkerton's Scottish Poems.

In *The Complaynt of Scotland*, *John Armistrangis' dance*, mentioned as a popular tune, has probably some reference to our hero. The common people of the high parts of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold

the memory of Johnie Armstrong in very high respect. They affirm also, that one of his attendants broke through the king's guard, and carried to Gilnockie Tower the news of the bloody catastrophe.

"This song was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, who says he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman called Armstrong, who was in the sixth generation from this John. The reciter assured him that this was the genuine old ballad, the common one false."—

Scott's Minstrelsy.

SOME speikis of lords, some speikis of lairds,
And sic lyke men of hie degrie ;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sum tyme called laird of Gilnockie.

The king he wrytes a luvving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrong,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene ;
They were a gallant companie—
"We'll ride and meit our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie."

"Make kinnen¹ and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie ;
We'll welcum here our royal king ;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie !"

They ran their horse on the Langholme howm,
And brak their spears wi' mickle main ;²
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
"God bring our men weel back agen !"

When Johnie cam' before the king,
Wi' a' his men, sae brave to see,
The king he movit his bonnet to him ;
He ween'd he was a king as well as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me ?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege," said he.

¹ Rabbits.

² Great force.

“Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o’ my sight soon mayst thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I’ll not begin with thee.”

“Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I’ll gie to thee—
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steids,
Were a’ foaled in ae year to me.

“I’ll gie thee a’ these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker at a speir;
And as mickle gude English gilt
As four o’ their braid backs dow bear.”

“Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o’ my sight soon mayst thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee!”

“Grant me my life, my liege, my king
And a bonnie gift I’ll gie to thee—
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
That gang through a’ the yeir to me.

“These four-and-twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee through a’ the yeir;
And as mickle of gude reid wheit
As a’ their happers dow to bear.”

“Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o’ my sight soon mayst thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great gift I’ll gie to thee—
Bauld four-and-twenty sister’s sons,
Sall for thee fecht, though a’ should flee!”

“Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o’ my sight soon mayst thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“Grant me my life, my liege, my king !
And a brave gift I ’ll gie to thee—
All between heir and Newcastle town
Sall pay their yeirly rent to thee.”

“Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o’ my sight soon mayst thou be !
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I ’ll not begin wi’ thee.”

“Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,” he says,
“Although a king and prince ye be !
For I ’ve luvèd naething in my life,
I weel dare say, but honesty—

“Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deir ;
But England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir !

“Sche suld have found me meal and mault,
And beef and mutton in a’ plentie ;
But nevir a Scots wyfe could have said,
That e’er I skaithed her a puir flee.

“To seik het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me !

“But had I kenn’d ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me !
I wad have keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

“Wist England’s king that I was ta’en,
Oh gin a blythe man he wad be !
For anes I slew his sister’s son,
And on his briest-bane brak a trie.”

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Imbroidered ower wi’ burning gold,
Bespangled wi’ the same metal ;
Maist beautiful was to behold—

There hang nine targets at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
“What wants that knave that a king suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown!

“Oh whar got thou these targets, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly¹ abune thy brie?”

“I gat them in the field fechtin,
Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.

“Had I my horse, and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have been tauld this hundred yeir,
The meeting of my king and me!

“God be with thee, Kirsty,² my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun;
Lang mayst thou live on the border syde,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

“And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But and thou live this hundred yeir,
Thy father's better thou 'lt nevir be.

“Farewell! my bonnie Gilnock hall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about.”

John murder'd was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men dee—

Because they saved their country deir
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld
While Johnie lived on the border syde,
Nane of them durst cum neir his hauld.

¹ Glance so bravely.

² Christopher.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

"JOCK O' THE SYDE" was a famous Border mosstrooper in the reign of Queen Mary. He resided at the Syde, in Liddesdale, and was a nephew of the Laird of Mangertoun, and consequently cousin of the Laird's Jock and Wat, two of his deliverers. Tradition states that he aided in the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, after his insurrection against the Earl of Northumberland. He changed his mail and costume with the earl: and by means of the disguise the latter succeeded in eluding his guard. Jock o' the Syde was secured as a prisoner, but was afterwards rescued by his kinsmen and their followers in the manner related in the ballad. "The land-steward mentioned in this ballad, and also in 'Hobbie Noble,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "was an officer under the warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace."

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Syde is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangertoun House Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits¹ fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spoke our gude auld lord—
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangertoun;
Michael is kill'd, and they hae ta'en my son Johnie."

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangertoun;
"I have yokes of ousen, eighty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weil fill'd,
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

"Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harneist wi' the best o' steel;
The English louns may hear and drie²
The weight o' their braid swords to feel.

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banish'd thee to me."

¹ Torrents.

² Dread.

Now Hobbie was an English man,
In Bewcastle dale was bred and born ;
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangertoun them orders gave,
"Your horses the wrang way maun be shod ;
Like gentlemen ye mauna seim,
But look like corn-caugers ga'en the road.¹

"Your armour gude ye mauna shaw,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir ;
As country lads be a' array'd,
Wi' branks and brecham² on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine ;
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water of Tyne.

At the Cholerford they all light down,
And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they came to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells ower laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock,
"There's naething for't ; the gates we maun force."
But when they cam the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang ;
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa !
His life and his keys at anes they hae ta'en,
And cast the body ahind the wa'.

¹ Corn-carriers travelling.

² Rude harness.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call :
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone :
"Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep ;
But wha's this kens my name sae weil,
And thus to mese¹ my waes does seek?"

Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
"Now fear ye na, my billie,"² quo' he ;
"For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas ! this canna be ;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
They hae laid a' right sair on me ;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreirie."

"Fear ye na that," quo' the Laird's Jock ;
"A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladie ;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strong door that they cam at,
They loosed it without a key ;
The next chain'd door that they cam at,
They garr'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back,
The Laird's Jock has got up fu' hie.
And down the stairs, him, airns and a',
Wi' nae sma' speid and joy, brings he.

¹ Soothe.

² Friend or comrade.

"Now Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
 "Some o' his weight ye may lay on me."
 "I wat weil no!"¹ quo' the Laird's ain Jock;
 I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
 The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
 And now wi' speid they've ta'en the gate,
 While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie:

"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
 Wi' baith your feet upon ae side;
 Sae weil ye're harniest, and sae trig,
 In troth ye sit like ony bride."

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
 But hied them on fu' merrilie,
 Until they cam to Cholerford brae,
 Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam to Cholerford,
 There they met with an auld man;
 Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
 Tell us in haste, if that ye can."

"I wat weil no," quo' the gude auld man;
 "I hae lived here thretty years and thrie,
 And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
 Nor running anes sae like a sea."

Then out and spoke the Laird's saft Wat,
 The greatest coward in the companie:
 "Now halt, now halt! we need na try't;
 The day is come we a' maun die!"

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
 "There'll nae man die but him that's fey;²
 I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
 Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."

¹ "Indeed not," is a weak English rendering of this phrase.

² Predestined.

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en,
 By anes and twas they a' swam thro' ;
 "Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
 "And, puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"

They scarce the other brae had won,
 When twenty men they saw pursue ;
 Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
 A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-serjeant the water saw,
 "It winna ride, my lads," says he ;
 Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
 But leave the airns, I pray, to me."

"I wat weil no," quo' the Laird's Jock ;
 "I 'll keep them a' ; shoon to my mare they'll be—
 My gude bay mare—for I am sure
 She has bought them a' fu' dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
 E'en as fast as they could them hie ;
 The prisoner is brought to's ain fire-side,
 And there o's airns they mak him free.

"Now Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
 "The day is com'd thou wast to die ;
 But thou's as well at thy ain ingle-side,
 Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."



HOBBIE NOBLE.

HALBERT, or HOBBIE NOBLE, was an English outlaw and freebooter, who had taken refuge on the Scottish border. He was

"the English man
 In Bewcastle was bred and born,"

who aided so materially in the escape of "Jock o' the Syde." The English authorities were anxious to secure the person of Hobbie, and fair means having been unsuccessful in this object, recourse was had to those of a sinister

nature. Five of the Armstrongs, with Sim o' the Mains at their head, undertook to betray him into the hands of the English. They effected their purpose during a pretended hostile raid across the Border, and the unsuspecting freebooter fell into the snare prepared for him, and was immediately afterwards executed at Carlisle.

Hobbie Noble, on account of the service which he had rendered the clan in securing the liberty of "Jock o' the Syde," was high in favour with its chief the Laird of Mangertoun; and the latter was so incensed at the traitorous perfidy of Sim o' the Mains and his followers, that he determined on summary revenge. Sim, to escape, fled into England, and for some crime committed there, he was executed at Carlisle shortly after.

FOUL fa' the breast first treason bred in !
That Liddesdale may safely say :
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout-hearted men,
As England she might often say ;
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an English man,
And born into Bewcastle dale ;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lilye lee ;
And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed¹ his body fair
Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steil ;
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hie ;
Tho' a' should ha'e bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding tryst he wad na be.

¹ Clothed.

“Weel be ye met, my feres¹ five !
 And now, what is your will wi’ me ?”
 Then they cried a’, wi’ ae consent,
 “Thou’rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

“Wilt thou with us into England ride,
 And thy safe warrand we will be ?
 If we get a horse, worth a hundred pound,
 Upon his back thou sune sall be.”

“I daurna by day into England ride ;
 The land-serjeant has me at feid ;²
 And I know not what evil may betide,
 For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

“And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
 For I gat twa drifts o’ his sheep ;
 The great earl of Whitfield³ loves me not,
 For nae geer frae me he e’er could keep.

“But will ye stay till the day gae down,
 Until the night come o’er the grund,
 And I’ll be a guide worth ony twa,
 That may in Liddesdale be found ?

“Though the night be black as pick and tar,
 I’ll guide ye o’er yon hill sae hie,
 And bring ye a’ in safety back,
 If ye’ll be true, and follow me.”

He has guided them o’er moss and muir,
 O’er hill and hope, and mony a down ;
 Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
 And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the land-serjeant,
 In Askerton where that he lay—
 “The deer, that ye ha’e hunted sae lang,
 Is seen into the Waste this day.”

¹ Companions.

² Enmity.

³ This should perhaps be Ralph Whitfield.

“Then Hobbie Noble is that deer !
I wat he carries the style fu’ hie ;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,¹
And set ourselves at little lee.

“Gar warn the bows of Hartlie burn ;
See they sharp their arrows on the wa’ :
Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a’.

“Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
And see it be by break o’ day ;
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,
For there, I think, we’ll get our prey.”

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimit a dreim,
In the Foulbogshiel, where that he lay ;
He dreimit his horse was aneith him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

The cocks could craw, the day could daw,
And I wot sae even fell down the rain ;
Had Hobbie na waken’d at that time,
In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta’en or slain.

“Get up, get up, my feres five !
I trow here makes a fu’ ill day ;
Yet the worst cloak o’ this company,
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day.”

¹ “The russet bloodhound, wont, near Annand’s stream,
To trace the sly thief with avenging foot,
Close as an evil conscience still at hand.”

Our ancient statutes inform us, that the bloodhound, or sluith-hound, (so called from its quality of tracing the slot, or track, of men and animals,) was early used in the pursuit and detection of marauders. *Nullus perturbet, aut impediatur canem trassantem, aut homines trassantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones.*—*Regium Majestatem*, lib. 4tus, cap. 32. And, so late as 1616, there was an order from the king’s commissioners of the northern counties, that a certain number of slough-hounds should be maintained in every district of Cumberland, bordering upon Scotland. They were of great value, being sometimes sold for a hundred crowns.—*Exposition of Blean’s Atlas, voce Nithsdale*. The breed of this sagacious animal, which could trace the human footstep with the most unerring accuracy, is now nearly extinct.—*Scott*.

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear
But, ever alas ! it was na sae :
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

“ Yet follow me, my feres five,
And see ye keip of me guid ray ;
And the worst cloak o’ this company
Even yet may cross the Waste this day.”

But the land-serjeant’s men came Hobbie before,
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin’,
So had noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas ! he might na win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie’s sword ;
But he did mair than a laddie’s deed ;
For that sword had clear’d Conscauthart-green,
Had it not broke o’er Jerswigham’s head.

Then they ha’e ta’en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi’s ain bowstring they band him sae ;
But his gentle heart was ne’er sae sair,
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They ha’e ta’en him on for west Carlisle ;
They asked him, if he kend the way ?
Tho’ much he thought, yet little he said ;
He knew the gate as weel as they.

They ha’e ta’en him up the Ricker-gate ;¹
The wives they cast their windows wide ;
And every wife to another can say,
“ That’s the man loosed Jock o’ the Syde ! ”

“ Fy on ye, women ! why ca’ ye me man ?
For it’s nae man that I’m used like ;
I am but like a forfoughen² hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke.”³

¹ A street in Carlisle.

² Quite fatigued.

³ Ditch.

They ha'e had him up thro' Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney fire ;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
And after that a can of beer ;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
" Eat, brave Noble, and mak gude cheir !

" Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
" And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na die."
" How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
" When I never saw them with my e'e ?"

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
By the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.

" Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangertoun !
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see :
I wad ha'e betray'd nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

" And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale !
Baith the hie land and the law ;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains !
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

" Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."



CLERK SAUNDERS.

"THIS ballad is taken from Mr Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy, in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad beginning, 'There came a Ghost to Margaret's Door,' will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very correct. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work, (*Minstrelsy*;) and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

CLERK SAUNDERS and May Margaret
Walk'd over yon garden green ;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me !"
"Fye, na, fye, na," said May Margaret,
"Till anes we married be.

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright ;
They'll say—' We hae but ae sister,
And behold she's wi' a knight !' "

"Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin ;
And you may swear, and save your aith,
Ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your een ;
And ye may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches shining bright ;
They said—" We hae but ae sister,
And behold her wi' a knight !"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
" My sword shall gar him die !"
And out and spake the second o' them,
" His father has nae mair than he !"

And out and spake the third o' them,
" I wot they're lovers dear !"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
" They hae been in love this mony a year !"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
" 'Twere sin true love to twain !"
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
" It were shame to slay a sleeping man !"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he ;
But he has striped his bright brown brand,
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd
Into his arms as asleep she lay ;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and slept sound,
Till the day began to daw,
And kindly to him she did say,
" It's time, true love, you were awa."

But he lay still and slept sound,
Though the sun began to sheen ;
She look'd atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said—" Let a' your mourning be ;
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll come back and comfort thee."

“Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be ;
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loun
Was in the bower last night wi' me.”

The clinking bell gaed through the toun,
To carry the dead corpse to the clay ;
And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

“Are ye sleeping, Margaret ?” he says,
“Or are ye wauking presently ?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gave to thee.”

“Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheek and chin.”

“My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground ;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

“Oh, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot, the wild-fowls are boding day ;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare upon my way.”

“Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wat, who die in strong traivelling.”

“Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the feet of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about with wi' gillyflowers,
I wot, sweet company for to see.

“Oh, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot, the wild-fowls are boding day ;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I ere now will be miss'd away.”

Then she has taken a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon ;
She has given it him out at the shot window,
Wi' mony a sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank thee, Marg'ret ; I thank thee, Marg'ret ;
And aye I thank ye heartilie ;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,
She climb'd the wall and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders ?
Is there ony room at your feet ?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet ;
My bed it is full lowly now :
Among the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding sheet :
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast ;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin ere ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.



THE HEIR OF LINNE.

"THE original of this ballad," Percy says in his *Reliques*, "is found in the editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which render the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject. From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed. The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a lord of parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with his estate."

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE¹ and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will beginne :
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
 And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his heart's delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To always spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee :
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

¹ Attend.

Sayes, "Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere ;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My lande nowe take it unto thee :
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a god's-pennie ;¹
But for every pounce that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne ;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight :
"My sonne, when I am gone," sayd hee,
"Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

"But swear me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend ;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of golde :
And "come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
"Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

¹ *i. e.* Earnest money ; from the French *Denier a Dieu*. At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a "God's-penny."—*Percy*.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
And then his friendes they slunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monie.

“Now well-a-day,” sayd the heir of Linne,
“Now well-a-day, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

“But many a trustye friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care ?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.”

But one, I wis, was not at home ;
Another had payd his gold away ;
Another call’d him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

“Now well-a-day,” sayd the heir of Linne,
“Now well-a-day, and woe is me ;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they lived right merrilee.

“To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning¹ shame :
To rob and steal it were a sinne :
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

“Now Ile be away to my lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend ;
When all the world should frown on mee
I there should find a trusty friend.”

¹ Burning.

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt,¹ and moor and fenne,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne;
But bare and lothly² were the walles.
"Here's sorry cheare," quoth the heir of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent³ wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

¹ Grove.² Loathsome.³ Shamed or abashed.

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
 And sprang aloft with his bodie :
 When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine,
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead :
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,¹
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bille, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there :
 Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.²

Two were full of the beaten golde,
 The third was full of white monie ;
 And over them in broad letters
 These words were written so plaine to see :

“ Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere :
 Amend thy life and follies past ;
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last.”

“ And let it bee,” sayd the heir of Linne ;
 “ And let it bee, but if I amend :³
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade⁴ shall guide me to the end.”

Away then went with a merry cheare,
 Away then went the heir of Linne ;
 I wis, he neither ceased ne blanne,
 Till John o’ the Scales’ house he did winne.

And when he came to John o’ the Scales,
 Upp at the speere⁵ then looked hee ;
 There sat three lords upon a rowe,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

¹ Letter.

³ Unless I amend.

² Together.

⁴ Advice, counsel.

⁵ Perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was *speered*, i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut. In Bale’s Second Part of the *Acts of Eng. Votaries*, we have this phrase, “ *The dore therof oft tymes opened and speared agayne.*” —Percy.

And John himself sate at the board-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
“I pray thee,” he said, “good John o’ the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christ’s curse on my head,” he sayd,
“If ever I trust thee one pennie.”

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o’ the Scales’ wife then spake he:
“Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no alms of mee;
For if we should hang any losel¹ heere,
The first we would begin with thee.”

Then bespak a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o’ the Scales his bord;
Sayd, “Turn againe, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

“Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

“And ever, I pray thee, John o’ the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.”

Up then spake him John o’ the Scales,
All wood² he answer’d him againe:
“Now Christ’s curse on my head,” he sayd,
“But I did lose by that bargaine.

¹ Rascal.

² Furious, or angrily.

“And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.”

“I drawe you to record, lords,” he said,
With that he cast him a god’s-pennie :
“Now by my fay,” said the heir of Linne,
“And here good John is thy monie.”

And he pull’d forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord :
All woe begone was John o’ the Scales,
Soe shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
“The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.”

Sayes, “Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee :
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

“Ile make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame ;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.”

“Now well-a-day!” sayth Joan o’ the Scales :
“Now well-a-day! and woe is my life !
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o’ the Scales his wife.”

“Now fare-thee-well,” sayd the heir of Linne ;
“Farewell now, John o’ the Scales,” said hee ;
“Christ’s curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.”



BURD HELEN.

"This beautiful tale of woman's love," wrote Dr Robert Chambers in 1829, "beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching narrative, and equally beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching language, was first published by Percy, as an English ballad, under the title of 'Childe Waters.' Mr Jamieson long afterwards published a Scottish version, under the title of 'Burd Ellen,' from the recitation of a lady of the name of Brown; adding some fragments of another copy, which he had taken down from the singing of Mrs Arrot of Aberbrothwick. Mr Kinloch has more lately given, under the title of 'Lady Margaret,' an imperfect copy, superior in some points to that of Mr Jamieson; and, more recently still, Mr Buchan, in his 'Ancient Ballads and Songs,' has presented a very complete one, which he entitles 'Burd Helen.'" The present copy is compiled by Mr Chambers from the different imperfect versions above enumerated.

LORD JOHN stood in his stable door,
Said he was boun' to ride :
Burd Helen stood in her bouir door,
Said she'd run by his side.

"The corn is turning ripe, Lord John ;
The nuts are growing fu' :
And ye are boun' for your ain countrie ;
Fain wad I go with you."

"Wi' me, Helen ! wi' me, Helen !
What wad ye do wi' me ?
I've mair need o' a little foot-page,
Than of the like o' thee."

"Oh, I will be your little foot-boy,
To wait upon your steed ;
And I will be your little foot-page,
Your leish of hounds to lead."

"But my hounds will eat the breid o' wheat,
And ye the dust and bran ;
Then will ye sit and sigh, Helen,
That e'er ye lo'ed a man."

"Oh, your dogs may eat the gude wheat-breid,
And I the dust and bran ;
Yet will I sing and say, weel's me,
That e'er I lo'ed a man !"

“ Oh, better ye’d stay at hame, Helen,
And sew your silver seam ;
For my house is in the far Hiellands,
And ye’ll ha’e puir welcome hame.”

“ I winna stay, Lord John,” she said,
“ To sew my silver seam ;
Though your house is in the far Hiellands,
And I’ll ha’e puir welcome hame.”

“ Then if you’ll be my foot-page, Helen,
As you tell unto me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch abune your knee.

“ So you must cut your yellow locks
An inch abune your e’e ;
You must tell no man what is my name :
My foot-page then you’ll be.”

Then he has luppen¹ on his white steed,
And straight awa’ did ride ;
Burd Helen, dress’d in men’s array,
She ran fast by his side.

And he was ne’er sae lack² a knicht,
As ance wad bid her ride ;
And she was ne’er sae mean a May,
As ance wad bid him bide.

Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran,
A live-long summer-day ;
Until they cam to Clyde-water,
Was fill’d frae bank to brae.

“ Seest thou yon water, Helen,” said he,
“ That flows from bank to brim ? ”
“ I trust to God, Lord John,” she said,
“ You ne’er will see me swim ! ”

¹ Leapt.

² Little.





But he was ne'er sae lack a knight,
As ance wad bid her ride;
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand
To help her ower the tide.
—BURD HELEN.

But he was ne'er sae lack a knicht,
As ance wad bid her ride ;
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand,
To help her ower the tide.

The firsten step that she wade in,
She wadit to the knee ;
" Ochone, alas," quo' that ladye fair,
" This water's no for me !"

The second step that she wade in,
She steppit to the middle :
Then, sighing, said that fair ladye,
" I've wet my gowden girdle."

The thirdden step that she wade in,
She steppit to the neck ;
When that the bairn that she was wi',
For cauld began to quake.

" Lie still, my babe ; lie still, my babe ;
Lie still as lang's ye may :
Your father, that rides on horseback high,
Cares little for us twae."

And when she cam to the other side,
She sat down on a stane ;
Says, " Them that made me, help me now ;
For I am far frae hame !"

" Oh, tell me this, now, good Lord John ;
In pity tell to me ;
How far is it to your lodging,
Where we this nicht maun be ?"

" Oh dinna ye see yon castle, Helen,
Stands on yon sunny lea ?
There ye'se get ane o' my mother's men :
Ye'se get nae mair o' me."

" Oh weel see I your bonnie castell,
Stands on yon sunny lea ;
But I'se hae nane o' your mother's men,
Though I never get mair o' thee."

“ But there is in yon castle, Helen,
That stands on yonder lea,
There is a lady in yon castle,
Will sinder¹ you and me.”

“ I wish nae ill to that ladye,
She comes na in my thocht :
But I wish the maid maist o’ your love,
That dearest has you bocht.”

When he cam to the porter’s yett,²
He tirlled at the pin ;³
And wha sae ready as the bauld porter,
To open and let him in ?

Many a lord and lady bright
Met Lord John in the closs ;
But the bonniest lady among them a’
Was hauding Lord John’s horse.

Four and twenty gay ladyes
Led him through bouir and ha’ ;
But the fairest lady that was there,
Led his horse to the sta’.

Then up bespak Lord John’s sister ;
These were the words spak she :
“ You have the prettiest foot-page, brother,
My eyes did ever see—

“ But that his middle is sae thick,
His girdle sae wond’rous hie :
Let him, I pray thee, good Lord John,
To chamber go with me.”

“ It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To go into chamber with any ladye
That wears so rich attire.

¹ Part.² Gate.³ Opened the gate by turning the latch.

"It were more meet for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sit down by the kitchen fire."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun' to meat,
Burd Helen was, at the bye-table,¹
Amang the pages set.

"Oh eat and drink, my bonnie boy,
The white breid and the beer."
"The never a bit can I eat or drink;
My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

"Oh eat and drink, my bonnie boy,
The white breid and the wine."
"Oh the never a bit can I eat or drink;
My heart's sae fu' o' pyne."²

But out and spak Lord John his mother,
And a skeely³ woman was she:
"Where met ye, my son, wi' that bonnie boy,
That looks sae sad on thee?"

"Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,
And sometimes deidly wan:
He's liker a woman grit wi' child,
Than a young lord's serving man."

"Oh it maks me laugh, my mother dear,
Sic words to hear frae thee;
He is a squire's ae dearest son,
That for love has follow'd me.

"Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy;
Gi'e my horse corn and hay."
"Oh that I will, my master deir,
As quickly as I may."

¹ Side table.

² Sorrow.

³ Skilful—or rather expressing that property in old women which makes them far-seen in matters connected with the physics of human nature.—*Buchan*.

She took the hay aneath her arm,
The corn intill her hand ;
But atween the stable-door and the sta'
Burd Helen made a stand.

“ Oh room ye round, my bonnie broun steids ;
Oh room ye near the wa' ;
For the pain that strikes through my twa sides,
I fear, will gar me fa'.”

She lean'd her back again' the wa' ;
Strong travail came her on ;
And, e'en among the great horse' feet,
She has brought forth her son.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun' for bed,
Lord John's mother and sister gay
In ae bouir they were laid.

Lord John hadna weel got aff his claes,
Nor was he weel laid down,
Till his mother heard a bairn greet,
And a woman's heavy moan.

“ Win up, win up, Lord John,” she said ;
“ Seek neither stockings nor shoen :
For I ha'e heard a bairn loud greet,
And a woman's heavy moan !”

“ Richt hastilie he rase him up,
Socht neither hose nor shoen ;
And he's doen him to the stable door,
By the lee licht o' the mune.

“ Oh open the door, Burd Helen,” he said,
“ Oh open and let me in ;
I want to see if my steed be fed,
Or my greyhounds fit to rin.”

“ Oh lullaby, my own deir child !
Lullaby, deir child, deir !
I wold thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bier !”

“ Oh open the door, Burd Helen,” he says,
“ Oh open the door to me ;
Or, as my sword hangs by my gair,¹
I’ll gar it gang in three !”

“ That never was my mother’s custome,
And I hope it’s ne’er be mine ;
A knight into her companie,
When she dries a’ her pyne.”

He hit the door then wi’ his foot,
Sae did he wi’ his knee ;
Till door o’ deal, and locks o’ steel,
In splinters he gart² flee.

“ An askin’, an askin’, Lord John,” she says,
“ An askin’ ye’ll grant me ;
The meanest maid about your house,
To bring a drink to me.

“ An askin’, an askin’, my dear Lord John,
An askin’ ye’ll grant me ;
The warsten bouir in a’ your touirs,
For thy young son and me !”

“ I grant, I grant your askins, Helen,
An’ that and mair frae me ;
The very best bouir in a’ my touirs,
For my young son and thee.

“ Oh have thou comfort, fair Helen,
Be of good cheer, I pray ;
And your bridal and your kirking baith
Shall stand upon ae day.”

And he has ta’en her Burd Helen,
And row’d her in the silk ;
And he has ta’en his ain young son,
And wash’d him in the milk.

¹ Side.

² Made or forced to.

And there was ne'er a gayer bridegroom,
 Nor yet a blyther bride,
 As they, Lord John, and Lady Helen,
 Neist day to kirk did ride.



CHEVY CHASE; OR, THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

THE ancient ballad of "Chevy Chace" occupies the place of honour in Percy's *Reliques*. In it he believed that he had recovered the famous ballad of "Percy and Douglas," so long sung by the "crowders" or wandering minstrels. He printed it "from an old MS. at the end of Hearne's Preface to G. Newbrigiensis' Hist., 1719."

The MS. copy was subscribed at the end, "Expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale," who was known to be a minstrel in the service of Edward, Earl of Derby, *obit* 1574. On this slight evidence Percy, and Ritson after him, concluded that Sheale was the author of the ballad, and not, as is equally probable, merely a copyist or ballad-singer transcribing from memory.

A modernised version of "Chevy Chace," and one better known than the original, was written (probably) about the time of James I.

"With regard to the subject of this ballad," Percy says, "although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the "Hunting a' the Cheviat." Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad; for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otterbourne, a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it."

THE FIRST FYTTE.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
 And a vow to God made he,
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 At Cheviot within days three,

In the maugre¹ of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
He said he would kill and carry them away :
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let² that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough cam,
With him a mighty meany ;³
With fifteen hundred archers bold of blood and bone,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on Mononday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

The drivers through the woods went,
For to raise the deer ;
Bowmen bickert upon the bent⁴
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild (deer) through the woods went
On every side shear ;
Greyhounds through the groves glent⁵
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on Mononday ;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sides shear ;⁶
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling⁷ of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas' promise
This day to meet me here ;
But I wist he would fail verament ;"⁸
A great oath the Percy swear.

¹ In spite of.

² Prevent.

³ Company.

⁴ Discharged their arrows upon the hill.

⁵ Glided.

⁶ On every side.

⁷ Cutting up.

⁸ Truly.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Look'd at his hand full nigh ;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany,

Both with spear, bill, and brand,
It was a mighty sight to see ;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail ;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
And to your bows look ye tak good heed ;
For sith¹ ye were o' your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne ;
His armour glitter'd as did a glede,²
A bolder baron was never born.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be ;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me ?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy ;
"We will not tell thee what men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be ;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the one of us shall dee this day."

¹ Since.

² A live coal.

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy;
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas! it were great pitie.

"But Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl call'd within my country;
Let all our men upon a parti stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord
Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay,
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day;

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him on man for on."¹

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wat ye be great lordis twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on;
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day:
The first fyttē here I find.
An you will hear any more o' the hunting o' the
Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

¹ Man for man.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bows bent,
 Their hearts were good enow;
 The first of arrows that they shot off,
 Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
 A captain good enough;
 And that was seen verament,
 For he wrought them both woe and wouhe.¹

The Douglas parted his host in three,
 Like a cheffe chieftain of pride;
 With sure spears of mighty tree
 They come in on every side.

Thorough our English archery
 Gave many a wound full wide;
 Many a doughty (man) they gar'd² to die,
 Which gained them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,
 And pull'd out brands that were bright;
 It was a heavy sight to see,
 Bright swords on basenets light.

Thorough rich mail, and mony-plie,³
 Many sterne they stroke down straight;
 Many a freke,⁴ that was full free,
 There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
 Like to captains of might and main;
 They swapt⁵ together, till they both swat,
 With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight
 Thereto they were full fain,
 Till the blood out of their basenets sprent,⁶
 As ever did hail or rain.

¹ Injury.² Caused.³ Maniple, (many fold,) a name for a close dress worn under the armour.⁴ Warrior.⁵ Struck or smote.⁶ Helmets flowed.

“Hold thee, Percy,” said the Douglas,
And i’ faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl’s wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

“Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquer’d in field fighting.”

“Nay, then,” said the Lord Percy,
“I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.”

With that there came an arrow hastilie
Forth of a mighty wane,¹
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life days
He spake mo words but ane,
That was, “Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life days are gane.”

The Percy leanèd on his brand,
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, “Woe is me for thee!

“To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countrie.”

Of all that see a Scottish knight,
Was call’d Sir Hugh the Montgomerie,
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spende² a spear, a trustie tree.

¹ One (man.)

² Grasped.

He rode upon a courser
Through a hundred archery ;
He never stinted, nor never blane,¹
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint² that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough the body he the Percy bore,

At the other side, that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair ;
Two better captains were not in Christiantie,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland,
Saw slain was the Lord Percy,
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree ;

An arrow, that a cloth-yard was lang,
To the hard steel haulèd he ;
A dint that was both sad and sore,
He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sair
That he of Montgomerie set ;
The swan-feathers that his arrows bore,
With his heart blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other while they might drie,³
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

¹ Never slackened his pace.

² Blow.

³ Suffer.

They took on on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three ;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fiftie :

But all were slain Cheviot within ;
They had no strength to stand on hie ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the hinde¹ Hartly,
Sir William the bold Heron.

Sir George the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wae,
That ever he slain should be ;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie,
Sir Davy Liddle, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he ;

Sir Charles a Murray, in that place,
That never a foot would flee ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

¹ Gentle.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray ;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes¹ away.

Teviotdale may carp² of care,
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
On the March parts shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
To Jamie, the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he wail and wring,
He said, "Alas ! and woe is me !
Such another captain Scotland within,"
He said, "i' faith shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
Till to the Fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul !" said King Harry,
"Good Lord, if Thy will it be !
I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
"As good as ever was he ;
But Percy, an I brook³ my life,
Thy death well quit⁴ shall be."

As our noble king made his a-vow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
He did the battle of Humbledon ;

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down :
Glendale glitter'd in their armour bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

¹ Mates.
³ Enjoy.

² Tell.
⁴ Avenged, (requited.)

This was the hunting of the Cheviot ;
That tear began this spurn ;¹
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
Upon a Monenday ;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March parts
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvel an the red blood ran not,
As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our bayes bete,²
And to the bliss us bring !
This was the hunting of the Cheviot ;
God send us all good ending.



CHEVY CHASE.

MODERN VERSION.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

¹ According to Percy, this is a proverbial expression, and means, "That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick," *i. e.* Chevy Chase was the cause of the Battle of Otterbourne.

² Amend our evils, (sins.)

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away :
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport ;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer ;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take.
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer ;
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here.

“If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.”
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

“Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

“All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed :”
“Then cease your sport,” Earl Percy said,
“And take your bows with speed.

“And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

“That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

“Show me,” he said, “whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, to chase
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy he ;
Who said, “We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

“Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay ;”
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

“Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside :”
“Accursed be he,” Lord Percy said,
“By whom this is denied.”

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
(Witherington was his name)
Who said, “I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

“That e’er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls,” said Witherington,
“And I a squire alone.

“I’ll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I’ll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain moved with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions moved they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat ;
With swords of temper'd steel ;
Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high avancèd be,
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deap and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these—
"Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land !

“O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake:
For sure a more renownèd knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well-esteem'd,
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas die ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away :
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revengèd on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!



THE DOWIE¹ DENS OF YARROW.

THIS ballad, the preservation of which is due to Sir Walter Scott, is understood to be founded on fact. It relates to a duel fought between John Scott of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, in which the latter was slain. Tradition affirms, however, that he was not killed in fair fight, but that he was stabbed in the back by an accomplice of Tushielaw's, named Annan. Thirlstane was the brother of either the wife, or the betrothed bride of his opponent, and the alleged cause of feud was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,²
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.³

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord,
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!⁴
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,⁵
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"

¹ Dismal, or dull.² Reckoning.³ Dawn.⁴ Mate (husband.)⁵ The Tennies is the name of a farm of the Duke of Buccleuch's, a little below Yarrow Kirk.

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow ;
I come to wield my noble brand
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane ;
And that's an unequal marrow ;¹
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother² John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord ;
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."

.

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream ;
I fear there will be sorrow !
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,³
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

"But in the glen strive armèd men ;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow ;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

¹ Match.

² Brother-in-law.

³ To dream of anything green is considered unlucky in Scotland.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."



THE CHILD¹ OF ELLE.

ON yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,
I wis he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see!
Oh, tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?

My lady she is all woe begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

¹ Knight.

And here she sends thee a silken scarf
Bedew'd with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who lovèd thee so dear.

And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayst have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave.

For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
Sith¹ her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish² knight,
Sir John of the north countrey,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady from me,
And tell her that I her own true love
Will die, or set her free.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know
This night will I be at her bower-windòw,
Betide me weal or woe.

The boy he tripp'd, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stay'd
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When kneeling down he said :

"O lady, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by me ;
This night will he be at thy bower-windòw,
And die, or set thee free."

¹ Since.

² Churlish.

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all was fast asleep,
All save the lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep :

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Low whisp'ring at the wall,
"Awake, awake, my dear ladyè,
'Tis I thy true love call.

"Awake, awake, my lady dear,
Come, mount this fair palfrày!¹
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away."

"Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be ;
For aye should I tint² my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee."

"O lady, thou with a knight so true
Mayst safely wend alone,
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and hie ;
And what would he say if his daughtèr
Away with a knight should fly ?

"Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meat should do him no good,
Until he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could do.

¹ Saddle-horse.

² Lose.

“O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befall.”

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe :
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew :

And thrice he clasp'd her to his breast,
And kiss'd her tenderlie :
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrày,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard¹ her own damsèl,
In her bed whereon she lay,
Quoth she, “My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

“Awake, awake, thou baron bold !
Awake my noble dame !
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle
To do the deed of shame.”

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And call'd his merry men all :
“And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall.”

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the down :

¹ Overheard.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countrèy :
“ Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away.

“ For she is come of hie lineàge,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn.”

“ Now loud thy liest, Sir John the knight,
Now thou doest lie of me ;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
So never did none by thee.

“ But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

“ But light now down, my dear ladyè,
Light down, and hold my horse ;
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force.”

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful¹ blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approachèd nigh :
Ah ! what may lady Emmeline do ?
'Twere now no boot² to fly.

¹ Serious.

² No advantage.

Her lover, he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

“Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

“Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day ;
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

“Oh, give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair ;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair :

“My mother she was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire”——
The baron he frown'd, and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand :
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

“Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me :
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I never had fled from thee.

“Oft have you call'd your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy ;
Oh, let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy.”

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turn'd his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
 And mused a little space ;
 Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
 With many a fond embrace.

“ Here take her, Child of Elle,” he said,
 And gave her lily-white hand :
 “ Here take my dear and only child,
 And with her half my land :

“ Thy father once mine honour wrong’d
 In days of youthful pride ;
 Do thou the injury repair
 In fondness for thy bride.

“ And as thou love her, and hold her dear,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine :
 And now my blessing wend wi’ thee,
 My lovely Emmeline.”



HARDYKNUTE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE following ballad refers to the Battle of Largs, fought 1263, between Haco of Norway and the forces of Alexander III. The Norsemen were driven back to their ships ; and, a tempest coming on, their fleet was destroyed. “ Hardyknute ” was first published in 1719 as a fragment of some ancient ballad. The many imitations of and allusions to old ballads, however, excited suspicion that it was of modern date, and at last the authorship was tacitly acknowledged by Lady Wardlaw, the reputed writer of “ Sir Patrick Spens ” and other ballads. Lady Wardlaw afterwards printed it in the second edition of the *Evergreen*, with sixteen additional stanzas.

STATELY stept he east the wa’,
 And stately stept he west ;
 Full seventy yiers he now had sene,
 With skerss seven yiers of rest.
 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae ;
 And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towirs a-hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame sae pierless anes and fair,
For chast and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow¹ had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout,
In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot² doubt;
Four yit remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister saft and deir;
Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred!
Waefou to young and auld;
Waefou, I trou, to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle
With mony a hardy knicht.
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand;
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands."

¹ Equal or match.

² Without.

“Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,”
Our gude king raise and cryd ;
A trustier beast in all the land,
A Scots king never seyed.¹

“Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haste and follow me.”
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master’s arm,
“Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
And red² your king frae harm.”

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown chieks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His luiks grew kene as they were wont
In dangers great to do.
He has tane a horn as grene as grass,
And gi’en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in grene-wood schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons, in manly sport and glie,
Had past that summer’s morn,
Quhen low doun in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
“That horn,” quoth they, “neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde ;”
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

“Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace
To end my lengthened lyfe,
My age micht weil excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe.
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
He feird to ficht or fall.

¹ Rode.² Protect.

“Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows schute sae leil,
That many a comely countenance
They’ve turn’d to deidly pale.
Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,
Ye neid nae weapon mair,
Gif ye ficht wi’t as ye did anes
’Gainst Westmoreland’s ferss¹ heir.

“Malcom, licht of foot as stag,
That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousands thrie of men,
Weil bred to sword and schield :
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal cleir ;”
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They sune had fled for feir.

“Fareweil, my dame, my peirless gude,”
And tuke her by the hand,
“Fairer to me in age you seim,
Than maids for bewtie famed :
My youngest son sall here remain,
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips
Sae fast your painted bowirs.”

And first scho wet her comely chicks,
And then her bodice grene ;
Her silken cords of twirtle twist
Weil plett with silver schene ;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he cam to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy mane :

¹ Fierce.

“ Here maun I lye, here maun I die,
By treachery's false gyles ;
Witless I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked woman's smyles.”

Sir knicht, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on silken seat,
My ladyis kyndlie care you'd prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate ;
Her self wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids at deid of nicht ;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in your sicht.

“ Arise, young knicht, and mount your steid,
Full lown's the schynand¹ day ;
Cheis from my menyie² quhom ye pleis,
To leid ye on the way.”

With smyleless luke, and visage wan,
The wounded knicht reply'd,

“ Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

“ To me nae after day nor nicht
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But sune beneath sum draping trie
Cauld death sall end my care.”
With him nae pleiding micht prevail ;
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre³
Lord Chattan's land sae wyde ;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage seyd :⁴
Of Pictish race, by mother's syde ;
Quhen Picts ruled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

¹ Shining.

³ Far beyond.

² Choose from my men.

⁴ Tried.

Now with his ferss and stalwart train
 He reicht a rying heicht,
 Quhair, braid encampit on the dale,
 Norse menyie lay in sicht ;
 "Yonder, my valiant sons, and feris,¹
 Our raging revers wait,
 On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,
 To try with us thair fate.

"Mak orisons to Him that saift
 Our sauls upon the rude ;²
 Syne braifly schaw your veins are fill'd
 With Caledonian blude."
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
 Quhyle thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
 And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king, adoun the hill
 In haste his march he made,
 Quhyle playand pibrochs³ minstralls meit,
 Afore him stately strade.
 "Thryse welcum, valyiant stoup of weir,
 Thy nation's scheild and pryde,
 Thy king nae reason has to feir
 Quhen thou art be his syde."

Quhen bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferss,
 With little skaith to man ;
 But bludy, bludy was the field
 Or that lang day was done !

The king of Scots, that sindle⁴ bruik'd
 The war that lukit lyke play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay.

¹ Followers.
³ Martial music.

² Cross.
⁴ Seldom.

Quoth noble Rothsay, " Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a skore."
" Haste up, my merry men," cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
With him to mense the faucht;¹
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonsie² shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst betwene his een.

" Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothsay's heir,
" Your mail-coat sall nocht byde
The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
Then sent it through his syde.
Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It persit his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He law as eard³ did fa'.

" Sair bleids my liege! sair, sair he bleids!"
Again with micht he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at;⁴
Lament now quene Elgreid;
Hie dames to wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

" Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,"
(Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk
His steily harnes shynd.)
" Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon feirs."

¹ Try the fight.² Unlucky.³ Low as earth.⁴ Aimed at.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder, and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae famed,
And feird at Britain's throne?
"Though Britons tremble at his name,
I sune sall mak him wail,
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag¹ his stout heart couldna byde,
It lent him youthfu micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,
"To Scotland's king I hecht²
To lay thee law as horse's hufe,
My word I mean to keip."
Syne with the first strake eir he strak
He garr'd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehauk's staird wyld,
He sicht with shame and spyte;
"Disgraced is now my far-famed arm
That left thee power to stryke."
Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
It made him down to stoup,
As law as he to ladies usit,
In courtly guise to lout.

Full sune he raised his bent body;
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norse ferliet³ too as sair as he,
To see his stately luke;
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, like a fyre to hether set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with luke enraged,
Up towards him did prance;

¹ Boast.² Promised.³ Wondered.

He spurr'd his steid throw thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Quha stude unmuvit at his approach,
His furie to repel.

"That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trim'd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotland's geir ;
But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt !"
And loud he leuch in jeir.
"Aft Britons' blude has dim'd its shyne,
This poynt cut short their vaunt ;"
Syne pierced the boisteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang ;
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knie,
Sure taken he was fey.¹
Swith² on the harden'd clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud,³
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All weltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mind unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain,
He seimt in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
Quhen winner ay the same.
Nor yit his heart dames' dimpelit cheik
Could meise⁴ saft luv to bruik ;
Till vengeful Ann return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay.
Neir to aryse again :
Neir to return to native land ;
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw their shyning wounds.

¹ Doomed to die.
³ Heavy fall.

² Soon.
⁴ Bear.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke owre the schiples¹ seis
 Before her mate appeirs.
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyis in the clay;
 The valyiant Scots nae revers thole,²
 To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce, that summer's day,
 Fill'd kene waris black intent.
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name aye dreid;
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest ages reid.

Full loud and chill blew westlin' wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk³ grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately towir:
 His towir that used with torches bleise
 To shyne sae far at nicht,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid;
 Na marvel sair he sich'd.

"Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
 Thair's nae licht in my hall;
 Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 "Quhat bodes⁴ it? Robert, Thomas, say!"
 Nae answer fits thair dreid.
 "Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde;"
 But by they past with speid.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes"—
 There ceist his brag of weir,
 Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.

¹ Shipless.² Suffer, allow.³ Dark.⁴ Means.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir,
He wist not yit with dreid :
Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

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SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

THE following popular modern ballad was written by Michael Bruce, (1746-1767.) It narrates the rivalry of two young chieftains to obtain the hand of Lord Buchan's daughter, which was attended with fatal consequences to all the parties. The characters are drawn with a masterly hand, and the incidents are related in a clear and distinct manner.

OF all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow ;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band ;
Five hundred warriors drew their sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare ;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refused,
With seeming scorn and pride ;
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she bless'd his well-tried faith,
Allow'd his tender claim ;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapproved ;
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,
And leave the youth she loved.

Ae nicht they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where, on a bank beside a burn,
A blooming saugh¹ tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graeme ;
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began : " My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme ;
So here must end our loves.

" My father's will must be obey'd ;
Nocht boots² me to withstand ;
Some fairer maid, in beauty's bloom,
Must bless thee with her hand.

" Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind effaced ;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste."

" What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?"
Sir James the Rose replied :
" And will Matilda wed the Graeme,
Though sworn to be my bride ?

¹ Willow.

² Nothing will avail.

“His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms.”
Then clasp’d her to his beating breast,
Fast lock’d into his arms.

“I spake to try thy love,” she said ;
“I’ll ne’er wed man but thee :
My grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graeme my husband be.

“Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth ;
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath !”

They parted thus,—the sun was set,—
Up hasty Donald flies ;
And, “Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !”
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn’d about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew ;
For Donald’s blade, before his breast,
Had pierced his tartans through.

“This for my brother’s slighted love ;
His wrongs sit on my arm.”
Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear’d,
Frae Donald’s head above,
And through the brain and crashing bones
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reel’d, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay :
“So fall my foes !” quoth valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

Through the greenwood he quickly hied,
Unto Lord Buchan’s hall ;
And at Matilda’s window stood,
And thus began to call :

“Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
Awake, my love, awake!
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

“For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme;
His blood is on my sword:
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

“To Skye I’ll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat on my side.”

“Oh, do not so,” the maid replies;
“With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

“All night I’ll watch you in the park.
My faithful page I’ll send,
To run and raise the Ross’s clan,
Their master to defend.”

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapp’d him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover’s fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o’er hill and dale,
Till, in a lonely glen,
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,
With twenty of his men.

“Where go’st thou, little page?” he said;
“So late who did thee send?”
“I go to raise the Ross’s clan,
Their master to defend;

“For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme;
His blood is on his sword:
And far, far distant are his men,
That should assist their lord.”

“And has he slain my brother dear?”

The furious Graeme replies :

“Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me, ere morning, dies !

“Tell me where is Sir James the Rose ;
I will thee well reward.”

“He sleeps into Lord Buchan’s park ;
Matilda is his guard.”

They spurr’d their steeds in furious mood,
And scour’d along the lee ;
They reach’d Lord Buchan’s lofty towers,
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate ;
To whom the Graeme did say,
“Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night ?
Or did he pass this way?”

“Last day, at noon,” Matilda said,
Sir James the Rose pass’d by :
He furious prick’d his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hie.

“By this he is at Edinburgh,
If horse and man hold good.”
“Your page, then, lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.”

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair :
“Brave Rose, thou art betray’d ;
And ruin’d by those means,” she cried,
“From whence I hoped thine aid !”

By this the valiant knight awoke ;
The virgin’s shrieks he heard ;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear’d.

“Your sword last night my brother slew ;
His blood yet dims its shine :
And, ere the setting of the sun,
Your blood shall reek on mine.”

“You word it well,” the chief replied ;
“But deeds approve the man :
Set by your band, and, hand to hand,
We’ll try what valour can.

“Oft boasting hides a coward’s heart ;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden field,
When you kept in the rear.”

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dared him to the fight :
But Graeme gave back, and fear’d his arm ;
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword :
But still he scorn’d the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,
And pierced him in the side :
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropp’d he to the ground,
Till through his enemy’s heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o’erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay ;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall :
“Oh, spare his life !” she cried ;
“Lord Buchan’s daughter begs his life ;
Let her not be denied !”

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fix’d them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

“In vain Matilda begs the life,
By death’s arrest denied :
My race is run—adieu, my love”—
Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew :
“I come, Sir James the Rose,” she cried ;
“I come to follow you !”

She lean’d the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast ;
Then fell upon her lover’s face,
And sunk to endless rest.



THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

THE Battle of Harlaw, fought between Donald of the Isles and the Earl of Marr, July 24, 1411, is related very faithfully and circumstantially in the following ballad.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Alangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se,
The noys and dulum¹ hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,²
Cryand the corynoch³ on hie,
“Alas, alas, for the Harlaw.”

I marvlit what the matter meint,
All folks were in a fiery fairy,⁴
I wist nocht quha⁵ was fae or friend,
Zit quietly I did me carrie ;
But sen the days of auld king Harrie,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene ;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

¹ Dismal.

³ Singing a song of lament.

⁴ Consternation.

² Dawn.

⁵ Knew not who.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requesting him to mak me 'quaint
 Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
 Then he entreated me tak tent,¹
 And he the truth sould to me schaw.—

“Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the governour he came,
 Them for to haif gif that he micht;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
 And thairfore answerit with disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodword² back again.

“But Donald, right impatient
 Of that answer duke Robert gaif,
 He vow'd to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
 Or ells, he graithed in his graif,³
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

“Then haistylie he did command,
 That all his weir-men⁴ should convene
 Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,
 To meit, and heir quhat he did mein;
 He waxit wrath, and vowit tein,⁵
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the north,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

“Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding boun',
 With money maid, with forss and wyls,
 Richt far and near, baith up and down;

¹ Pay attention.³ Dressed in his grave.⁴ Men of war.² Message.⁵ Revenge.

Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangst the land of Ross he roars,
And all obey'd at his bandoun,¹
Evin frae the north to suthren shoars.

"Then all the cuntrie men did zield,
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer battill in the field,
Be forss of arms to beir him bak ;
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for their behoif,
They should him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them luve.

"Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray land to mak a raid,²
Frae Arthursyre unto Speyness ;
And, furthermair, he sent express
To schaw his collours and ensenzie,
To all and sindry, mair and less,
Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

"And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
That race they should full sairly rew ;
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forss and slicht,
And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of meikle micht.

"Without resistans," as he said,
"Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid.
But Garioch was all agast ;
Throw all these fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was never sene,
And then, forsuith, he langd at iast,
To se the bruch of Aberdene.

¹ Command.

² Inroad.

“To hinder this prowde enterprise,
The stout and mighty erle of Mar,
With all his men in arms did ryse,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or Donald came fae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

“And thus the martial erle of Mar
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoire the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did display;
For weil eneuch they kend the way,
And all thair semblance weil they saw,
Without all dangir or delay,
Came hastily to the Harlaw.

“With him the braif lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus sheriff-principall;
The constabill of gude Dundee,
The vanguard led before them all;
Suppose in number they war small,
Thay first richt bauldlie did pursew,
And maid thair faes befoir them fall,
Quha then that race did sairly rew.

“And then the worthy lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
The stalwart laird of Lawriestone,
With ilk thair forces all and sum;
Panmuir with all his men did cum;
The provost of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets, and with tuck of drum,
Came shortly in thair armour schene.

“These with the erle of Mar came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair enemies to set upon
In awful manner hardily;
Together vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony myles,
For to suppress the tyrannie
Of douted Donald of the Yles.

“ But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie alang did ride,
 With Malcomtosch, and fell Maclean,
 With all thair power at thair syde ;
 Presumeand on thair strenth and pryde,
 Without all feir or ony aw,¹
 Richt bauldlie battill did abyde,
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

“ The armies met the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring² drums alloud did tuck,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the feild sould bruik ;³
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk,⁴
 Ferss was the fecht on ilka side,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk⁵
 Of them that thair did battill byde.

“ With doutsum victorie they dealt,
 The bludy battill lastit lang ;
 Each man his nibours force thair felt,
 The weakest aft-times gat the wrang ;
 Thair was nae mowis⁶ thair them amang,
 Naething was heard but heavy knocks,
 That echo maid a duleful sang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donald's men at last gaif back,
 For they war all out of array ;
 The erle of Maris men throw them brak,
 Pursewing shairply in thair way,
 Their enemys to tak or slay,
 Be dynt of forss to gar them yield ;
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And sae for feirdness tint⁷ the field.

“ Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 To mountains hich for all his micht ;
 For he and his war all agast,
 And ran till they war out of sicht ;

¹ Fear or awe.

⁵ Body.

² Rattling.

⁶ Jestig or trifling.

³ Hold.

⁴ Yield.

⁷ Fright lost.

And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thoch mony men with him he brocht ;
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlye bocht.

“This is,” quod he, “the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw ;
Thoch my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw.¹
Contrairie God and the king’s law
Thair was spilt meikle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw ;
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

“But zit a bonnie quhyle abide,
And I sall mak thee clearly ken,
Quhat slauchter was on ilkay syde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men ;
Quha for their awin haif evir bene :
These lazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke deirs into thair dens,
And gat thair wages for rewaird.

“Malcomtosch of the clan heid cheif,
Maclean with his grit haughty heid,
With all thair succour and relief,
War dulefully dung to the deid ;
And now we are freid of thair feid,²
And will not lang to come again ;
Thousands with them without remeid,
On Donald syde, that day war slain.

“And on the uther syde war lost,
Into the feild that dismal day,
Cheif men of worth (of meikle cost)
To be lamentit sair for ay ;
The lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and meikle main,
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappylie was slair.

¹ True story.

² Feud.

“Of the best men amang them was
The gracious gude lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principall of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie ;
He had few fallows in the feild,
Zit fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

“Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht,
Grit constabill of fair Dundee,
Unto the duleful deith was dicht ;¹
The kingis chief banner-man was he,
A valiant man of chevalrie,
Quhas predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude king William frie,
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

“Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was better sene,
Quhen they war semblit all and sum :
To praise him we should not be dum,
For valour, wit, and worthyness,
To end his days he ther did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyles.

“And thair the knicht of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene ;
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha provest was of Aberdene ;
The knicht of Panmure as was sene,
A mortal man in armour bricht ;
Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
Left to the world their last gude nicht.

“Thair was not sin' king Keneth's days,
Sic strange intestine crewel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe ;

¹ Made to suffer.

Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony children fatherless,
 Quilk in this realme has been full ryfe ;
 Lord, help these lands, our wrangs redress!—

“In July, on Saint James his even,
 That four-and-twenty dismal day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,
 Of zeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say ;
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the veritie they know ;
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim¹ battil of the Harlaw.”



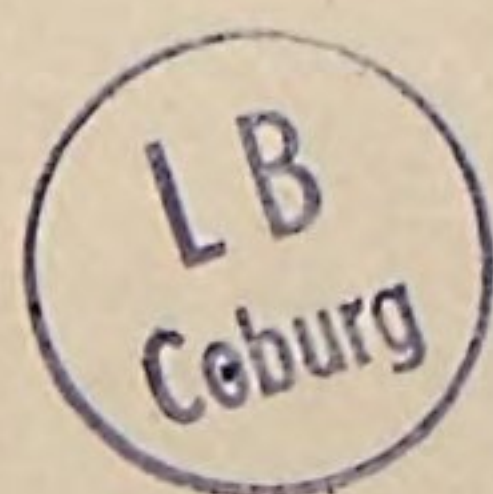
FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

“A LADY of the name of Helen Irving or Bell, (for this is disputed by the two clans,) daughter of the laird of Kirkconnell, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick: that of the other has escaped tradition, although it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket-house. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.”—*Sir Walter Scott.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 Oh that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
 And died to succour me !

¹ Fierce.





Oh, think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair !
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

—HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

Oh think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair !
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lee—

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma,
I hacked him in pieces sma,
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I dee !

Oh that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste, and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green ;
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me !



GILDEROY.

THE hero of this beautiful lament was Patrick Macgregor, *Gillie Roy*, the Red Boy, so called on account of the colour of his hair, and who was a notorious freebooter and cateran in the upper district of Perthshire, where he committed great outrages on the inhabitants. It is narrated in Spalding's *History* that "Gilderoy, and five other lymmars, were taken and had to Edinburgh, and all hanged in the month of July 1638."

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses till his shoon ;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doon.
It was, I ween, a comelie sight
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my joy, and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh twa sic charming een he had,
Breath sweet as any rose ;
He never wore a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy ;
Ah ! wae is me, I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in a town together ;
We scant were seven years beforn
We 'gan to luve ilk ither.
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi' dainty ruffles wrought ;
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I received wi' joy.
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen ;
And aft we past the langsome time
Amang the leaves sae green.
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there
And sweetly kiss and toy,
While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life !
But, ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in deeds of strife !
And he in many a vent'rous deed
His courage bauld wad try ;
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee ;
I gied him sic a parting luik ;—
“ My benison gang wi' thee.
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
Far gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.”

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
That my luve let me want ;
For cow and sow he to me brought,
And e'en when they were strant,
All these did honestly possess ;
He never did annoy
Who never fail'd to pay their less
To my luve, Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every town ;
And bauldly bore away the gear
Of mony a lowland loun.
For man to man durst meet him nane
He was sae brave a boy ;
At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear ;
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mare.
Had not their laws been made sae strict,
I ne'er had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wet my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He maught hae banisht been ;
Ah ! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang such handsome men !
To hang the flower of Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy !
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
Wi' irons his limbs they strung ;
To Edinborow led him there,
And on a gallows hung.
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae bauld a boy ;
There died the youth whom I lo'ed best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,
I bore his corpse away ;
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I wash'd his comelie clay.
And sicker in a grave right deep
I laid the dear-lo'ed boy ;
And now for ever I maun weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.



THE CRUEL SISTER.

FROM Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, where it is given as compiled from a copy in Mrs Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment, of fourteen verses, transmitted to Scott by J. C. Walker, Esq., the historian of the Irish bards. It was transcribed from the memory of an old woman.

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour ;
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
There came a knight to be their wooer ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And sore envied her sister fair ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
" Will ye go and see our father's ships come in ?"—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And led her down to the river strand ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
The eldest came and push'd her in ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ O sister, sister, reach your hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And ye shall be heir of half my land.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ O sister, I 'll not reach my hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And I 'll be heir of all your land ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
It's twined me, and my world's make.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ O sister, reach me but your glove,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And sweet William shall be your love.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove !
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And sweet William shall better be my love,
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Until she cam to the miller's dam ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ O father, father, draw your dam !
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And there he found a drowned woman ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
For gowd and pearls that were so rare ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra' ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he look'd that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And there was the court assembled all ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
And straight it began to play alone ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ Oh yonder sits my father, the king,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
 And by him my William, sweet and true.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
 Was—“ Woe to my sister, false Helen ! ”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.



THE TWA BROTHERS.

THE domestic tragedy which this affecting ballad commemorates is not without a precedent in real history ; and Motherwell was inclined to believe that it originated in the following melancholy event :—

“ This year, 1589, in the moneth of July, ther falls out a sad accident, as a further warneing that God was displeased with the familie. The Lord Sommervill haveing come from Cowthally, earlie in the morning, in regaird the weather was hott, he had ridden hard to be at the Drum be ten a clock, which having done, he laid him down to rest. The servant, with his two sones, William Master of Sommervill, and John his brother, went with the horses to ane Shott of land, called the Pretty Shott, directly opposite the front of the house where there was some meadow ground for grassing the horses, and willowes to shadow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Sommervill efter some litle rest awakeing from his sleep and finding his pistolles that lay hard by him wett with the dew he began to rub and dry them, when unhappily one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the muzel turned side-ways, the ball strocke his brother John directly in the head, and killed him outright, soe that his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he begged it with many teares.”—
Memorie of the Somervilles.

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
 And when they got awa—
 “ It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
 Or will ye play at the ba',
 Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
 And there we'll warsell¹ a fa'.”

¹ Wrestle.

“ I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba’,
But I’ll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we’ll warsell a fa’.”

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground ;
A dirk fell out of William’s pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

“ Oh lift me upon your back,
Take me to yon well fair ;
And wash my bloody wounds o’er and o’er,
And they’ll ne’er bleed nae mair.”

He’s lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta’en him to yon well fair ;
He’s wash’d his bluidy wounds o’er and o’er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

“ Tak ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they’ll ne’er bleed nae mair.”

He’s taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair ;
He’s rowit it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

“ Tak now aff my green cleiding,
And row me saftly in ;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.”

He’s taken aff the green cleiding,
And row’d him saftly in ;
He’s laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

“ What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e’en ?”

“ I’ll say ye’re lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.”

"Oh no, oh no, my brother dear,
Oh you must not say so ;
But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,
Whare nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair
He grew baith pale and wan.
"Oh what blude's that upon your brow ?
Oh dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude o' my gude gray steed,
He wadna ride wi' me."

"Oh thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me :
Oh what blude's this upon your cheek ?
Oh dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me."

"Oh thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me :
Oh what blude's this upon your hand ?
Oh dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude of my gay gosshawk,
He wadna flee for me."

"Oh thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me :
Oh what blude's this upon your dirk ?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
Oh dule and wae is me."

"Oh what will ye say to your father ?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."

"Oh when will ye come hame again ?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"When sun and mune leap on yon hill,
And that will never be."

She turn'd hersel right round about,
 And her heart burst into three :
 "My ae best son is deid and gane,
 And my tother ane I'll ne'er see."



THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

(First printed in Lewis's "Tales of Wonder.")

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandyknowe Crag. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans or platforms for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet—the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watch-fold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
 He spurr'd his courser on,
 Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
 That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
 His banner broad to rear;
 He went not 'gainst the English yew,
 To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack¹ was braced, and his helmet
 was laced,
 And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
 At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
 Full ten pound weight and more.

¹ The plate-jack is coat armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour ;
And weary was his courser's pace
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood ;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore ;
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still ;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

“Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee ;
Thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

“Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true !
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do ?”—

“My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold ;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright,
Of the English foemen told.

“The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill ;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

“I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone,
No watchman stood by the dreary flame ;
It burnèd all alone.

“The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary’s might ! an armèd knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

“And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

“The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watch’d the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

“And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve ;
And say, ‘Come this night to thy lady’s bower ;
Ask no bold Baron’s leave.

“‘He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch ;
His lady is all alone ;
The door she’ll undo to her knight sae true,
On the eve of good St John.’—

“‘I cannot come, I must not come ;
I dare not come to thee ;
On the eve of St John I must wander alone ;
In thy bower I may not be.’—

“‘Now, out on thee, fainted-hearted knight !
Thou shouldst not say me nay ;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer’s day.

“‘And I’ll chain the bloodhound, and the warder
shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew’d on the stair ;
So, by the black rood-stone,¹ and by holy St John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there !’—

¹ The black rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

“ ‘ Though the bloodhound be mute, and the rush
 beneath my foot,
 And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the
 east,
 And my footstep he would know.’—

“ ‘ Oh, fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east !
 For to Dryburgh the way he has ta’en,
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
 For the soul of a knight that is slayne.’—

“ He turn’d him around, and grimly he frown’d ;
 Then he laugh’d right scornfully—
‘ He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
 knight,
 May as well say mass for me.

“ ‘ At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits
 have power,
 In thy chamber will I be.’—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
 And no more did I see.”—

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron’s brow,
 From the dark to the blood-red high ;
“ Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou had
 seen,
 For, by Mary, he shall die !”

“ His arms shone full bright, in the beacon’s red
 light ;
 His plume it was scarlet and blue ;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
 And his crest was a branch of the yew.”—

“ Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
 Loud dost thou lie to me !
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
 All under the Eildon-tree.”¹—

¹ Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose.

“Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she call'd the knight,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
“The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is
stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

“Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

“The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks
do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!”

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower
grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on
her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

“Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!”—
“Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?”—

“The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a Southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore
To watch our beacons well.”

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said ;
Nor added the Baron a word :
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber
fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd
and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said—
“The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep
It cannot give up the dead !”

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame ;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

“Alas ! away, away !” she cried,
“For the holy Virgin's sake !”—
“Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side ;
But, lady, he will not awake.

“By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain ;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

“By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell ;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

“At our trysting place, for a certain space
I must wander to and fro ;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so.”

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd ;
“ How, Richard, hast thou sped ?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost ! ”—
The Vision shook his head !

“ Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life,
So bid thy lord believe ;
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.”

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam ;
His right upon her hand :
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd ;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun :
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That Monk, who speaks to none—
That Nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That Monk the bold Baron.



THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

“ THE ballad of “ The Douglas Tragedy ” is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farmhouse, in a wild solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas Craig. From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones,

erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brothers were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink: so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event."—*Scott's Border Minstrelsy*.

"RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see;
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold
And your father I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so
dear.

"Oh, hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

Oh, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"Oh chuse, oh chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"Oh whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

Oh, they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

Oh, they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, Lady Mother," he says,
"Get up and let me in!—
Get up, get up, Lady Mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win."

"Oh mak' my bed, Lady Mother," he says,
"Oh mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough:
For he pull'd up the bonnie brier,
And flang 't in St Marie's Loch.



THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

By BISHOP PERCY.

“The Hermitage of Warkworth is situated on the north bank of the Coquet, and about a mile above the castle. This secluded retreat consists of three small apartments, hollowed out of the freestone cliff which overlooks the river. An ascent of seventeen steps lead to the entrance of the outer and principal apartment, which is about eighteen feet long; its width being seven feet and a half, and its height nearly the same. Above the doorway are the remains of some letters, now illegible, but which are supposed, when perfect, to have expressed, from the Latin version of the Psalms, the words—‘Fuerunt mihi lacrymæ meæ panes die ac nocte.’ ‘MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.’ The roof is chiselled in imitation of a groin, formed by two intersecting arches; and at the east end, where the floor is raised two steps, is an altar occupying the whole width of the apartment. In the centre, immediately above the altar, is a niche in which there has probably stood a figure either of Christ or of the Virgin. Near to the altar, on the south side, there is carved in the wall a monumental figure of a female recumbent, and having at her feet what some antiquaries have called a dog, and others a bull’s head. There is not within the hermitage the slightest vestige of arms or inscription to assist a curious inquirer in his endeavours to discover her name, her family, or her fate. In a niche near the foot of the monument is the figure of a man, conjectured to be that of the first hermit, on his knees, with his head resting on his right hand, and his left placed upon his breast. On the wall, on the same side, is cut a

basin for the reception of holy water ; and between the principal figure and the door are two small windows. At the west end there is a third small window, of the form of a quatrefoil. Over the entrance, on the inside, a shield is sculptured ; but it is now so much effaced, that it is impossible to make out the arms with which it had been charged. Some persons have fancied that they could discern the figure of a gauntlet within the shield, but this bears a very remote resemblance to the arms of the Bertram family, one of whom is supposed to have formed this hermitage."—*Rambles in Northumberland.*

FIT I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the rev'rend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

" Oh weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm."

" It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

" And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood."

“Oh ! trust in Heaven,” the Hermit said,
“And to my cell repair !
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.”

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light,
To guide the stranger’s eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return’d his call,
Quick answering from below :

“Oh tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

“But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch’d her hence away.”

“Praise Heaven, my son,” the Hermit said ;
“The lady’s safe and well :”
And soon he join’d the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends,
They loved each other dear ;
The youth he press’d her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright ;
She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatch’d up in hasty flight.

"Sit down, my children," says the sage ;
"Sweet rest your limbs require :"
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

"Partake," he said, "my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;"
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

"Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,"
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

"Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail,)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?"

"First tell me father," said the youth,
"(Nor blame mine eager tongue,)
What town is near ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?"

"Alas ! my son," the Hermit said,
"Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away ?"

"Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

"Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

"One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir ;
And, oh ! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

“In Scotland safe he placed the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old earl
At Braham lost his life.

“And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
Their honours reft and lost.

“No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

“Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

“Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

“Those towers, alas ! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o’erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

“Meantime far off, ’mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown :
On strangers’ bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

“Oh might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !”—
He said, and dropt a tear.

“And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee ?
Then bless me, father,” said the youth,
“For I, thy guest, am he.”

Silent he gazed, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head :

“ Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country's hope and care .
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair ? ”

“ Now, father ! listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth :
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperienced youth.

“ In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's¹ hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

“ With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see :
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

“ Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wander'd as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville's² house
I gain'd a hunter's place.

“ Some time with him I lived unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.”

“ Now, Percy,” said the blushing maid,
“ The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

¹ Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuation of Fordun's *Scoti Chronicon*, caps. 18, 23, &c.

² Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

“It happen’d on a summer’s day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander’d forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

“Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

“My shrieks had all been spent in vain;
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

“With nothing but his hunting spear
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caused them soon to stand.

“He fought till more assistance came:
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.”

“O happy day!” the youth replied:
“Blest were the wounds I bear!
From that fond hour she deign’d to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

“And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow’d to be my bride;
But oh! we fear’d (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother’s pride:

“Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,¹
Our house’s ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banish’d wight
Could ne’er such favour show.

¹ Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

“Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

“This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turn’d adown the right-hand path,
And gain’d this lonely wood:

“Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach’d this friendly bower.”

“Now rest ye both,” the Hermit said;
“Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed:
We’ll pass the night below.”¹

FIT II.

Lovely smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer’d him with her sight;
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watch’d the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o’erpower’d her breast!
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride!—

¹ Adjoining to the cliff which contains the chapel of the hermitage are the remains of a small building in which the hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins; whereas the chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

“Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet :
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.”

“O Henry, when thou deign’st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

“For thee I left a father’s smiles,
And mother’s tender care ;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.”

“And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish’d wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

“Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast :
For know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

“Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle¹
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee ;

“’Tis Father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed ;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

“To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

¹ In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth Abbey.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill :

There, deck'd with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows :
The chief, a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.¹

The clift, the vault, but chief the tomb
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, "What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair ?"

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak ;
At length he wiped the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek.

"Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know !"

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

¹ This is a bull's head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c., here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place ;¹
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly prized,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall :
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

¹ Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rang around :
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.¹

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came ;
And, from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.²

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipp'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride,
With all her lands and towers.³

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died ;
But first the silver crescent won,
Some paynim Soldan's pride.

¹ See Dugdale's *Baronetage*, p. 269, &c.

² In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy, whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

³ William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geffery de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions, in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte, (so the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain, fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married ; for, having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, "he, (to use the words of the old *Whitby Chronicle*,) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience." See Harl. MSS., 692 (26.) He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred;¹

How he the Percy name revived,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With godlike ardour shine.

With loud acclaims the list'ning crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall;
When, lo! a damsel young and fair
Stepp'd forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd;
And, kneeling on her knee,—
“Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.”

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,
Well plaited many a fold;
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

“Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast proved this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried.”

¹ Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Louvaine, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son, Lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
"Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse or more :
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd :

"Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helm,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now, closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain ;
That beauteous helm, his lady's gift !
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid th' unequal fight ;
“ And now, my noble friends,” he said,
“ Let's save this gallant knight.”

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle raged amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.¹

"Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,"
Her father kindly said ;
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went ; no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne'er appears :
"Beshrew me," said the aged chief,
"Young maidens have their fears."

"Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name revived,
He bless'd the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose ;
His bride he would go see.

¹ Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern banks of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Teviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen ;
And he would 'tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear—
“What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?”

“'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I 've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair.”

“Now out, alas !” she loudly shriek'd ;
“Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.”

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall ;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

“Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure, if no sad harm had happ'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

“For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
'Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride !

“ ‘And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I’ll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.’

“ Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way.”

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram’s heart,
And grief o’erwhelm’d his mind :
“ Trust me,” said he, “ I ne’er will rest
Till I thy lady find.”

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad-boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

“ Now, brother, we’ll our ways divide,
O’er Scottish hills to range ;
Do thou go north, and I’ll go west ;
And all our dress we’ll change.

“ Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne’er will I tread English ground
Till she’s restored again.”

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O’er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of grey,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel’s garb he wears,
With pipe so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O’er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

"All minstrels yet that e'er I saw
Are full of game and glee ;
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son ; perchance," he said,
"Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

"Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

"As late I chanced to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

"And when I ask'd what harm had happ'd,
What lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away."

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

“Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,
To hear a minstrel’s song ;
Or may I crave a lodging here
Without offence or wrong ?”

“My lord,” he said, “is not at home,
To hear a minstrel’s song ;
And, should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.”

He play’d again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter’s ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

“Minstrel,” he said, “thou play’st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
But, alas ! I’m sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

“Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou’lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.”

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch’d
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady’s voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night, the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But ’twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
’Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seiz’d his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall :
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly ;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said ;
"My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contrived !
For me what dangers run !

"And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay :"—
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried, "Vile traitor, stay !

"Vile traitor ! yield that lady up !"
And quick his sword he drew ;
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow ;
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

“Die, traitor, die!”—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush’d beneath his sword.

“Oh stop,” she cried, “Oh stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!”—
And here the hermit paus’d, and wept;
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, “Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb’d her breast.”

“Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate!” they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh’d; he hung his head.

“Oh blind and jealous rage,” he cried,
“What evils from thee flow?”
The hermit paus’d; they silent mourn’d:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother’s name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp’d her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound;
In vain I press’d his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake never more,
His precious life was flown:
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

“Bertram,” she said, “be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

“Bertram,” she said, “I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

“For thee I left my father’s hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo ! near Cheviot’s fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

“Lord Malcolm’s son, whose proffer’d love
I had refused with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn ;

“And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined ;
And fondly sued, and warmly press’d,
To win me to his mind.

“Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear !
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

“He quickly form’d the brave design
To set me, captive, free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

“Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride.”

Thus, pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting, fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense, I lay :
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay.

And, rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand : ¹
A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanced that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en ;
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd ;
And there, within their silent tombs,
With holy rites, were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram, now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

¹ *i.e.*, Sword.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise :
And here, a lonely anchorite,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave :
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart !
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken or forgot,
The Percy and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot ;

Oft the great earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe !
I lived to mourn his fall :
I lived to mourn his godlike sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Loved youth, shalt now restore ;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceased ; and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they, with thanks and pitying tears,
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
 They ask the good old sire ;
 And, guided by his sage advice,
 To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
 At Raby's stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant, at her nephew's¹ throne
 The royal grace implored :
 To all the honours of his race
 The Percy was restored.

The youthful earl still more and more
 Admired his beauteous dame :
 Nine noble sons to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.



THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

THE castle of Lochmaben was formerly a noble building, situated upon a peninsula, projecting into one of the four lakes which are in the neighbourhood of the royal burgh, and is said to have been the residence of Robert Bruce, while lord of Annandale. Accordingly it was always held to be a royal fortress, the keeping of which, according to the custom of the times, was granted to some powerful lord, with an allotment of lands and fishings, for the defence and maintenance of the place. There is extant a grant, dated 16th March 1511, to Robert Lauder of the Bass, of the office of captain and keeper of Lochmaben castle for seven years, with many perquisites. Among others, the "land stolen frae the king," is bestowed on the captain, as his proper lands. What shall we say of a country, where the very ground was the subject of theft? An extraordinary and anomalous class of landed pro-

¹ King Henry V.

prietors dwell in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben. There are the inhabitants of four small villages, near the ancient castle, called the Four Towns of Lochmaben. They themselves are termed the King's Rentallers, or kindly tenants; under which denomination each of them has a right, of an allodial nature, to a small piece of ground. It is said that these people are the descendants of Robert Bruce's menials, to whom he assigned, in reward of their faithful service, these portions of land burdened only with the payment of certain quit-rents, and grassums, or fines, upon the entry of a new tenant. The right of the rentallers is, in essence, a right of property, but, in form, only a right of lease; of which they appeal for the foundation to the rent-rolls of the lord of the castle and manor. This possession by rental, or by simple entry upon the rent-roll, was anciently a common, and peculiarly sacred, species of property, granted by a chief to his faithful followers; the connexion of landlord and tenant being esteemed of a nature too formal to be necessary, where there was honour on the one side, and gratitude upon the other. But, in the case of subjects granting a right of this kind, it was held to expire with the life of the granter, unless his heir chose to renew it; and also upon the death of the rentaller himself, unless especially granted to his heirs, by which term only his first heir was understood. Hence, in modern days, the *kindly tenants* have entirely disappeared from the land. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Four Towns of Lochmaben, the maxim, that the king can never die, prevents their right of property from reverting to the crown. The Viscount of Stormonth, as royal keeper of the castle, did indeed, about the beginning of last century, make an attempt to remove the rentallers from their possessions, or at least to procure judgment, finding them obliged to take out feudal investitures, and subject themselves to the casualties thereto annexed. But the rentallers united in their common defence: and, having stated their immemorial possession, together with some favourable clauses in certain old acts of parliament, enacting that the king's *poor kindly tenants* of Lochmaben should not be hurt, they finally prevailed in an action before the Court of Session. From the peculiar state of their right of property, it follows that there is no occasion for feudal investitures, or the formal entry of an heir; and, of course, when they choose to convey their lands, it is done by a simple deed of conveyance, without charter or sasine.

The kindly tenants of Lochmaben live (or at least till lately) much sequestered from their neighbours, marry among themselves, and are distinguished from each other by *soubriquets*, according to the ancient border custom, repeatedly noticed. You meet among their writings with such names as John Out-bye, Will In-bye, White-fish, Red-fish, &c. They are tenaciously obstinate in defence of their privileges of commonty, &c., which are numerous. Their lands are in general neatly enclosed, and well cultivated, and they form a contented and industrious little community.

Many of these particulars are extracted from the MSS. of Mr Syme, writer to the signet. Those who are desirous of more information may consult *Craig de Feudis*, lib. ii., dig. 9, sec. 24. It is hoped the reader will excuse this digression, though somewhat professional; especially as there can be little doubt that this diminutive republic must soon share the fate of mightier states; for, in consequence of the increase of commerce, lands possessed under this singular tenure being now often brought to sale, and purchased by the neighbouring proprietors, will, in process of time be included in their investitures, and the right of rentallage be entirely forgotten.

This ballad seems to be the most modern in which the harp, as a border instrument of music, is found to occur.—*Scott's Minstrelsy*.

OH, heard ye na o' the silly blind harper,
How lang he lived in Lochmaben town?
And how he wad gang to fair England,
To steal the Lord Warden's Wanton Brown!

But first he gaed to his gude wyfe,
Wi' a' the haste that he could thole,¹
"This wark," quo' he, "will ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal."

Quo' she—"Thou hast a gude gray mare,
That can baith lance o'er laigh and hie;
Sae set thee on the gray mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me."

So he is up to England gane,
And even as fast as he may drie;²
And whan he cam to Carlisle gate,
Oh, wha was there but the warden, he?

"Come into my hall, thou silly blind harper,
And of thy harping let me hear!"
"Oh, by my sooth!" quo' the silly blind harper,
"I wad rather hae stabling for my mare."

The warden look'd ower his left shoulder,
And said unto his stable groom—
"Gae take the silly blind harper's mare,
And tie her beside my Wanton Brown."

Then aye he harp'd, and aye he carp'd,³
Till a' the lordlings footed the floor,
But an' the music was sae sweet,
The groom had nae mind o' the stable door.

And aye he harp'd, and aye he carp'd,
Till a' the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied,
Wi' tread as light as light could be;
And when he open'd and gaed in,
There he fand thirty steeds and three.

¹ Suffer.

² Endure.

³ Sung or recited.

He took a cowl¹-halter frae his hose,
And o' his purpose he didna fail;
He slipt it ower the Wanton's nose,
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.

He turn'd them loose at the castle gate,
Ower muir and moss and ilka dale;
And she ne'er let the Wanton bait,
But kept him a-galloping hame to her foal.

The mare she was right swift o' foot,
She didna fail to find the way;
For she was at Lochmaben gate,
A lang three hours before the day.

When she cam to the harper's door,
There she gave mony a nicker and sneer²—
“Rise up,” quo' the wife, “thou lazy lass;
Let in thy master and his mare.”

Then up she rose, put on her clothes,
And keekit through at the lock-hole—
“Oh, by my sooth!” then cried the lass,
“Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal!”

“Come, haud thy tongue, thou silly wench!
The morn's but glancing in your e'e.”—
“I'll wad my hail fee against a groat,³
He's bigger than e'er our foal will be.”

Now all this while in merry Carlisle,
The harper harp'd to hie and law;
And the fiend dought⁴ they do but listen him to
Until that the day began to daw.

But on the morn, at fair daylight,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the Wanton Brown was gane,
And eke the poor blind harper's mare!

¹ Colt.

³ Bet my wages to fourpence.

² Neigh and snort.

⁴ Nothing could they do.

"Allace! allace!" quoth the cunning auld harper,
 And ever allace that I cam here;
 In Scotland I lost a braw cowl foal,
 In England they've stown my gude gray mare!"

"Come! cease thy allacing, thou silly blind harper,
 And again of thy harping let us hear;
 And weel payd sall thy cowl-foal be,
 And thou sall have a far better mare."

Then aye he harp'd, and aye he carp'd;
 Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear!
 He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
 And three times ower for the gude gray mare.



THE BROWNIE¹ OF BLEDNOCH.

"THE author of this noble ballad was William Nicholson, the Galloway poet, as he was, and is still, called in his own district. He was born at Tanimaus, in the parish of Borgue, in August 1783; he died *circa* 1848, unseen, like a bird. Being extremely short-sighted, he was unfitted for being a shepherd or ploughman, and began life as a packman, like the hero of 'The Excursion;' and is still remembered in that region for his humour, his music, his verse, and his gingham: and also, alas! for his misery and his sin. After travelling the country for thirty years, he became a packless pedlar, and fell into 'a way of drinking:' this led from bad to worse, and the grave closed in gloom over the ruins of a man of true genius. His poems are scarcely known out of Galloway, but they are worth the knowing: none of them have the concentration and nerve of 'The Brownie,' but they are from the same brain and heart. 'The Country Lass,' a long poem, is excellent; with much of Crabbe's power and compression. This, and the greater part of the volume, is in the Scottish dialect; but there is a fable—'The Butterfly and Bee'—the English and sense, the fine, delicate humour and turn of which might have been Cowper's; and there is a bit of rugged sarcasm called 'Siller,' which Burns need not have been ashamed of. Poor Nicholson, besides his turn for verse, was an exquisite musician, and sang with a powerful and sweet voice. One may imagine the delight of a lonely town-end, when Willie, the packman and the piper, made his appearance, with his stories, and jokes, and ballads, his songs, and reels, and 'wanton wiles.'"—*Dr John Brown.*

THERE cam a strange wicht² to our town-en',
 And the fient a body³ did him ken;
 He tirl'd⁴ na lang, but he glided ben,⁵
 Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

¹ A spirit supposed to haunt a particular place or house. Instead of doing any injury, he was believed to be of great use, particularly if well treated. They were called "Brownie" from their supposed swarthy or tawny colour.

² Creature or person.

³ Nobody.

⁴ Stayed.

⁵ In.

His face did glow like the glow of the west,
 When the drumlie¹ cloud has it half o'ercast ;
 Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest,
 Oh, sirs ! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
 Wi' a gape² an' a glour,³ till their lugs⁴ did crack,
 As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

Oh, had ye seen the bairns's⁵ fricht,
 As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wicht !
 As they skulkit in 'tween the dark an' the licht,
 And graned out, "Aiken-drum !"

"Sauf us !" quoth Jock, "d'ye see sic een ?"⁶
 Cries Kate, "There's a hole where a nose should ha'
 been ;
 An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en—
 Wow ! keep's frae Aiken-drum !"

The black dog growlin' cow'red his tail,
 The lassie swarf'd,⁷ loot fa' the pail :
 Rob's lingle⁸ brack as he mendit the flail,
 At the sicht o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
 A lang blue beard wan'er'd down like a vest ;
 But the glare o' his e'e hath nae bard exprest,
 Nor the skimes⁹ o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
 But a philabeg¹⁰ o' the rashes green,
 An' his knotted knees played aye knoit¹¹ between—
 What a sicht was Aiken-drum !

On his wauchie¹² arms three claws did meet,
 As they trail'd on the grun' by his taeless feet ;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

¹ Dark.² Open mouth.³ Stare.⁴ Ears.⁵ Children.⁶ Such eyes.⁷ Swooned.⁸ Strong thread.⁹ Glance of reflected light.¹⁰ Short skirt or kilt.¹¹ Knocked together.¹² Wan-coloured.

But he drew a score,¹ himsel' did sain,²
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
 While the young ane closer clespit her wean,³
 And turn'd frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath,
 And she thocht the Bible might ward aff skaith,⁴
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
 But it fear'd na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
 "What wad ye, where won⁵ ye—by sea or by lan'?"
 I conjure ye—speak—by the Beuk in my han'!"
 What a grane gae Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot whar a burn⁶ rins nae by;
 But I'se dwall noo wi' you if ye like to try—
 Hae yae wark for Aiken-drum?"

"I'll shiel a' your sheep⁷ i' the mornin' sune,
 I'll berry your crap⁸ by the licht o' the moon,
 An' ba⁹ the bairns wi' an unkenn'd¹⁰ tune,
 If ye'll keep poor Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn¹¹ when ye canna wade,
 I'll kirn the kirn,¹² and I'll turn the bread:
 An' the wildest fillie that e'er was rede,¹³
 I'se tame 't," quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod¹⁴ frae the flock on the fell—
 To gather the dew frae the heather-bell—
 An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
 Micht gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
 I use nae beddin', shoon,¹⁵ nor sark;¹⁶
 But a cogfu' o' brose,¹⁷ 'tween the licht an' the dark,
 Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

¹ Drew a circle round him to ward off the evil one.

² Bless.

³ Child.

⁴ Harm.

⁵ Live.

⁶ Brook.

⁷ Put the sheep under cover.

⁸ Get in the crop.

⁹ Hush.

¹⁰ Unknown.

¹¹ Leap the brook.

¹² Turn the churn.

¹³ Furious.

¹⁴ Drive the fox.

¹⁵ Shoes.

¹⁶ Shirt.

¹⁷ Basin of thin porridge.

Quoth the wylie¹ auld wife, "The thing speaks weel;
 Our workers are scant, we hae routh² o' meal;
 Gif³ he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
 Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirl'd,⁴ "He's no be here!
 His eldritch⁵ look gars⁶ us swarf⁷ wi' fear;
 And the feint a ane will the house come near,
 If they think but o' Aiken-drum."

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist⁸ is he,
 Despair sits broodin' aboon his e'e-bree;⁹
 And unchancie¹⁰ to light on a maiden's e'e,
 Is the glower¹¹ o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir clipmalabors!¹² ye hae little wit;
 Is't na Hallowmas¹³ noo, and the crap out yet?"
 Sae she seelenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
 "Sit-yer-wa's-down,¹⁴ Aiken-drum!"

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune,
 By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon,
 A word, or a wish—and the Brownie cam sune,
 Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade aye awa or the sun was up,
 He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup;¹⁵
 They watch'd—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
 Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, and on crystal Cree,
 For mony a day a toil'd wicht was he;
 And the bairns they play'd harmless roun' his knee,
 Sae social was Aiken-drum.

¹ Cautious or cunning.

⁴ Screeched.

⁷ Faint.

¹⁰ Unlucky.

¹³ All-hallows.

¹⁵ A communion cup belonging to Macmillan of Balmaghie, founder of a sect of Covenanters of his name. It was used as a test of faith. If, on taking it in his hand, the person trembled, or exhibited any signs of agitation, he was denounced as a heretic.

² Plenty.

⁵ Hideous.

⁸ Powerful fiend.

¹¹ Glance.

¹⁴ Sit down.

³ If.

⁶ Makes.

⁹ Eye-brow.

¹² Poor silly persons.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat¹ for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learn'd decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair miss'd was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa! ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
'Gainst the 'sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife, and mony a wean,
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, licht loons² that gibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,³
At the Glasnock mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' look'd roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fricht,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gi'ed na licht,
At the roaring linn⁴ in the howe o' the nicht,⁵
Wi' sughs⁶ like Aiken-drum.

¹ Novel.

⁴ Cataract.

² Thoughtless persons.

⁵ In midnight.

³ Such things.

⁶ Sighs and groans.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND
WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY.

ADAM BELL and his associates were outlaws who lived in the forest of Inglewood, a dense wood which extended from Carlisle to Penrith; and which in after years was also frequented by Robin Hood and his followers, who occasionally came from Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. According to certain authorities, Adam Bell and his band were contemporaries of the father of Robin Hood. The text here given is from Mr Bell's *Early Ballads*, and it is said to be formed from a collation of the two versions of Percy and Ritson.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

MERRY it was in the green forest,
Among the leves green,
Where that men hunt east and west
With bows and arrows keen ;

To raise the deer out of their den ;
Such sights hath oft been seen :
As by three yeomen of the north countrie,
By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
The other, Clym of the Clough,
The third was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good enough.

They were outlaw'd for venison,
These yeomen everychone ;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To English-wood for to gone.

Now lith and listen, gentlemen,
That of myrthes loveth to hear ;
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

William was the wedded man,
Much more then was his care ;
He said to his brethren upon a day,
To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
And with his children three.
" By my troth," said Adam Bell,
" Not by the counsel of me :

“For if you go to Carlisle, brother,
And from this wild wood wend,
If that the justice may you take,
Your life were at an end.”

“If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By prime to you again,
Trust you then that I am taken,
Or else that I am slain.”

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone :
There he knock'd at his own window
Shortly and anon.

“Where be you, fair Alice,” he said,
“My wife and children three?
Lightly let in thine own husband,
William of Cloudesly.”

“Alas !” then sayde fair Alice,
And sighed wondrous sore,
“This place has been beset for you
This half a year and more.”

“Now I am here,” said Cloudesly,
“I would that in I were ;
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make good cheer.”

She fetch'd him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife ;
And pleased him with that she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in that place,
A little beside the fire,
Which William had found of charity
More than seven year.

Up she rose, and walk'd full still,
Evil mote she speed therefore ;
For she had set no foot on ground
In seven year before.

She went unto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hie :
"This night," she said, "is come to town
William of Cloudesly."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
And so was the sheriff also :
"Thou shalt not travaile hither, dame, for
nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go."

They gave to her a right good gown,
Of scarlet it was as I heard sayne ;
She took the gift, and home she went,
And couch'd her down again.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
In all the haste that they can,
And came thronging to William's house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeoman
Round about on every side ;
William heard great noise of folks,
That thitherward fast hied.

Alice open'd a back window,
And looked all about,
She was ware of the justice and sheriff both,
With a full great rout.

"Alas ! treason," cried [fair] Alice,
"Ever woe may thou be !
Go into my chamber, my husband," she said,
"Sweet William of Cloudesly."

He took his sword and his buckler,
His bow and his children three,
And went into his strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fair Alice follow'd him as a lover true,
With a poleaxe in her hand ;
"He shall be dead that here cometh in
This door, while I may stand."

Cloudesly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

"A curse on his heart," said William,
"This day thy coat did on!
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone."

"Yield thee, Cloudesly," said the justice,
"And thy bow and thy arrows thee fro."
"A curse on his heart," said the fair Alice,
"That my husband counselles so."

"Set fire on the house," said the sheriff,
"Sith it will no better be,
And brenne we therein William," he said,
"His wife and his children three."

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high:
"Alas!" then cried fair Alice,
"I see we here shall die."

William open'd a back window,
That was in his chamber high,
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and his children three.

"Have here my treasure," sayde William,
"My wife and children three,
For Christe's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me."

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all ygo;
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstring brent in two.

The sparkles brent, and fell him upon,
Good William of Cloudesly:
Then was he a woeful man, and said,
"This is a coward's death to me."

“Lever had I,” sayde William,
“With my sword in the rout to renne,
Than here among mine enemies’ wood
Thus cruelly to bren.”

He took his sword and his buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prese,
He smote down many a man.

There might no man abide his strokes,
So fiercely on them he ran ;
Then they threw windows and doors on him,
And so took that good yeoman.

There they bound him both hand and foot,
And in a deep dungeon him cast ;
“Now Cloudesly,” said the justice,
“Thou shalt be hang’d in haste.”

“A pair of new gallows,” said the sheriff,
“Now shall I for thee make ;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut,
No man shall come in thereat.

“Then shall not help Clym of the Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devils in hell.”

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gone,
And commanded to be shut full close,
Lightly everychone.

Then went he to the market-place,
As fast as he could hie ;
A pair of new gallows there did he set up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy among them ask’d,
“What mean’d that gallows-tree ?”
They said, “To hang a good yeoman,
William of Cloudesly.”

That little boy was the town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine ;
Oft he had seen Cloudesly in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did gone ;
There met he with those wightie¹ yeomen
Shortly and anon.

"Alas !" then said the little boy,
"Ye tarry here too long ;
Cloudesly is taken, and dampned to death,
And ready for to hang."

"Alas !" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we saw this day !
He had better have tarried here with us,
So oft as we did him pray.

"He might have dwelt in green forest,
Under the shadows green,
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of all trouble and teen !"

Adam bent a right good bow,
A great hart soon he had slain :
"Take that, child," he said, "to thy dinner,
And bring me mine arrow again."

"Now go we hence," said those wightie yeomen,
"Tarry we no longer here ;
We shall him borrow by God his grace,
Though we buy it full dear."

To Carlisle went these bold yeomen,
All in a morning of May.
Here is a fyte of Cloudesly,
And another is for to say.

¹ Active.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
In a fair morning tide,
They found the gates shut them until
Round about on every side.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wondrous well,
We may not come therein."

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
"With a wile we will us in bring;
Let us say we be messengers,
Straight come now from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter written,
Now let us wisely work,
We will say we have the king's seal;
I hold the porter no clerk."

Then Adam Bell beat on the gates
With strokes great and strong;
The porter marvell'd, who was thereat,
And to the gates he throng.

"Who is there now," said the porter,
"That maketh all this knocking?"
"We be two messengers," quoth Clym of the
Clough,
"Be come right from our king."

"We have a letter," said Adam Bell,
"To the justice we must it bring;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were again to the king."

"There cometh none in," said the porter,
"By him that died on a tree,
Till a false thief be hang'd,
Call'd William of Cloudesly."

Then spake the good yeoman, Clym of the
Clough,
And swore by Mary free,
“And if that we stand long without,
Like a thief hang’d thou shalt be.

“Lo! here we have the king’s seal:
What, lurdén,¹ art thou wode?”
The porter went² it had been so,
And lightly did off his hood.

“Welcome is my lord’s seal,” he said;
“For that ye shall come in.”
He open’d the gate fully shortly:
An evil opening for him.

“Now are we in,” said Adam Bell,
“Whereof we are full fain;
But Christ he knows, that harrow’d hell,
How we shall come out again.”

“Had we the keys,” said Clym of the Clough,
“Right well then should we speed;
Then might we come out well enough
When we see time and need.”

They call’d the porter to council,
And wrang his neck in two,
And cast him in a deep dungeon,
And took his keys him fro.

“Now am I porter,” said Adam Bell,
“See, brother, the keys are here;
The worst porter to merry Carlisle
That it had this hundred year.

“And now will we our bowes bend,
Into the tower will we go,
For to deliver our dear brother
That lieth in care and woe.”

¹ Clown.

² Weened.

And thereupon they bent their bows,
And look'd their strings were round,
The market-place in merry Carlisle
They beset that stound.¹

And as they lookèd them beside,
A pair of new gallows there they see,
And the justice with a quest of squires,
That had judged William hang'd to be.

And Cloudesly lay ready there in a cart,
Fast bound both foot and hand ;
And a strong rope about his neck,
All ready for to hang.

The justice call'd to him a lad,
Cloudesly's clothes he should have,
To take the measure of that yeoman,
Thereafter to make his grave.

"I have seen as great a marvel," said Cloudesly.
"As between this and prime,
He that maketh a grave for me,
Himself may lie therein."

"Thou speakest proudly," said the justice,
"I will thee hang with my hand ;"
Full well heard this his brethren two,
There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudesly cast his eyes aside,
And saw his two brethren stand
At a corner of the market-place,
With their good bows bent in their hand.

"I see comfort," said Cloudesly,
"Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at will,
Right little would I care."

¹ That instant.

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
"Brother, see you mark the justice well;
Lo, yonder you may him see;

"And at the sheriff shoot I will,
Strongly with arrow keen;"
A better shot in merry Carlisle
This seven year was not seen.

They loosed their arrows both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,
That both their sides gan bleed.

All men voided, that them stood nigh,
When the justice fell to the ground,
And the sheriff fell nigh him by;
Either had his death wound.

All the citizens fast gan fly,
They durst no longer abide:
Then lightly they loosèd Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe from his hand he wronge;
On eche side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried too long.

William said to his brethren two,
"This day let us live and die,
If ever you have need, as I have now,
The same shall you find by me."

They shot so well in that tide,
Their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streetes on every side;
That battle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bold,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a heart made cold.

But when their arrows were all gone,
Men press'd to them full fast,
They drew their swordes then anon,
And their bowes from them cast.

They went lightly on their way,
With swordes and bucklers round ;
By that it was mid of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did ring ;
Many a woman said, "Alas !"
And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth come was,
With him a full great rout ;
These yeomen dreaded him full sore,
For of their lives they stood in great doubt.

The mayor came arm'd a full great pace,
With a poleaxe in his hand ;
Many a strong man with him was,
There in that stowre to stand.

The mayor smote at Cloudesly with his bill,
His buckler he brast in two,
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
"Alas ! Treason !" they cried for woe ;
"Keep well the gates fast," they bad,
"That these traitors there out not go."

But all for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three that so manful fought,
Were gotten without abraide.¹

"Have here your keys," said Adam Bell,
"Mine office I here forsake,
And if you do by my counsel,
A new porter do ye make."

¹ Abroad.

He threw their keyes at their heads,
And bade them well to thrive,
And all that letteth any good yeoman
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood,
As lightly as leaf on lynde ;¹
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies be far behind.

When they came to the English wood,
Under the trusty tree,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrows full great plenty.

“So God me help,” said Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so free,
“I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meyne.”²

They set them down, and made good cheer,
And eat and drank full well.
A second fyte of these wightie yeomen ;
Another I will you tell.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

As they sat in English wood
Under the greenwood tree,
They thought they heard a woman weep,
But her they mought not see.

Sore then sigh'd the fair Alice :
“That ever I saw this day !
For now is my dear husband slain ;
Alas ! and well-a-day !

“Might I have spoken with his dear brethren,
Or with either of them twain,
To let them know what him befell,
My heart were put out of pain !”

¹ The lime-tree ; but frequently applied to all trees in common.

² Company.

Cloudesly walk'd a little beside,
And look'd under the greenwood lynde,
He was ware of his wife and children three,
Full woe in heart and mind.

"Welcome, wife," then said William,
"Under this trusty tree :
I had wende yesterday, by sweet Saint John,
Thou shouldest me never have see."

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My heart is out of woe."
"Dame," he said, "be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two."

"Hereof to speak," said Adam Bell,
"I-wis it is no boot ;
The meat that you must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot."

Then went they down into a land,
These noble archers all three ;
Each of them slew a hart of greece,¹
The best that they could see.

"Have here the best, Alice, my wife,"
Said William of Cloudesly,
"By cause ye so boldly stood by me
When I was slain full nigh."

Then went they to supper,
With such meat as they had ;
And thanked God of their fortune ;
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certain withouten lease,
Cloudesly said, "We will to our king,
To get us a charter of peace.

¹ A step or degree.

“Alice shall be at our sojourning,
In a nunnery here beside ;
My two sonnes shall with her go,
And there they shall abide.

“Mine eldest son shall go with me,
For him have I no care ;
And he shall bring you word again
How that we do fare.”

Thus be these yeomen to London gone,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the king's palace,
Where they would needes be.

And when they came to the kinge's court,
Unto the palace gate,
Of no man would they ask no leave,
But boldly went in thereat.

They preceed prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dread ;
The porter came after, and did them call,
And with them began to chide.

The usher said, “Yeomen, what would you
have ?
I pray you tell to me ;
You might thus make officers shent :¹
Good sirs, of whence be ye ?

“Sir, we be outlaws of the forest,
Certain withouten leace,
And hither we be come to our king,
To get us a charter of peace.”

And when they came before the king,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneel'd down without letting,
And each held up his hand.

¹ Blamed.

They said, "Lord, we beseech thee here,
That ye will grant us grace ;
For we have slain your fat fallow deer,
In many a sundry place."

"What be your names?" then said our king,
"Anon that you tell me :"
They said, "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly."

"Be ye those thieves?" then said our king,
"That men have told of to me ?
Here to God I make an avow,
Ye shall be hang'd all three."

"Ye shall be dead without mercy,
As I am king of this land."
He commanded his officers everychone
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomen,
And arrested them all three :
"So may I thrive," said Adam Bell,
"This game liketh not me."

"But, good lord, we beseech you now,
That you grant us grace,
Inasmuch as freely we be to you come,
As freely we may fro you pass."

"With such weapons as we have here,
Till we be out of your place ;
And if we live this hundred year,
We will ask you no grace."

"Ye speak proudly," said the king ;
"Ye shall be hang'd all three."
"That were great pity," then said the queen,
"If any grace might be."

"My lord, when I came first into this land,
To be your wedded wife,
The first boon that I would ask,
Ye would grant it me belyfe :

“And I ask’d you never none till now ;
Therefore, good lord, grant it me.”

“Now ask it, madam,” said the king,
“And granted it shall be.”

“Then, good, my lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me.”

“Madam, ye might have ask’d a boon,
That should have been worth all three.

“Ye might have asked towers and towns,
Parks and forests plenty.”

“None so pleasant to my pay,” she said ;
“Nor none so lefe to me.”

“Madam, sith it is your desire,
“Your asking granted shall be ;
But I had lever have given you
Good market townes three.”

The queene was a glad woman,
And said, “Lord, gramercy :
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be.

“But, good my lord, speak some merry word,
That comfort they may see.”
“I grant you grace,” then said our king ;
“Wash, fellows, and to meat go ye.”

They had not sitten but a while
Certain without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king,
They kneel’d down on their knee,
And said, “Lord, your officers greet you well,
Of Carlisle in the north countrie.”

“How fareth my justice ?” said the king,
“And my sheriff also ?”
“Sir, they be slain, without leasing,
And many an officer mo.”

“Who hath them slain?” said the king,
Anon that thou tell me.”

“Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly.”

“Alas, for ruth!” then said our king;
“My heart is wondrous sore;
I had lever than a thousand pound,
I had known of this before;

“For I have granted them grace,
And that forthinketh me;
But had I known all this before,
They had been hang’d all three.”

The king he open’d the letter anon,
Himself he read it through,
And found how these outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo;

First the justice and the sheriff,
And the mayor of Carlisle town,
Of all the constables and catchipolls
Alive were left not one;

The bailies and the beadles both,
And the sergeaunts of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlaws had yslaw;

And broke his parks and slain his deer,
Of all they chose the best;
So perilous outlaws, as they were,
Walk’d not by east nor west;

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighed sore:
“Take up the tables anon,” he said,
“For I may eat no more.”

The king callèd his best archers
To the butts with him to go:
“I will see these fellows shoot,” he said,
“In the north have wrought this woe.”

The kinge's horsemen busk them blyve,¹
And the queen's archers also ;
So did these three wightie yeomen ;
With them they thought to go.

There twice or thrice they shot about,
For to assay their hand ;
There was no shot these yeomen shot
That any prycke² might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudesly :
" By him that for me died,
I hold him never no good archer,
That shooteth at butts so wide."

" At what a butt now would ye shoot,
I pray thee, tell to me ?"
" At such a butte, sir," he said,
" As men use in my countrie."

William went into a field,
And with him his two brethren ;
There they set up two hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.

" I hold him an archer," said Cloudesly,
" That yonder wand cleaveth in two."
" There is none suche," said the king,
" Nor no man can so do."

" I shall assay, sir," said Cloudesly,
" Or that I farther go."
Cloudesly with a bearing arrow
Clave the wand in two.

" Thou art the best archer," then said the king,
" Forsooth, that ever I see :"
" And yet, for your love," said William,
" I will do more maystery.

¹ Got themselves ready quickly.

² Mark.

“ I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear ;
I will him tie to a stake ;
All shall see that be here ;

“ And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in two.”

“ Now haste thee,” then said the king,
“ By him that died on a tree,
But if thou do not as thou hast said,
Hangèd shalt thou be.

“ An thou touch his head or gown,
For sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall hang you all three.”

“ That I have promised,” said William,
“ That I will never forsake.”
And there, even before the king,
In the earth he drove a stake :

And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bade him stand still thereat ;
And turn'd the child's face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent :
Six score paces they were out met,
And thither Cloudesly went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
His bow was great and long ;
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.

He pray'd the people that were there,
That they would all still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Behoveth a steadfast hand.

Much people pray'd for Cloudesly,
That his life savèd might be,
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many a weeping eye.

But Cloudesly cleft the apple in two,
That many a man might see ;
"Over Gods forbode," said the king,
"That thou should shoot at me."

"I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countrie
I make thee chief rydere."

"And I give thee seventeen pence a-day," said
the queen,
"By God, and by my fay ;
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay."

"William, I make thee a gentleman
Of clothing, and of fee :
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my chamber,
For they are so seemly to see.

"Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar he shall be ;
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better avancèd shall he be."

"And, William, bring me your wife," said the
queen,
"Me longeth her sore to see :
She shall be my chief gentlewoman,
To govern my nursery."

The yeomen thank'd them all courteously,
And said, "To some bishop will we wend,
Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assoiled at his hand."

So forth be gone these good yeomen,
As fast as they might hie,
And after came and dwell'd with the king,
And died good men all three.

Thus ended the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternal bliss ;
And all that with hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven may never miss.



ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

OF Robin Hood, the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, and his merry men, there are a large number of ballads ; but the limits of this volume necessitate us giving a selection only.

Various periods, ranging from the time of Richard I. to the end of the reign of Edward II., have been assigned as the age in which Robin Hood lived. He is usually described as a yeoman, and his place of abode Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. His most noted followers, and those generally spoken of in the ballads, are Little John, Friar Tuck, his chaplain, and his maid Marian. Nearly all the legends extol his courage, generosity, humanity, and skill as an archer. He robbed the rich only, who could afford to lose, and gave freely to the poor. He protected the needy, was a champion of the fair sex ; and he took great delight in robbing prelates. The two following ballads exhibit the outlaw in his most attractive aspects. In one he affords assistance to a distressed lover ; and in the other he proves his gratitude to an old woman who had once befriended him, by rescuing her three sons from the gallows.

COME, listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay ;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,
"Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then steppèd forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin ask'd him courteously,
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept those seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young
man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

“What wilt thou give me,” said Robin Hood,
“In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?”

“I have no money,” then quoth the young man,
“No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.”

“How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile.”
“By the faith of my body,” then said the young
man,
“It is but five little mile.”

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor linn,¹
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin’.

“What hast thou here?” the bishop then said,
“I prithee now tell unto me.”
“I am a bold harper,” quoth Robin Hood,
“And the best in the north country.”

“Oh welcome, oh welcome,” the bishop he said,
“That music best pleaseth me.”
“You shall have no music,” quoth Robin Hood,
“Till the bride and bridegroom I see.”

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

“This is not a fit match,” quoth Robin Hood,
“That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.”

¹ Stop nor stay.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two and three ;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Come leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

“ This is thy true love,” Robin he said,
“ Young Allen, as I hear say ;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away.”

“ That shall not be,” the bishop he cried,
“ For thy word shall not stand ;
They shall be three times ask’d in the church,
As the law is of our land.”

Robin Hood pull’d off the bishop’s coat,
And put it upon Little John ;
“ By the faith of my body,” then Robin said,
“ This cloth doth make thee a man.”

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh ;
He ask’d them seven times into church
Lest three times should not be enough.

“ Who gives me this maid ?” said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, “ That do I ;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.”

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride look’d like a queen ;
And so they return’d to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S SONS.

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham
town
To-day condemned to die."

"Oh, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robb'd any virgin?
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robb'd any virgin,
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

"Oh, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin
Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,¹
Was walking along the highway.

“What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?”
Said he, “Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemn’d to die this day.”

“Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine.”

“Oh, thine apparel is good,” he said,
“And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn.”

“Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

Then he put on the old man’s hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
“The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down.”

Then he put on the old man’s cloak,
Was patch’d black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man’s breeks,
Was patch’d from leg to side:
“By the truth of my body,” bold Robin can say,
“This man loved little pride.”

¹ Pilgrim.

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist :
" By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
" I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
" It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

" Save you, save you, sheriff !" he said ;
" Now heaven you save and see !
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be ? "

" Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
" Some suits I'll give to thee ;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone :
" By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
" That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

" I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade ;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
" That first a hangman was made !

" I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn ;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

" I have a horn in my pockèt,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

“ Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow !
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out.”

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill ;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

“ Oh, who are those,” the sheriff he said,
“ Come tripping over the lee ? ”
“ They 're my attendants,” brave Robin did say ;
“ They 'll pay a visit to thee.”

They took the gallows from the slack,¹
They set it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

“ IN the year 1388, the Scottish nobles had determined upon an invasion of England upon a large scale, and had assembled a large army for that purpose ; but, learning that the people of Northumberland were assembling an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the rich and flat country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

“ Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir

¹ Lower ground.

Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both were gallant knights; but the first, who, from his impetuosity, was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew out his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally; and it so chanced that Douglas got possession, in the struggle, of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognisance, as it is called, of the Percies. Douglas shook this trophy aloft, and declared he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on his castle of Dalkeith.

"That," said Percy, 'shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland.'

"Then," said Douglas, 'come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent.'

The Scots army, having completed the object of their expedition, began their retreat up the vale of the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running towards the Scottish frontier. They encamped at Otterburn, about twenty miles from the frontier, on the 19th August 1388.

In the middle of the night, the alarm arose in the Scottish camp, that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the advance of Sir Harry Percy, with a body of men equal or superior in number to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed-water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not choosing to receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and with a degree of military skill, which could scarcely have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army, and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons through the deserted camp, where there was none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The interruptions which the English troops met with threw them a little into disorder, when the moon arising showed them the Scottish army, who they fancied were retreating, drawn up in complete order, and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas, their leader, caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself, shouting his war-cry of 'Douglas!' rushed forward, clearing his way with the blows of his battle-axe, and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been known, it would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their general dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North-Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the body of his patron with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousin," said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the wounded leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; 'but, blessed be God, my ancestors have died on the field of battle, not on down-beds. I sink fast, but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family, that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will this day be accomplished.'

The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting, Douglas! Douglas! louder than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly;

and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas—

‘ Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,
And, Douglas dead, his name has won the field.’

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him, for ransom, to build a castle for him at Penoon, in Ayrshire. The battle of Otterburn was disastrous to the leaders on both sides—Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems; and the great historian Froissart says, that, one other action excepted, it was the best fought battle of that warlike time.”—*Tales of a Grandfather*.

IT fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines would not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn’d the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march’d up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
“Oh wha’s the lord of this castle,
Or wha’s the lady o’t?”

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And oh, but he spake hie!
“I am the lord of this castle,
My wife is the lady gay.”

“If thou’rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane¹ of us shall die.”

¹ One or other.

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But oh, how pale his lady look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you flesh and fell;¹
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend² my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My trowth I plight to thee."

¹ Hide.

² Support.

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown ;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass ;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
“ Oh waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand.”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
Sae loud I hear ye lie :
For Percy had no men yestreen,
To dight¹ my men and me.

“ But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky ;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran ;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain !²
They swakke³ their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

¹ Meet.² Well pleased.³ Used.





He lifted up that noble lord
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie-men might not see.
—BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks ¹ the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain."

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken ² bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee."

"Oh bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindesays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swakked swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

¹ Matters.

² Fern.

"Yield thee, oh yield thee, Percy!" he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were
here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.



MAY COLVIN.

THIS ballad, which is also known as *May Collean* and the *False Sir John*, and *The Western Tragedy*, appeared in a fragmentary condition in Herd's Collection; and additions were afterwards made in Motherwell's Minstrelsy. The scene of their version was laid in Ayrshire. Mr Buchan, in his *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, also printed a version similar in incident, but very different in language, and assigned the scene to the north of Scotland. We give both versions here.

The *locale* of the ballad, as in Herd and Motherwell, is on the "Carrick Shore," between Girvan and Ballantrae, where stood Carlton Castle, the abode of "The False Sir John." The castle was situated on a rocky eminence overhanging the sea, called Gamslop, over which Sir John was in the habit of throwing his wives, when tired of them, and over which he was finally thrown himself. The people, who looked upon the ballad as an unquestionable narration of facts, affirmed that May Collean became heir of all the wealth of Sir John, and lived happily during the remainder of her life.

HERD AND MOTHERWELL'S VERSION.

FALSE Sir John a-wooing came,
To a maid of beauty fair ;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt, and he's courted her
ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay ;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the
white,
And so lightly she tripp'd away.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where all his steeds did stand ;
And she's taken the best, and she's left the
warst,
That was in her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John ;
Your bridal bed you see ;
For it's seven king's daughters I have drown'd
here,
And the eighth I'll out make with thee.

"Cast aff, cast aff your silks so fine,
And lay them on a stone ;
For they are o'er good and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast aff, cast aff your holland smock,
And lay it on this stone ;
For it is too fine, and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

“ Oh, turn you about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o’ the tree ;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.”

He’s turn’d himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o’ the tree ;
She’s twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

“ Oh, hold a grip of me, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown ;
I’ll take you hame to your father’s gate,
And safely I’ll set you down.”

“ Oh, lie you there, thou false Sir John,
Oh, lie you there,” said she ;
“ For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane ye intended for me.”

So she went on her father’s steed,
As swift as she could flee ;
And she came hame to her father’s gates
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot :
“ May Colvin, where have you been ?
What has become of false Sir John,
That woo’d you so late yestreen ?”

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the bonnie cage where it lay :
“ Oh, what hae ye done with the false Sir John,
That he behind you does stay ?

“ He woo’d you butt, he woo’d you ben,
He woo’d you into the ha’,
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa’.”

“ Oh, hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me ;
Your cage will be made of the beaten gold,
And the spakes of ivorie.”

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay :
“Oh, what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day !”

“It was a cat cam to my cage door ;
I thought 'twould have worried me,
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me.”



MAY COLVIN.

BUCHAN'S VERSION.

HEARD ye ever of a bludy knight,
Lived in the west countrie ?
For he's betray'd seven virgins fair,
And drown'd them in the sea.

All ladies of a gude account,
As ever yet were known ;
This traitor was a baron knight,
They call'd him fause Sir John.

Then he is gane to May Colvin,
She was her father's heir ;
The greatest beauty o' that age,
I solemnly declare.

“Thou art the darling of my heart,
I say, fair May Colvin ;
So far excels thy beauties great,
That ever I hae seen.

“But I'm a knight of wealth and might,
Hae towers, towns twenty-three ;
And ye'se be lady o' them a',
If ye will gang wi' me.”

“Excuse me, then, O gude Sir John,
To wed I am too young ;
Without ye hae my parents’ leave,
With you I darna come.”

“Your parents’ leave ye soon shall have,
To this they will agree ;
For I hae made a solemn vow,
This night ye’s gang wi’ me.”

Frae below his arm he’s pull’d a charm,
And stuck it in her sleeve ;
And he has made her gang wi’ him,
Without her parents’ leave.

Much gowd and siller she has brought,
Wi’ her five hundred pound ;
The best an’ steed her father had,
She’s ta’en to ride upon.

Sae privately they rade away,
They made nae stop nor stay ;
Till they came to that fatal end,
That ye ca’ Binyan’s Bay.

It being in a lonely place,
Nae habitation nigh ;
The fatal rocks were tall and steep,
And nane could hear her cry.

“Light down, light down, fair May Colvin,
Light down, and speak wi’ me ;
For here I’ve drown’d eight virgins brave,
And you the ninth maun be.”

“Are these your bowers and lofty towers,
Sae beautiful and gay ?
Or is it for my gold,” she says,
“You take my life away ?”

“Cast aff, cast aff your jewels fine,
Sae costly, rich, and rare ;
For they’re too costly, and too fine,
To sink in the sea ware.”

Then aff she's ta'en her jewels fine,
And thus she made her moan :
"Hae mercy on a virgin young,
I pray you, gude Sir John !"

"Cast aff, cast aff, fair May Colvin,
Your gown and petticoat ;
For they're too costly, and too fine,
To rot by the sea rock."

"Take all I have my life to save,
O gude Sir John, I pray ;
Let it ne'er be said you kill'd a maid
Before her wedding-day."

"Strip aff, strip aff, your holland smock,
That's border'd with the lawn ;
For it's too costly, and too fine,
To toss on the sea sand."

"Oh, turn ye round, O gude Sir John,
Your back about to me ;
It is not comely for a man
A naked woman to see."

But as Sir John, he turn'd him round,
She threw him in the sea ;
Says, "Lye ye there, ye fause Sir John,
For ye thought to lye wi' me."

"Oh, lye ye there, ye traitor fause,
For ye thought to lye wi' me ;
Although ye stript me to the skin,
Ye'se get your claise wi' thee."

Then on she puts her jewels fine,
Sae costly, rich, and brave ;
And then wi' speed she mounts her steed,
Sae well's she did behave.

This maiden fair being void of fear,
The steed was swift and free ;
And she has reach'd her father's house
Before the clock struck three.

First she call'd the stable groom,
Who was her waiting man ;
As soon 's he heard his lady's word,
He came wi' cap in han'.

"Where hast thou been, fair May Colvin?
Who owes this dapple gray?"
"It is a found ane," she replied,
"That I got on the way."

Then out it speaks the wylie parrot,
Unto fair May Colvin :
"What hast thou made o' fause Sir John
That ye went wi' yestreen?"

"Oh, haud your tongue, my pretty parrot,
And talk nae mair o' me ;
For when ye got ae meal a-fore,
My parrot, ye'se hae three."

Then out it speaks her father dear,
In the chamber where he lay :
"What aileth thee, my pretty parrot,
To chat sae lang ere day?"

"The cat she scratch'd at my cage door,
The thief I couldna see ;
And I am calling on May Colvin
To take the cat frae me."

But first she tauld her father dear,
The deed that she had done ;
Likewise unto her mother dear,
Concerning fause Sir John.

"If that be true, fair May Colvin,
That ye hae tauld to me ;
The morn, ere I eat or drink,
This fause Sir John I'll see."

Sae aff they went, wi' ae consent,
By the dawning o' the day ;
Until they came to Charlestown sands,
And there his corpse it lay.

His body tall, with that great fall,
With waves toss'd to and fro,
The diamond ring that he had on,
Was broken in pieces two.

They hae taken up his corpse
To yonder pleasant green ;
And there they buried fause Sir John,
For fear he should be seen.

Ye ladies a', wherever you be,
That read this mournful song ;
I pray you mind on May Colvin,
And think on fause Sir John.

Aff they've taen his jewels fine,
To keep in memory ;
And sae I end my mournful sang,
And fatal tragedy.



THE CRUEL BROTHER.

THERE were three ladies in a ha'—
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
There came three lords amang them a'—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The first o' them was clad in red—
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
“ O lady fair, will ye be my bride ? ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The second o' them was clad in green—
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
“ O lady fair, will ye be my queen ? ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The third o' them was clad in yellow—

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

“ O lady fair, will ye be my marrow ? ”—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Oh, ye maun ask my father dear ”—

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

“ Likewise the mother that did me bear ”—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ And ye maun ask my sister Ann ”—

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

“ And not forget my brother John ”—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Oh, I have ask'd thy father dear ”—

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

“ Likewise the mother that did thee bear ”—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ And I have ask'd thy sister Ann ”—

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

“ But I forgot thy brother John ”—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Now, when the wedding-day was come—

Fine flowers i' the valley—

The knight would take his bonny bride home—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

And mony a lord, and mony a knight—

Fine flowers i' the valley—

Cam to behold that lady bright—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

There was nae man that did her see—

Fine flowers i' the valley—

But wish'd himsel' bridegroom to be—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her father led her through the ha'—

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

Her mother danced before them a'—

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her sister Ann led her through the close—
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
Her brother John put her on her horse—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ You are high, and I am low ”—
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
“ Give me a kiss before you go ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She was louting¹ down to kiss him sweet—
Fine flowers i' the valley—
When wi' his penknife he wounded her deep—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Ride up, ride up,” said the foremost man—
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
“ I think our bride looks pale and wan ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Oh, lead me over into yon stile ”—
Fine flowers i' the valley—
“ That I may stop and breathe awhile ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Oh, lead me over into yon stair ”—
Fine flowers i' the valley—
“ For there I'll lie and bleed nae mair ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ Oh, what will you leave to your mother dear ? ”—
Fine flowers i' the valley.
“ The silken gown that I did wear ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

“ What will you leave to your father dear ? ”—
Fine flowers i' the valley.
“ The milk-white steed that brought me here ”—
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

¹ Stooping.

“What will you leave to your sister Ann?”—
Fine flowers i’ the valley.

“My silken snood and golden fan”—
Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.

“What will you leave to your brother John?”
Fine flowers i’ the valley.

“The highest gallows to hang him on”—
Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.

“And what will you leave to your brother John’s
wife?”—

Fine flowers i’ the valley.

“Grief and sorrow to end her life”—
Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.

“And what will you leave to your brother John’s
bairns?”

Fine flowers i’ the valley.

“The world wide for them to range”—
Wi’ the red, green, and the yellow.



COSPATRICK.

THIS well-known and popular ballad was first printed in a complete form in Sir Walter Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, although a few verses had previously appeared in Herd’s Collection. Sir Walter recovered it from the recitation of his aunt, Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother’s sister. Cospatrick (*Comes Patricius*) was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar in the days of Wallace and Bruce.

COSPATRICK has sent o’er the faem ;
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame ;
And fourscore ships have come her wi’,
The ladye by the green-wood tree.

There were twal’¹ and twal’ wi’ baken bread,
And twal’ and twal’ wi’ gowd sae red,
And twal’ and twal’ wi’ bouted flour,
And twal’ and twal’ wi’ the paramour.

¹ Twelve.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run ;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she loot the tears down fall,

" Oh is your saddle set awrye ?
Or rides your steed for you owre high ?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride ?"

" I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride ;
But I am sorrowing, in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good."

" But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie ?"
" The custom thereof, my dame," he says,
" Will ill a gentle ladye please.

" Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded ;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

" Yet, gin¹ you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye mae gae safely to his bed ;
But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsel o' your bour."

The ladye's called her bour-maiden,
That waiting was into her train,
" Five thousand merks I'll gie to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me."

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into ae chamber they were laid.

"Now speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;
And speak, my sword, that winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"

"It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be."

Oh wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

"I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land!
I courted a maiden, meik and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi' child."

"Oh stay, my son, into this ha',
And sport ye wi' your merry men a';
And I will to the secret bour,
To see how it fares wi' your paramour."

The carline¹ she was stark and sture,²
She aff the hinges dang the dure.³
"Oh, is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father's groom?"

"Oh hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee:
Oh we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

"It fell on a summer's afternoon,
When a' our toilsome work was done,
We coost the kevils⁴ us amang,
To see which suld to the green-wood gang.

¹ Old woman.

³ Drove the door.

² Strong and big.

⁴ Cast lots.

“ Ohon ! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my weird¹ it was the strongest !
The kevil² it on me did fa',
Whilk was the cause of a' my woe.

“ For to the green-wood I maun gae,
To pu' the red rose and the slae ;
To pu' the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother's bour and mine.

“ I hadna pu'd a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hinde,
Wi' high colled hose and laigh colled shoon,
And he seem'd to be some king's son.

“ And be I maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o' day ;
And be I maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

“ He gae me a lock o' his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair ;
He gae me a carknet³ o' bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

“ He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a' thing.”
“ What did ye wi' the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there ?”

“ Oh bring that coffer unto me,
And a' the tokens ye sall see.”
“ Now, stay, daughter, your bour within,
While I gae parley wi' my son.”

Oh she has ta'en her through the ha',
And on her son began to ca' :
“ What did ye wi' the bonny beads,
I bade ye keep against your needs ?

¹ Fate.

² Lot.

³ Carcanet : a necklace of jewels.

"What did you wi' the gay gold ring,
I bade you keep abune a' thing?"

"I gae them to a ladye gay,
I met in green-wood on a day.

"But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,
I had that ladye within my bours ;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that ladye to my wife."

"Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours ;
Ye have that bright burd in your bours ;
And keep, my son, your very life ;
Ye have that ladye to your wife."

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The ladye bore a bonny son ;
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,
"Cospatrick is my father's name."



THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

"THE 'Nut-brown Maid' first appeared about the year 1521 in a curious miscellany of odd things, entitled *Arnold's Chronicle*. Warton draws a proof from the language of the ballad that it was not written earlier than the beginning of the sixteenth century, and he suspected the sentiment to be too refined for the popular taste. Prior founded his 'Henry and Emma' upon this poem, without preserving its naturalness or harmony ; for the ballad is a little drama, artfully varied, and strikingly conducted to its close."—*Percy*.

BE it right, or wrong, these men among
On women do complain ;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele ; for never a dele
They love a man again :
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
He is a banish'd man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decay'd ;
But, nevertheless, right good witnèss
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continuè,
Record the Nut-brown Maid :
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart ; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manère
Between them two : we will also
Tell all the pain, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answère ;
Wherefore, all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the knight ; I come by night
As secret as I can ;
Saying, " Alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banish'd man."

SHE

And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse ;
Trusting to show, in wordès few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse :
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,—
Mine own heart dear, with you what chere ?
I pray you, tell anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so ; a dede is do
Whereof great harm shall grow :
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trowe ;
Or else to flee : the one must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlâw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true !
None other rede I can :
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
That changeth as the moon !
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell : nay, nay,
We dèpart not so soon.
Why say ye so ? wheder will ye go ?
Alas ! what have ye done ?
All my welfàre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distraïn ;
But, afterward, your painès hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake ; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought ? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray you to,
As heartily as I can ;
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Now, sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I wolle not leave behind ;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind :
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say :
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In greenwood you to play ;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be call'd an ill womàn,
Yet would I to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
In hurting of my name :
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame ;
In your distress and heaviness,
To part with you, the same :
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counsel you, remember how,
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outlâw :
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw ;
And, as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe ;
Whereby to you great harm might grow :
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot,
To get us meat in store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more :
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlâw this is the law,
That men him take and bind ;
Without pity, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had nede, (as God forbede !)
What rescue could ye find ?
Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
For fear would draw behind :
And no mervayle ; for little avail
Were in your counsel then :
Wherefore I will to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Right well know ye that women be
But feeble for to fight ;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight :
Yet, in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To greve them as I might,
And you to save ; as women have
From death men many a one :
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat : for dry, or wet,
We must lodge on the plain ;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush, or twain :
Which soon should grieve you, I believe ;
And ye would gladly then
That I had to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Sith I have here been partynèr
With you of joy and bless,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is :
Yet am I sure of one pleasùre ;
And, shortly, it is this :
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
No shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine ;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine ;
Oh mine heart sweet, this evil diète'
Should make you pale and wan ;
Wherefore I will to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Among the wild dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitàyle,
Where is so great plenty :
And water clear of the ryvère
Shall be full sweet to me ;
With which in hele¹ I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see ;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo ! yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me :
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee ;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be :
And this same night, before daylight,
To wood-ward will I flee.

¹ Health.

If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can ;
Else will I to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede ;
To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
Oh my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede :
But now, adieu ! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye : Now let us flee ;
The day cometh fast upon ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so ; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I wele espy :
For, like as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardely
Ye would answe're whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold ;
And so is a woman.
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me ;
For oft ye pray'd and long assay'd,
Or I you loved, pardē :

And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squire of low degree ;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
To die therefore anone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

A baron's child to be beguiled !
It were a cursèd dede ;
To be felàwe with an outlàwe !
Almighty God forbede !
Yet better were the poor squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye should say another day
That, by my cursèd dede,
Ye were betray'd : Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid ;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betray'd.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele ;
For, if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If that ye went, ye should repent ;
For in the forest now
I have purvayed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you ;

Another fayrèrè than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avow ;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow :
It were mine ease to live in peace ;
So will I, if I can ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banish'd man.

SHE.

Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought
But that I will be your :
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteys every hour ;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power :
For had ye, lo ! an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true ;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changèd new ;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismay'd, whatsoever I said
To you, when I began ;
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banish'd man.

SHE.

These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure :
But it is often seen,

When men will break promise, they speak
The wordès on the splene.¹
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween :
Then, were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall not nede further to drede,
I will not disparàge
You, (God defend !) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand ; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring ; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banish'd man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable ;
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variàble ;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortàble ;
Which sometime proveth such, as he loveth,
If they be charitàble.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one ;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

¹ On a sudden.

THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

THIS ballad was "first published in a perfect state" by Sir Walter Scott; and in a note he says, "Lochroyan, whence this ballad probably derives its name, lies in Galloway. The lover, who, if the story be real, may be supposed to have been detained by sickness, is represented in the legend as confined by fairy charms in an enchanted castle situated in the sea. . . . The story has been likewise celebrated by Burns in his 'Lord Gregory.'"

"OH, wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp¹
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"Oh, wha will kame² my yellow hair,
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory come hame."

"But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she has gar'd³ build a bonny boat
To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows⁴ o' taffety.

¹ Small waist.

³ So she has made them.

² Comb.

⁴ Ropes.

She hadna sail'd but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen hersell,
(For so ye weel might be,)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"

"Oh, I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be ;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."

"Oh, see na thou yon bonny bower,
It's a' cover'd o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing¹ wave,
Built on a rock of height ;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land !
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt-sea strand."

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round,
And loud, loud cried she—
"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms
And set my true love free !"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane ;
And long she knock'd, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

¹ Dashing.

“ Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory!
Oh, open and let me in!
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o’er my chin.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
Ye’re no come here for good!
Ye’re but some witch or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o’ the flood.”

“ I am neither witch nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o’ the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
Oh, open the door to me!”

“ Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna¹ she,)
Now tell me some o’ the love tokens
That past between thee and me.”

“ Oh, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers?
And I can show thee thine.

“ Oh, yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o’ the gude red gowd,
But mine o’ the diamond fine.”

“ And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twined me o’ my maidenheid,
Right sair against my will?

“ Now, open the door, Lord Gregory!
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day.”

¹ Believe you are not.

“If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan,
(As I kenna¹ thou be,)
Tell me some mair o’ the love tokens
Past between me and thee.”

Fair Annie turn’d her round about—
“Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman that has born a son,
Hae a heart sae fou o’ wae!

“Take down, take down, that mast o’ gowd!
Set up a mast o’ tree!
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail so royallie.”

When the cock had crawn, and the day did
dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him, Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

“Oh, I hae dream’d a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny Lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yate² e’en now.

“Oh, I hae dream’d a dream, mother,
The thought o’t gars³ me greet!
That fair Annie o’ Lochroyan
Lay cauld dead at my feet.”

“Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye make a’ this din,
She stood a’ last night at your door,
But I true she wan na⁴ in.”

“Oh, wae betide ye, ill woman!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me.”

¹ Know not.
³ Makes.

² Gate.
⁴ Got not.

Oh, he's gane down to yon shore side
As far as he could fare ;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it toss'd her sair.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie !
Oh, Annie, winna ye bide !"
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie !
Dear Annie, speak to me !"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roar'd the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dash'd the boat on shore ;
Fair Annie floated through the foam,
But the baby rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan ;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

Oh, cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair ;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And syne he kiss'd her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"Oh, wae betide my cruel mother !
An ill death may she die !
She turn'd my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

"Oh, wae betide my cruel mother !
An ill death may she die !
She turn'd fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

KINMONT WILLIE.¹

IN the year 1596, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a noted Border trooper, was taken prisoner by the warden of the western marches of England, and lodged in Carlisle Castle. This was in defiance of a truce which then existed between the wardens of the Borders. The lord of Buccleugh, who had the charge of Liddesdale, after in vain demanding that Kinmont Willie should be set at liberty, gallantly took the Castle of Carlisle by surprise one night with a body of two hundred men, and effected the prisoner's delivery. The consequences of the enterprise are thus mentioned by Spottiswood;—"This fell out the 13th of April 1596. The Queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little. One of her chief castles surprised, a prisoner taken forth of the hands of the warden, and carried away, so far within England, she esteemed a great affront. The lieger, Mr Bowes, in a frequent convention kept at Edinburgh, the 22d of May, did, as he was charged, in a long oration, aggravate the heinousness of the fact, concluding that peace could not longer continue betwixt the two realms, unless Bacleuch were delivered in England, to be punished at the queen's pleasure. Bacleuch comparing, and charged with the fact, made answer—"That he went not into England with intention to assault any of the queen's houses, or to do wrong to any of her subjects, but only to relieve a subject of Scotland unlawfully taken, and more unlawfully detained; that, in the time of a general assurance, in a day of truce, he was taken prisoner against all order; neither did he attempt his relief till redress was refused; and that he had carried the business in such a moderate manner, as no hostility was committed, nor the least wrong offered to any within the castle; yet was he content, according to the ancient treaties observed betwixt the two realms, when as mutual injuries were alleged, to be tried by the commissioners that it should please their Majesties to appoint, and submit himself to that which they should decern."—The convention, esteeming the answer reasonable, did acquaint the ambassador therewith, and offered to send commissioners to the Borders with all diligence, to treat with such as the queen should be pleased to appoint for her part."

"This ballad," says Sir Walter Scott, "is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters; so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the *Eden* has been substituted for the *Eske*, the latter name being inconsistent with geography."

The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

OH, have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
 Oh, have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
 How they ha' ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
 On Hairibee to hang him up?²

Had Willie had but twenty men,
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
 With eight score in his cumpanie.

¹ Will of Kinmonth.

² The place of execution at Carlisle.





They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back ;
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And brocht him ower the Liddell rack.
—KINMONT WILLIE.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel rack.¹

They led him through the Liddel rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle gate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie;
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing² before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
That Lord Scroop has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day,

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be!"

"Oh, is my basnet³ a widow's curch?⁴
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a lady's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

¹ A ford on the Liddel.

³ Helmet.

² Reckoning.

⁴ Coif.

“And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

“And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Without either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

“Oh, were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Though it were bairded of marble stone.

“I wad set that castell in a low,¹
And sloken² it with English blood!
There's nevir a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

“But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!”

He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call'd,
The laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,³
And glives of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, array'd for fight;

¹ Flame.

² Quench.

³ Armour on shoulder.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
 That carried the ladders lang and hie ;
 And five and five, like broken men ;
 And so they reach'd the Woodhouslee.¹

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
 When to the English side we held,
 The first o' men that we met wi',
 Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde ?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen ?"
 Quo' fause Sakelde ; "come tell to me !"
 "We go to hunt an English stag,
 Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men ?"
 Quo' fause Sakelde ; "come tell me true !"
 "We go to catch a rank reiver,
 Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
 Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie ?"
 "We gang to herry a corbie's² nest,
 That wons nae far frae Woodhouslee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men ?"
 Quo' fause Sakelde ; "come tell to me !"
 Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
 And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side ?
 Row-footed outlaws, stand !" quo' he ;
 The never a word had Dickie to say,
 Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
 And at Staneshaw bank the Eden we cross'd ;
 The water was great, and meikle of spait,³
 But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

¹ A house on the Border belonging to Buccleuch.

² Rob a crow's.

³ Great flood.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie ;
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw ;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa' ;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
" Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed !

" Now sound out, trumpets !" quoth Buccleuch,
" Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie ! "
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
*Oh, wha dare meddle wi' me ?*¹

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan² ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear :
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear !

Wi coulters, and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd³ the bars bang⁴ merrilie,
Until we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

¹ The name of a Border tune.

³ Forced.

² War-cry.

⁴ Fly.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
 "Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"Oh, I sleep saft,¹ and I wake aft;
 It's lang since sleeping was fley'd² frae me!
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that spier for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente³ him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroop I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroop!
 My gude Lord Scroop, farewell," he cried;
 "I'll pay you for my lodging mail,⁴
 When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang;
 At every stride Red Rowan made,
 I wot the Kinmont's airns⁵ play'd clang!

"Oh, mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I've prick'd a horse out oure the furs;⁶
 But since the day I back'd a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw bank,
 When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
 And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
 Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroop alang.

¹ Lightly.
⁴ Rent.

² Fled.
⁵ Fetters.

³ Assisted.
⁶ Furrows.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden water,
 Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
 And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
 And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
 And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
 "If ye like na my visit in merry England,
 In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroop,
 He stood as still as rock or stane;
 He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
 When through the water they had gane.

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun be;
 I wad na have ridden that wan¹ water,
 For a' the gowd in Christentie."

JOHNNIE COPE.

SIR JOHN COPE led the English troops against the young Pretender at the battle of Prestonpans, September 21, 1745. Cope was ignominiously defeated at the first onset, and was compelled to retreat, leaving five hundred men dead upon the field. He fled from the scene of the battle to Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he was the first to announce his own discomfiture. The boasting and bravado of Cope and his officers previous to the battle were notorious even among his own followers. His total defeat, therefore, rendered him a butt to which the shafts of ridicule were directed both by friends and foes. His fierce threats, when there was no enemy in view, his fear on beholding the Highlanders, and his precipitate flight, are delineated with much humour and with considerable historical accuracy in the following two versions of the ballad.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
 Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,²
 Until he landed at Dunbar,
 Right early in the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waulking yet?
 Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
 Oh haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat:
 Oh fye, Cope, rise in the morning!

¹ Wild.

² Near.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come fight me, Charlie, an' ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"So Heaven restore me to my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword;
But he fled frae his nest like a weel-scared bird,
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John march'd in to Preston town,
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,¹
O Johnnie took wing in the morning!

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies,
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,²
Which fear'd him in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Oh then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war;
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

¹ Rods and staves.

² Dressed in the kilt.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
 Just as the deil had been his guide :
 Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
 T' have foughten the boys in the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 "Oh what's become of all your men?"
 "In faith," says he, "I dinna ken ;
 I left them a' this morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Says Lord Mark Kerr, "Ye are na blate¹
 To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
 I think you deserve the back o' the gate :
 Get out o' my sight this morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

JOHNNIE COPE.

SECOND VERSION.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 "Come, Charlie, meet me an' ye daur,
 And I'll teach you the art of war,
 If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were waking I would wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 "Come follow me, my merry, merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

¹ Ashamed.

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin ;
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg,¹
Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
If I face them again, deil break my legs !
So I wish you a very gude morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

¹ Fright.

TRANENT MUIR.

THIS ballad is another account of the battle of Prestonpans, it being equally as well known as the Battle of Tranent Muir or Gladsmuir, from the neighbouring villages to the scene of the conflict.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Birsle brae, man,
 And through Tranent, ere he did stent,¹
 As fast as he could gae, man :
 While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man,²
 But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loosed with devilish thuds, man ;
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chase them aff, man ;
 On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,³
 And gart⁴ them rin like daft,⁵ man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and oons
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;⁶
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seized them a', man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some tore their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

¹ Stop.

² "When the royal army saw the Highlanders appear, the soldiers shouted with great vehemence, which was returned by the Highlanders."—*Home's Rebellion*.

³ Knocked their heads.

⁴ Forced.

⁵ Mad.

⁶ In the march from Haddington to Preston, the officers of the royal army "assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle; for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army. Such was the tone of the army."—*Home*.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow but they were crouse, man !
 Yet when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
 They were na worth a louse, man ;
 Maist feck gade¹ hame ; oh fy for shame !
 They'd better staid awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith,² the great, when hersel —,
 Un'wares did ding³ him o'er, man ;
 Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fu' fast did scour, man ;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man ;
 Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bore him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson,⁴ keen to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive, wi' pistols five,
 But gallop'd with the thrang, man ;
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack,
 Was cleanly out o' sight, man ;
 And thought it best ; it was nae jest,
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was ta'en, man ;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie⁵ staid,
 And sair he paid the kain,⁶ man ;
 Fell skelps⁷ he got, was waur than shot
 Frae the sharp-edged claymore, man ;
 Frae monie a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

¹ Most part went.

² The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, who happening to come the night before the battle upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

³ Knock.

⁴ Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by dint of his pistols, having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belts.

⁵ Mr Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica ; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broadswords.

⁶ Repented doing so.

⁷ Cuts.

But Gard'ner¹ brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 In courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man ;
 For king and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get monie a wound, man ;
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man :
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont's to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught ; he never faught
 When he had room to flee, man.²

And Caddel drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding gray he rode that day,
 With pistols set before, man ;
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man ;
 But the night before he left the core,
 And never faced the field, man.

¹ James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse, being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a Highlander with a Lochaber axe.

² Burns relates the following anecdote of Lieutenant Smith, who "came to Haddington after the publication of this song, and sent a challenge to Skirving, the author, to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song—'Gang awa back,' said the honest farmer, 'and tell Mr Smith that I have na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa.'"

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man ;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man :
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man,)
On's back lying flat, he waved his hat,
And cried, " God save the king ! " man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they faced, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man ;
And they, as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man ;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae praw pefore, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
Bewest the Meadow-Mill, man,
There monie slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man ;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man ;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man ;
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
But I wish ne'er to dree sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.



THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

"WE have here a short summary of King Arthur's history, as given by Jeffery of Monmouth and the old *Chronicles*, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance *Morte d'Arthur*. The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew seems to have been chiefly followed; upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza which appeared to be misplaced, viz., that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36. Printed from the Editor's ancient folio MS."—*Percy*.

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain born,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendom and Heathiness,¹
Well known is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I do believe;
I am a Christian bore,²
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, I do adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth year,
Over Brittain I did reign,³
After my Saviour Christ his birth:
What time I did maintain.

The fellowship of the table round,
So famous in those days;
Whereat a hundred noble knights
And thirty sat always.

Who for their deeds and martial feats,
As books done yet record,
Amongst all other nations
Were feared through the world.

And in the castle of Tyntagill⁴
King Uther me begat
Of Agyana a beauteous ladyé,⁵
And come of "hie" estate.

¹ The heathen part of the world.

² Born.

³ He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the *Chronicles*.

⁴ Tintagel Castle, in Cornwall.

⁵ She is named *Igern* in the old *Chronicles*.

And when I was fifteen year old,
Then was I crownèd king :
All Brittainè that was at an uproar,
I did to quiet bring.

And drove the Saxons from the realm,
Who had opprest this land :
All Scotland then through manly feats
I conquer'd with my hand.

Ireland, Denmark, Noroway,
These countries won I all ;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland ;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquer'd all Gallya,
That now is callèd France ;
And slew the hardy Froll¹ in field
My honour to advance.

And the ugly giant Dynabus,
So terrible to view,
That in Saint Barnard's mount did lie,
By force of arms I slew ;

And Lucyus the emperor of Rome
I brought to deadly wrack :
And a thousand more of noble knights
For fear did turn their back :

Five kings of "paynims" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife ;
Besides the Grecian emperor
Who also lost his life.

Whose carcass I did send to Rome
Clad poorly on a bier ;
And afterward I past Mount-Joy
The next approaching year.

¹ Froll, according to the *Chronicles*, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul.

Then I came to Rome, where I was met
Right as a conqueròr,
And by all the cardinals solemnly
I was crown'd an emperòr.

One winter there I made abode :
Then word to me was brought
How Mordred had oppress'd the crown :
What treason he had wrought

At home in Brittain with my queen ;
Therefore I came with speed
To Brittain back, with all my power,
To quit that traitorous deed :

And soon at Sandwich I arrived,
Where Mordred me withstood ;
But yet at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine died,
Being wounded in that sore,
The which Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordred away,
Who fled to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornwall took his flight.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last we met ;
Whereby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and set.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Each other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalry
 Of Brittain took their end.
 Oh, see how fickle is their state
 That do on feats¹ depend!

There all the traitorous men were slain,
 Not one escaped away;
 And there died all my valiant knights:
 Alas! that woeful day!

Two and twenty year I wore the crown
 In honour and great fame;
 And thus by death was suddenly
 Deprivèd of the same.



KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

THE subject of this ballad is taken, with some variations, from *Morte d'Arthur*. In the concluding stanzas the writer seems to follow the traditions of the old Welsh bards, who believed that King Arthur was only conveyed by the fairies into a pleasant place, from whence he would return, after a season, and reign again in triumph. According to a popular superstition in Sicily, Arthur is preserved alive by his sister, La Fata Morgana, whose "fairy palace is occasionally seen from Reggio, in the opposite sea of Messina."—*Willmott*.

ON Trinity Mondaye, in the morn,
 This sore battle was doom'd to be;
 Where many a knight cry'd, Well-away!
 Alack, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
 When as the king in his bed lay,
 He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,²
 And there to him these words did say:

¹ Feats of arms.

² Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing, on his return from abroad.

“Now, as you are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
Oh meet not with your foe in fight ;
Put off the battle, if ye may.

“For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many an hardy knight ;
Who will within this moneth be back,
And will assist ye in the fight.”

The king then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day ;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That early in the morning, he
Should send away a herald at arms,
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights king Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were ;
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he chargèd all his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred, on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring ;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell ;
Alack ! it was a woeful case,
As ere in Christentie befell.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought ;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battle should be fought.

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' the king's knights on the
knee :
Alack ! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm¹ hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew ;
A piteous case, as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joinèd battle instantlie ;
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away :
Ay me ! it was a bloody field,
As ere was fought on summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own partyè,
Only himself escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scatter'd on the mould ;
The tears fast trickled down his face ;
That manly face in fight so bold.

"Now rest ye all, brave knights," he said,
"So true and faithful to your trust :
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder into dust !

¹ Serpent.

"Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death :
And, oh ! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath !

"But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo, where he stalks among the dead !
Now bitterlie he shall abyë,¹
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh stay, my liege," then said the duke ;
"Oh, stay for love and charitè :
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be."

"Oh stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe ;
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straight he grasp'd his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he :
As his butler holp him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

"Alas !" then cried the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see !
To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me !"

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud 'gan cry :
"Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh."

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he :
The king his spear he through him thrust ;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

¹ Suffer.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordered,
Presently upon that tree ;
And bloody streams ran from the king
Ere to the duke returnèd he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
" Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried ;
Now take my sword Excalibar,¹
That hangs so freely by my side ;

" Oh, take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throw ;
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

" And fare-thee-well, thou trusty sword,
A better ne'er had valiant knight,
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

" With this good fauchion in my hand,
Oft have I reap'd the bloody field ;
But now the fatal hour is come
That never more I may thee wield."

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he ;
But he kept back Excalibar—
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne² was the blade,
And all the hilt of precious stone ;
" And ever, alack !" then said the knight,
" Must such a sword away be thrown ?"

¹ More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio MS. *Escalberd*.

² Steel.

Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, "Sir Lukyn, what did ye see?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free."

"Oh, go again," then said the king;
"Oh, good Sir Lukyn, go again:
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain."

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, "Sir Lukyn, saw ye ought?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn!" said the king,
"Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully;
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be?"

"Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead;
All for a sword that wins thine eye:
Now, go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die."

The duke, all shent¹ with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and an arm did meet the sword,
And flourish'd three times in the air;
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen no mair.

¹ Abashed.

All sore astonied stood the duke ;
 He stood as still as still mote be ;
 Then hasten'd back to tell the king ;
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
 For never after he did him spy ;
 But he saw a barge go from the land,
 And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king were there or not,
 He never knew, nor ever could ;
 For from that sad and dreadful day,
 He never more was seen on mold.¹

JOHNIE FAA.

THERE was a popular tradition that the subject of this ballad was Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Waddington, who was forced to marry John Earl of Cassilis, though her affections were already engaged to Sir John Faa of Dunbar. In 1643, several years after her marriage, Faa presented himself, in the absence of the earl, at Cassilis Castle, disguised as a gipsy chief, and accompanied by a band of followers ; and the lady was persuaded to elope with her former lover. The earl returned ; and learning what had occurred, set out with a large force in pursuit of the fugitives. He arrested Faa and his followers, and, returning to the castle, he ordered them to be hanged, and compelled the countess to witness the execution from a chamber window. He afterwards caused her to be imprisoned for life in a house at Maybole, which he had caused to be fitted up for the purpose, and in the staircase of which he caused to be carved a set of heads representing her lover and his troop.

The ballad was written on the above tradition ; but, unfortunately for the truth of the story, subsequent investigations prove that it is entirely without foundation. The story was perhaps the invention of an enemy of the house of Cassilis, and as such would not be unparalleled in the history of ballad poetry.

THE gypsies cam to our gude lord's yett,²
 And oh but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
 That down cam our fair lady.

¹ Earth.

² Gate.

And she cam tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her ;
As sune as they saw her weel-faur'd ¹ face,
They ouist the glaumourye ² ower her.

"Oh come with me," says Johnie Faa ;
"Oh come with me, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye !"

Then she gied them the gude wheit breid,
And they ga'e her the ginger ;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring aff her finger.

"Gae tak frae me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gipsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my gude lord beside me ;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

"Come to your bed," says Johnie Faa ;
"Come to your bed, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt o' my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faa ;
I'll go to bed to my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I'll mak a hap to my Johnie Faa ;
I'll mak a hap to my dearie ;
And he's get a' the sash gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

¹ Favoured.

² "A species of magical illusion, which the gypsies were formerly believed to exercise."—*Chambers*.

And when our lord cam hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
"She's away wi' the gipsy laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.



THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

"THIS singularly wild and beautiful old ballad is chiefly taken from the recitation of my grandmother, who learned it, when a girl, nearly seventy years ago (1828) from a Miss Anne Gray, resident at Reidpath Castle, Peeblesshire."—*Chambers.*

PART FIRST.

OH I will sing to you a sang,
Will grieve your heart full sair;
How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford
Have to learn some unco lear.¹

They hadna been in fair Parish ²
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love
Wi' the Mayor's daughters twae.³

¹ Strange knowledge.

² Paris.

³ Two.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sew'd and sang ;
There was mair mirth in that chamber
Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

But word's gane to the mighty Mayor,
As he sail'd on the sea,
That the Clerk's twa sons made licht lemans ¹
O' his fair dauchters twae.

"If they ha'e wrang'd my twa dauchters,
Janet and Marjorie,
The morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
Hie hangit they shall be."

And word's gane to the Clerk himself,
As he was drinking wine,
That his twa sons at fair Parish,
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up and spak the Clerk's ladye,
And she spak tenderlie :
"Oh tak wi' ye a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three ;
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Henry hame to me."

Oh sweetly sang the nightingale,
As she sat on the wand ;
But sair, sair mourn'd Owsenford,
As he gaed in the strand.

When he came to their prison strang,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shot-window
His sons were looking out.

"Oh lie ye there, my sons," he said,
"For owsen ² or for kye ? ³
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie ?"

¹ Wronged them.

² Oxen.

⁴ Cows.

"We lie not here for owsen, father ;
Nor yet do we for kye ;
But it's for a little o' dear-boucht love,
Sae sair bound as we lie.

"Oh, borrow us, borrow us,¹ father," they said,
"For the luve we bear to thee !"
"Oh, never fear, my pretty sons,
Weel borrow'd ye sall be."

Then he's gane to the mighty Mayor,
And he spak courteouslie ;
"Will ye grant my twa sons' lives,
Either for gold or fee ?
Or will ye be sae gude a man,
As grant them baith to me ?"

"I'll no grant ye your twa sons' lives,
Neither for gold nor fee ;
Nor will I be sae gude a man
As gi'e them baith to thee ;
But before the morn at twal o'clock
Ye'll see them hangit hie !"

Ben it came to the Mayor's daughters,
Wi' kirtle coat alone ;
Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,
As they tripp'd on the stone.

"Will ye gi'e us our loves, father,
For gold or yet for fee ?
Or will ye take our own sweet lives,
And let our true loves be ?"

He's ta'en a whip into his hand,
And lash'd them wondrous sair :
"Gae to your bowers, ye vile limmers,²
Ye'se never see them mair."

¹ Ransom us.

² Girls.

Then out it speaks auld Owsenford ;
A sorry man was he :
“Gang to your bouirs, ye lilye flouirs,
For a' this maunna be.”

Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry :
“Come here, Janet, to me ;
Will you gi'e me my faith and troth,
And love, as I ga'e thee ?”

“Ye sall ha'e your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine.”
And twenty times she kiss'd his mouth,
Her father looking on.

Then out it speaks him gay William,
“Come here, sweet Marjorie ;
Will ye gi'e me my faith and troth,
And love, as I ga'e thee ?”

“Yes, ye sall ha'e your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine.”
And twenty times she kiss'd his mouth,
Her father looking on.

“Oh ye'll tak' aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
Till ye are putten down.”¹

The bonnie clerks they died that morn ;
Their loves died lang ere noon ;
And the waefu' Clerk o' Owsenford
To his lady has gane hame.

³ Put to death.

PART SECOND.

His lady sat on her castle wa',
Beholding dale and doun ;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Come walking to the toun.

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my ain gude
lord,
Ye're welcome hame to me ;
But whereaway are my twa sons ?
Ye suld ha'e brought them wi' ye."

"Oh they are putten to a deeper lear,
And to a higher scule :
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule."

"O sorrow, sorrow, come mak my bed ;
And dule, come, lay me doun ;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on groun' !"

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,¹
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk."²

It neither grew in syke³ nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch ;⁴
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneuch.

"Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well ;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.

¹ Dark.

² Birch.

³ Stream.

⁴ Furrow.

"Oh eat and drink, my merry-men a',
The better shall ye fare ;
For my twa sons they are come hame
To me for evermair."

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine ;
And she's happit¹ them wi' her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.²

But the young cock crew in the merry Linkum,
And the wild fowl chirp'd for day ;
And the aulder to the younger said,
"Brother, we maun away."

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin³ worm doth chide ;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may ;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day."

Oh it's they've ta'en up their mother's mantil,
And they've hung it on a pin :
"Oh lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,
Ere ye hap us again."

¹ Wrapped.

² Variation in the *Border Minstrelsy*:—

And she has made to them a bed
She's made it large and wide ;
And she's ta'en her mantel her about,
Sat down at the bed side.

³ Fretting.

BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves they were fallen,
That Sir John Graem, in the west country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling ;
“ Oh haste and come to my master dear,
Gin you be Barbara Allan.”

Oh hooly, hooly rose she up
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain, said,
“ Young man, I think you’re dying.”

“ Oh I am sick and very sick,
And it’s all for Barbara Allan.”
“ Oh the better for me ye’s never be,
Though your heart’s blood were a-spillin’.

“ Oh dinna ye mind, young man,” said she,
“ When the red wine ye were fillin’,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan ?”

He turn’d his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing ;
“ Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allan.”

Slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing, said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had left him.

She had not gone a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell knellin’,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
Cried, “ Woe to Barbara Allan !”

“O mother, mother, make my bed,
Oh make it fast and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I’ll die for him to-morrow.”



THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

“FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person the powers of poetical composition and of prediction, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

“The residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer’s castle. His surname was Lermont, or Learmont, and the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred upon him in consequence of his poetical compositions.

“The popular tale bears that Thomas was carried off at an early age to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years’ residence, he was permitted to return to the earth to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still ‘drees his weird’ in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit the earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called the Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer’s supernatural visitants.

“It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown’s MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento from the printed

prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind to the Land of Faërie."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

PART FIRST.

ANCIENT.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
 A ferlie¹ he spied wi' his e'e;
 And there he saw a ladye bright,
 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
 Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
 At ilka tett² of her horse's mane
 Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,
 And looted³ low down to his knee,—
 "All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
 For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"Oh no, oh no, Thomas," she said;
 "That name does not belang to me;
 I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
 That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp,⁴ Thomas," she said;
 "Harp and carp along with me;
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird⁵ shall never danton me."
 Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

¹ Wonder.⁴ Sing or recite.² Lock.³ Stooped.⁵ Fate.

“Now, ye maun go wi’ me,” she said ;
“ True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me ;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe, as may chance
to be.”

She mounted on her milk-white steed ;
She’s ta’en true Thomas up behind ;
And aye, whene’er her bridle rung,
This steed flew swifter than the wind.

Oh they rade on, and farther on ;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
Until they reach’d a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

“ Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee :
Abide, and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

“ Oh see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi’ thorns and briars ?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

“ And see not ye that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven ?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

“ And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

“ But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see ;
For if you speak word in Elfin land,
Ye’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.”

Oh they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the
knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae
stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the
knee,
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree,—¹
“Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never
lie.”

“My tongue is mine ain,” true Thomas said;
“A gudely gift ye wad gae to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell
At fair or tryst where I may be.

“I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.”
“Now hold thy peace!” the ladye said,
“For as I say so must it be.”

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

¹ The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blink'd fair on pool and stream ;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong ;
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be :
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas !
Some uncouth ferlies show to me."
Says—" Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave !
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me !

" Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

" A storm shall roar, this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway Sea."
" Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar !
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."

He put his hand on the earlie's head ;
He show'd him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,¹
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

¹ King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse near Kinghorn.

“The neist curse lights on Branxton Hills :
By Flodden’s high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner, red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi’ meikle pride.

“A Scottish king shall come full keen ;
The ruddy lion beareth he :
A feather’d arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

“When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
‘For God’s sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray !
Why should I lose the right is mine ?
My doom is not to die this day.’¹

“Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see ;
How forty thousand spearmen stand
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

“There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away ;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day.”

“Enough, enough, of curse and ban ;
Some blessing show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o’ my bodie,” Corspatrick said,
“Ye shall rue the day ye e’er saw me !”

“The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that’s call’d of bread ;
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

“Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

¹ The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

“ Beside a headless cross of stone
The libbards there shall lose the gree ;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blood sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be.”

“ But tell me now,” said brave Dunbar,
“ True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea ?”

“ A French queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea ;
He of the Bruce’s blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

“ The waters worship shall his race ;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea ;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.”

PART THIRD.

MODERN.

When seven years more had come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show’d high Dunyon
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitch’d palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie ;¹
They roused the deer from Caddenhead
To distant Torwoodlee.

¹ War-cry, or gathering-word.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall ;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lack'd they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs¹ of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done ;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale ;
And armèd lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along ;
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's table round :
The warrior of the lake ;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell ;
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

¹ Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore ;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand ;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lilye hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part ;
And, while she o'er his sickbed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

Oh, fatal was the gift, I ween ;
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove ;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head ;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye ;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
Oh, who could sing but he !

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung :
Oh, where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue ?

She comes, she comes !—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly :
She comes, she comes !—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die : her latest sigh
Join'd in a kiss his parting breath :
The gentlest pair that Britain bare
United are in death.

There paused the harp ; its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear ;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh ;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close ;
In camp, in castle, or in bower
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream'd o'er the woeful tale ;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes :—"What, Richard, ho !
Arise, my page, arise !
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies ?"

Then forth they rush'd : by Leader's tide,
A selcouth¹ sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

¹ Wondrous.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow ;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run ;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red ;
Never a word he spake but three :—
“ My sand is run ; my thread is spun ;
This sign regardeth me.”

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung ;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents wrung.

Then forth he went ; yet turn'd him oft
To view his ancient hall ;
On the gray tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray :
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

“ Farewell, my father's ancient tower !
A long farewell,” said he :
“ The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

“ To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And on thy hospitable hearth
The hare shall leave her young.

“ Adieu ! adieu !” again he cried,
All as he turn'd him roun'—
“ Farewell to Leader's silver tide !
Farewell to Ercildoune !”

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
 As lingering yet he stood ;
 And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
 With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
 And spurr'd him the Leader o'er ;
 But, though he rode with lightning speed,
 He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
 Their wondrous course had been,
 But ne'er in haunts of living men
 Again was Thomas seen.



FAIR ROSAMOND.

"ROSAMOND, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II., (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought,) dyed at Woodstocke [A.D. 1177], where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working: so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze; but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her that she lived not long after; but when she was dead she was buried at Godstow, in an house of nunnes beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:—

'Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
 Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.'

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshed speaks of it as 'the common report of the people, that the queene founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after.' On the other hand, in Speed's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out 'by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after.' Our ballad-maker, with more ingenuity and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise from the knight who was left to guard her bower."—*Stow*.

WHEN as king Henry ruled this land
 The second of that name,
 Besides the queen, he dearly loved
 A fair and comely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this world
Could never prince embrace.

Her crispèd locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea, Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was callèd so,
To whom our queen, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadly foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong.

And they so cunningly contrived
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and lady's sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.

But fortune, that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The king's delight and lady's joy
Full soon she did beguile :

For why, the king's ungracious son,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised wars
Within the realm of France.

But yet before our comely king
The English land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,
His farewell thus he took :

" My Rosamond, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye :
The fairest flower in all the world
To feed my fantasy :

" The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excel,
My royal rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell !

" For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebels to abase.

" But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me."

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
Did hear the king say so,
The sorrow of her grievèd heart
Her outward looks did show ;

And from her clear and crystal eyes
The tears gush'd out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dew
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, erst like the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceived
Her vital spirits fail ;

And falling down all in a swoon
Before King Henry's face,
Full oft he in his princely arms
Her body did embrace :

And twenty times, with watery eyes,
He kiss'd her tender cheek,
Until he had revived again
Her senses mild and meek.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"
The king did often say.
"Because," quoth she, "to bloody wars
My lord must part away.

"But since your grace on foreign coasts
Among your foes unkind
Must go to hazard life and limb,
Why should I stay behind?

"Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sword and target bear;
That on my breast the blows may light,
Which would offend you there.

"Or let me, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace
At your return from fight.

"So I your presence may enjoy,
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death;
Nay, death I'd rather choose!"

"Content thyself, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall be
In England's sweet and pleasant isle;
For travel fits not thee.

"Fair ladies brook not bloody wars;
Soft peace their sex delights;
Not rugged camps, but courtly bowers;
Gay feasts, not cruel fights.

“ My Rose shall safely here abide,
With music pass the day ;
Whilst I, among the piercing pikes,
My foes seek far away.

“ My Rose shall shine in pearl and gold,
Whilst I'm in armour dight ;
Gay galliards¹ here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes go fight.

“ And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
To be my love's defence ;
Be careful of my gallant Rose,
When I am parted hence.”

And therewithal he fetch'd a sigh,
As though his heart would break ;
And Rosamond, for very grief,
Not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grievèd sore :
After that day fair Rosamond
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had pass'd the seas,
And into France was gone ;
With envious heart queen Ellinor
To Woodstock came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty knight,
In an unhappy hour ;
Who with his clue of twinèd thread
Came from this famous bower

And when that they had wounded him,
The queen this thread did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
Was like an angel set.

¹ Sprightly dances.

But when the queen with steadfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazèd in her mind
At her exceeding grace.

“Cast off from thee those robes,” she said,
“That rich and costly be ;
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
Which I have brought to thee.”

Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did fall ;
And pardon of the queen she craved
For her offences all.

“Take pity on my youthful years,”
Fair Rosamond did cry ;
“And let me not with poison strong
Enforcèd be to die.

“I will renounce my sinful life,
And in some cloister bide ;
Or else be banish’d, if you please,
To range the world so wide.

“And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forced thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me
As you think meet to do.”

And with these words her lily hands
She wrung full often there ;
And down along her lovely face
Did trickle many a tear.

But nothing could this furious queen
Therewith appeasèd be ;
The cup of deadly poison strong,
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drink ;
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand ;

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercy call ;
And drinking up the poison strong,
Her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb
Had show'd its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
She was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, near to Oxford town,
As may be seen this day.



JOHNIE ARMSTRONG'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THIS is what Ramsay calls the "common" ballad of *Johnie Armstrong* (*vide* p. 5.) Motherwell says that he never heard the above set of Johnie Armstrong sung or recited among the common people, but that he had often heard the present one. In old broadsides the title of this ballad runs thus : "Johnnie Armstrong's last good-night ; showing how John Armstrong, with his eight-score men, fought a bloody battle with the Scotch king at Edenborough."

Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can show himself before our king,
Scotland is so full of treachery ?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call ;
He has no lands or rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall,

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blythe as a bird in a tree,
I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord, we will go most gallantly ;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain,
Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to
their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

Oh pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightscore men and me ;
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traitor,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning, by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left shoulder,
And to his merry men thus said he,
I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword,
That was made of the mettle so free ;
Had not the king moved his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to flee ;
It shall never be said we were hang'd like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard ;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
They rose up by thousands three ;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,
I am little wounded, but am not slain ;
I will lay me down and bleed awhile,
Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain ;
For they were resolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonnie grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady spied him presently ;
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master and his company ?

My news is bad, lady, he said,
Which I do bring, as you may see ;
My master Johnny Armstrong is slain,
And all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonnie grissel,
Full oft hast thou been fed with corn and hay ;
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say.

Oh then bespoke his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be.



THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VERSION.

" OH waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen !"
" And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean !"

" Oh have ye tint,¹ at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear ?
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
Whom you may not win near ?"

¹ Lost.

“ I have not tint at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear ;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi’ mony a bitter tear.

“ But weel’s me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee ;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.”

“ But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know ?
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spake,
An eye that ne’er her saw.”

“ Oh weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see ;
For of a’ the flowers of fair England
The fairest flower is she.

“ The red that’s on my true love’s cheik,
Is like blood drops on the snaw ;
The white that is on her breast bare
Like the down o’ the white sea-maw.

“ And even at my love’s bour door
There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

“ And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair ;
But well may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.”

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray ;
And he is awa’ to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that ladye’s bour
There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free ;
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin ;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh¹ within.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword² o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win³ here."

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonnie bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen ;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love seen."

Oh first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave ;
And syne he peck'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from lord William :
He says he's sent ye three ;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale ;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

¹ Hushed.² Refrain.³ Get.

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she ;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,¹
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee !"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

"But for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to
Ye's gar the mass be sung ;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when ye come to St Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has drank a sleepy draught
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee ;
And she seem'd to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spak her cruel step-minnie,
"Tak ye the burning lead
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead."

¹ Sickness.

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd on her breast ;
"Alas ! alas !" her father cried,
"She's dead without the priest."

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor chiver'd with her chin ;
"Alas ! alas !" her father cried,
"There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier ;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sew'd to her a kell ;¹
And every steek that they put in
Sew'd to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to
They garr'd² the bells be rung ;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St Mary's kirk,
There stood spearmen all in a raw ;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said,
"And let me look her upon ;"
But as soon as lord William touch'd her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brighten'd like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone ;
With rosy cheik, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

¹ A network head-dress.

² Ordered.

“ A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine ;
For I ha’e fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

“ Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers !
Gae hame and blaw your horn !
I trow ye wad ha’e gi’en me the skaith,¹
But I’ve gi’en you the scorn.

“ Commend me to my grey father,
That wish’d my saul gude rest ;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr’d burn me on the breast.”

“ Ah ! woe to you, you light woman !
An ill death may you dee !
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee.”



THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK.

MOTHERWELL’S VERSION.

“ OH well is me, my jolly goss-hawk,
That ye can speak and flee ;
For ye can carry a love-letter
To my true love from me.”

“ Oh how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know ?
I bear the lips to her never spak,
And the eyes that her never saw.”

¹ Injury.

“The thing of my love’s face that’s white,
Is that of dove or maw ;
The thing of my love’s face that’s red,
Is like blood shed on snaw.

“And when you come to the castel,
Light on the bush of ash ;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

“And when she gaes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin ;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in.”

And when he flew to that castel,
He lighted on the ash ;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she came from the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew into the whin ;
And there he sat and sung their loves
As she went out and in.

“Come hitherward my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon ;
Till I go to my west window
And hear a birdie’s moan.”

She’s gane unto her west window,
And fainly aye it drew ;
And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw :

“Ye’re bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa ;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava.”

“ I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands of my hair ;
I send him the heart that's in my breast,
What would my love have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland
Ye'll bid him meet me there.”

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she ;
“ An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me,
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland gar bury me.

“ At the first kirk of fair Scotland
You cause the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung.

“ At the third kirk of fair Scotland
You deal gold for my sake ;
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Oh ! there you'll bury me at.

“ And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me.”
“ Your asking is but small,” he said,
“ Weel granted it shall be.”

[The lady asks the same boon and receives a similar answer,
first from her mother, then from her sister, and lastly from her
seven brothers.]

Then down as dead that lady drapp'd
Beside her mother's knee ;
Then out it spak an auld witch wife,
By the fireside sat she.

Says—“ Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin ;
And drap it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again ;
For much a lady young will do
To her true love to win.”

They drapp'd the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin ;
They drapp'd it on her red rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room
To make to her a bier ;
The boards of it were cedar wood,
And the plates on it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room
To make to her a sark ;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking silken wark.

" But well is me, my jolly goss-hawk,
That ye can speak and flee ;
Come show to me any love tokens
That you have brought to me."

" She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair ;
She sends you the heart within her breast,
And what would ye have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
She bids you meet her there."

" Come hither all my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine ;
For we must on to fair England,
To free my love from pine."

At the first kirk of fair Scotland
They gart the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland
They gart the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland
They dealt gold for her sake ;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true love met them at.

“Set down, set down the corpse,” he said,
“Till I look on the dead ;
The last time that I saw her face
She ruddy was and red ;
But now, alas ! and woe is me,
She’s wallow’d like a weed.”

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin ;
With lily-white cheek, and lemin’ eyne,
She lookt and laugh’d to him.

“Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine,
For I have fasted for your love.
These weary lang days nine ;
There’s not a steed in your stable
But would have been dead ere syne.

“Gae hame, gae hame my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn ;
For you can say in the south of England
Your sister gave you a scorn.

“I came not here to fair Scotland
To lye amang the meal ;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the silks so weel.

“I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the dead ;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the gold so red.”



EDOM O' GORDON.

“THIS ballad is founded upon a real event, which took place in the north of Scotland, in the year 1571, during the struggles between the party which held out for the imprisoned Queen Mary, and that which endeavoured to maintain the authority of her infant son, James VI. The person here designated Edom o’ Gordon, was Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and his deputy as lieutenant of the north of Scotland for

the queen. This gentleman committed many acts of oppression on the clan Forbes, under colour of the queen's authority, and, in one collision with that family, killed Arthur, brother to Lord Forbes. He afterwards sent a party, under one Captain Car, or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, one of the chief seats of the name of Forbes. The proprietor of this mansion being from home, his lady, who was pregnant at the time, confiding too much in her sex and condition, not only refused to surrender, but gave Car some very opprobrious language over the walls; which irritated him so much, that he set fire to the house, and burnt the whole inmates, amounting in all to thirty-seven persons. As Gordon never cashiered Car for this inhuman action, he was held by the public voice to be equally guilty; and accordingly we here find a ballad in which he is represented as the principal actor himself. Gordon, in his *History of the Family of Gordon*, informs us that, in the right old spirit of Scottish family feud, the Forbeses afterwards attempted to assassinate Gordon on the streets of Paris. 'Forbes,' he says, 'with these desperate fellows, lay in wait, in the street through which he was to return to his lodgings from the palace of the Archbishop of Glasgow, then ambassador in France. They discharged their pistols upon Auchindown as he passed by them, and wounded him in the thigh. His servants pursued, but could not catch them; they only found, by good chance, Forbes's hat, in which was a paper with the name of the place where they were to meet. John Gordon, lord of Glenluce and Longormes, son to Alexander Gordon, bishop of Galloway, lord of the bedchamber to the king of France, getting instantly notice of this, immediately acquainted the king, who forthwith despatched *le grand prevost de l'hotel*, or the great provost of the palace, with his guards, in company with John Gordon, and Sir Adam's servants, to the place of their meeting to apprehend them. When they were arrived at the place, Sir Adam's servants, being impatient, rushed violently into the house, and killed Forbes; but his associates were all apprehended, and broke upon the wheel.' This dreadful incident would surely have made an excellent *second part* to the ballad."—*Chambers*.

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld."

"And whatna hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',
Nor putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner sitten doun,
Nor suner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were closed about the place.

The ladye ran up to her touir heid,
As fast as she could drie,
To see if, by her fair speeches,
She could with him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,
And her yetts all lockit fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his heart was aghast.

"Come down to me, ye ladye fair,
Come down to me, let's see ;
This nicht ye'se lie by my ain side,
The morn my bride sall be."

"I winna come down, ye fause Gordon ;
I winna come doun to thee ;
I winna forsake my ain deir lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Gi'e up your house, ye fair ladye,
Gi'e up your house to me ;
Or I will burn yoursel' therein,
But and your babies thrie."

"I winna gi'e't up, thou fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee ;
Though thou suld burn mysel' therein,
But and my babies thrie."

"Set fire to the house," quoth fause Gordon,
"Sin' better may na be ;
And I will burn hersel' therein,
But and her babies thrie."

"And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid ye weil your fee ;
Why pu ye oot my grund-wa-stane,
Lets in the reek to me ?

"And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid you weil your hyre ;
Why pu you oot my grund-wa-stane,
To me lets in the fyre ?"

"Ye paid me well my hire, lady,
Ye paid me well my fee ;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man—
Maun either do or die."

Oh then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee,
"Dear mother, gi'e ower your house, he
says,
"For the reek it worries me."

"I winna gi'e up my house, my dear,
To nae sic traitor as he ;
Come weel, come wae, my jewel fair,
Ye maun tak share wi' me."

Oh then bespake her daughter deir ;
She was baith jimp and sma' ;
"Oh row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me ower the wa'."

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her ower the wa' ;
But on the point o' Edom's speir
She gat a deidly fa'.

Oh bonnie, bonnie, was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks ;
And cleir, cleir, was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid blude dreips.

Then wi' his speir he turn'd her ower,
Oh gin her face was wan !
He said, "You are the first that eir
I wist alyve again."

He turn'd her ower and ower again,
Oh gin her skin was whyte !
He said, "I micht ha'e spared thy lyfe,
To been some man's delyte.



They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her ower the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

—EDOM O' GORDON.



“Backe and boun, my merrie men all ;
For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna luik on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass !”

“Them luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits will follow them ;
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was dauntit by a dame.”

Oh, then he spied her ain deir lord,
As he came o'er the lea ;
He saw his castle in a fyre,
As far as he could see.

“Put on, put on, my michtie men,
As fast as ye can drie ;
For he that's hindmost o' my men,
Sall ne'er get gude o' me.”

And some they rade, and some they ran,
Fu' fast out ower the plain ;
But lang, lang, ere he could get up,
They a' were deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men,
Lay gasping on the grene ;
For o' fifty men that Edom brought
There were but fyve gaed hame.

And mony were the mudie men,
Lay gasping on the grene ;
And mony were the fair ladyes,
Lay lemanless at hame.

And round and round the wa's he went,
Their ashes for to view :
At last into the flames he flew,
And bade the world adieu.



BROWN ADAM.

OH, wha wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae father and frae mother,
And they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,
The flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigg'd a bour in gude greenwood
Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
Brown Adam he thought lang;
And, for to hunt some venison,
To greenwood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude greenwood
As fast as he could gang.

Oh, he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the brier;
And he sent it hame to his ladye,
Bade her be of gude cheir.

Oh, he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam' to his ladye's bour door,
He stude a little forbye,
And there he heard a fou fause knight
Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him mony a poun':
"Oh, grant me love for love, ladye,
And this shall be thy own."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said,
"I trow sae does he me;
I wadna gi'e Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string;
"Oh, grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this shall be thine."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says,
"I wot sae does he me;
I wadna be your light leman
For mair than ye could gi'e."

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or through ye this shall gang!"
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"

Then in and starts him, Brown Adam,
Says, "I'm just at your hand."
He's gar'd him leave his bonnie bow,
And gar'd him leave his brand;
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand!

HYND HORN.

"THOUGH Hynd Horn possesses no claims upon the reader's attention on account of its poetry, yet it is highly valuable as illustrative of the history of romantic ballad. In fact, it is nothing else than a portion of the ancient English metri-

cal romance of 'Kyng Horn,' which some benevolent pen, peradventure, 'for
luf of the lewed man,' hath stripped of its 'quainte Inglis,' and given—

'In symple speche as he couthe,
That is lightest in maune's mouthe.'

"Of this the reader will be at once convinced, if he compares it with the romance alluded to, or rather with the fragment of the one preserved in the Auchinleck MS., entitled, 'Horne Childe and Maiden Riminild,' both of which ancient poems are to be found in Ritson's Metrical Romances. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remind the reader that Hend or Hynd means 'courtous, kind, affable,' &c., an epithet which, we doubt not, the hero of the ballad was fully entitled to assume."—*Motherwell*.

NEAR Edinburgh was a young child born,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And his name it was call'd young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the king,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And it's a' for the sake of his dochter Jean,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The king an angry man was he,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Oh! I never saw my love before,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Till I saw her through an augre bore,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
With three shining diamonds set therein,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And I gave to her a silver wand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
With three singing laverocks set thereon,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What if those diamonds lose their hue?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Just when my love begins for to rue,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“For when your ring turns pale and wan,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Then I’m in love with another man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

He’s left the land, and he’s gone to the sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And he’s stay’d there seven years and a day,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And Hynd Horn has look’d how his ring may be,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

But when he look’d this ring upon,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Oh! the ring it was both black and blue,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And she’s either dead, or she’s married,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

He’s left the seas, and he’s come to the land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And the first he met was an auld beggar man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“What news? what news? my silly auld man?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For it’s seven years since I have seen land,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“What news? what news? thou auld beggar man?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan :
What news? what news? by sea or land?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

“No news at all,” said the auld beggar man,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
“But there is a wedding in the king’s hall,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“There is a king’s dochter in the west,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And she has been married thir nine nights past,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

“Into the bridebed she winna gang,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Till she hears tell of her ain Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

“Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I’ll give to thee my scarlet cloak,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I’ll give to thee my good gray steed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

The auld beggar man cast off his coat,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And he’s ta’en up the scarlet cloak,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man threw down his staff,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And he is mounted the good gray steed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn for the king’s hall,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

When he came to the king’s gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
He ask’d a drink for young Hynd Horn’s sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
That at the yett there stands an auld man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“There stands an auld man at the king’s gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn’s sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

“I’ll go through nine fires so hot,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
But I’ll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn’s
sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

She went to the gate where the auld man did
stand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And she gave him a drink out of her own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

She gave him a cup out of her own hand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

“Got thou it by sea, or got thou it by land ?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Or got thou it of a dead man’s hand ?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

“I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For I got it out of thine own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

“I’ll cast off my gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I’ll follow thee from town to town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

" I ll cast off my gowns of red,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
 And along with thee I'll beg my bread,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

" Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
 For I can make thee lady of many a town,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

" Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
 For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride
 wed,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
 But young Hynd Horn took the bride to the bed,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.



THE DEMON-LOVER.

"THIS ballad, which contains some verses of merit, was taken down from recitation by Mr William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair Knowe. It contains a legend, which, in various shapes, is current in Scotland. I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden ; but disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burden of his courtship ;—

'Gin ye wish to be layman mine,
 Lay aside the St John's wort and the vervain.'

The heroine of the following tale was unfortunately without any similar protection."—*Scott*.

" OH, where have you been, my long, long love,
 This long seven years and mair ?"
 " Oh, I am come to seek my former vows
 Ye granted me before."

“ Oh, hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife :
Oh, hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.”

He turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e ;
“ I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground
If it had not been for thee.

“ I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee.”

“ If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sel' ye had to blame ;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.”

“ Oh, faulse are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie ;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee.”

“ If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
Oh, what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go ? ”

“ I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land ;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.”

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin :
“ Oh, fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again.”

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold ;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie¹ grew his e'e.

The masts, that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas ;
But the sails that were o' the taffetie,
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"Oh, hold your tongue of your weeping,"
says he,
Of your weeping now let me be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"Oh, what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ?"
"Oh, yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"Oh, whaten a mountain is yon?" she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow ?"
"Oh, yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be ;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew
loud,
And the levin² fill'd her e'e ;
And waesome wail'd³ the snow-white sprites
Upon the gurlie⁴ sea.

¹ Watery.

² Tears.

³ Bemoaned.

⁴ Angry.

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
 The fore-mast wi' his knee ;
 And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
 And sank her in the sea.

KEMPION.

HER mither died when she was young,
 Which gave her cause to make great moan ;
 Her father married the warse¹ woman
 That ever lived in Christendom.

She servèd well wi' foot and hand,
 In everything that she could dee ;²
 But her stepmither hated her warse and warse,
 And a powerful wicked witch was she.

"Come hither, come hither, ye cannot choose ;
 And lay your head low on my knee ;
 The heaviest weird³ I will you read,
 That ever was read to gay ladye.

"Mickle dolour sall ye dree⁴
 When o'er the saut seas maun ye swim ;
 And far mair dolour sall ye dree
 When up to Estmere Craggs ye climb.

"I weird ye to be a fiery snake ;
 And borrow'd sall ye never be,
 Unless that Kempion, the king's own son,
 Come to the crag and thrice kiss thee.
 Until the world comes to an end,
 Borrow'd⁵ sall ye never be !"

¹ Worst.

² Do.

³ Doom.

⁴ Much sorrow you will suffer.

⁵ Rescued.

Oh, mickle dolour did she dree,
And aye the saut seas o'er she swam ;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere Crag, when up she clamb.

And aye she cried on Kempion,
Gin he would but come to her hand :—
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That siccan¹ a beast was in the land.

“Now, by my sooth,” said Kempion,
“This fiery beast I'll gang and see.”
“And by my sooth,” said Segramour,
“My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee.”

They twa hae biggit² a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea ;
But a mile before they reach'd the land,
Around them 'gan the red fire flee.

The worm leapt out, the worm leapt down,
She plaited nine times round stock and stane ;
And aye as the boat came to the beach
She struck and bang'd it off again.

“Mind how you steer, my brother dear,
Keep further off !” said Segramour ;
“This beast will drown us in the sea,
Or burn us up, if we come on shore.”

Syne Kempion has bent an arblast bow,
And aim'd an arrow at her head ;
And swore, if she didna quit the shore,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

“Out o' my stythe³ I winna rise,
Nor quit my den for awe o' thee,
Till Kempion, the king's own son,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me.”

¹ Such.

² Built.

³ Place.

He's louted¹ him o'er the Estmere Crag,
And he has gi'en that beast a kiss :
In she swang, and again she cam',
And aye her speech was a wicked hiss.

"Out o' my stythe I winna rise,
Nor quit my den for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the Estmere Crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses twa :
In she swang, and again she cam',
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

"Out o' my stythe I winna rise,
Nor quit my den for the dread o' thee
Till Kempion, that noble prince,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three :
In she swang, a loathly worm ;
And out she stepp'd a fair ladye.

Nae cleeding had this lady fair,
To keep her body frae the cold ;
But Kempion took his mantle off,
And around his ain true love did fold.

"And by my sooth," says Kempion,
"My ain true love !—for this is she—
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to this misery.

"Oh, was it wer-wolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid in the sea,
Or a wicked man, or a vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?"

¹ Bended.

“It wasna wer-wolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked stepmother,
And wae and weary may she be!”

“Oh, a heavy weird sall her light on;
Her hair sall grow rough, and her teeth
grow lang;
And aye upon four feet maun she gang;
And aye in Wormeswood sall she wonn!”¹

GLASGERION.

“GLASGERION (whom Chaucer celebrates under the name of ‘Glaskerion’) was a Celtic bard, whose musical powers were the theme of old Scottish poets. Bishop Douglas compared him to Orpheus; and he was said to ‘harp’ the fishes out of the sea, and water from stones. It is thought that Otway, in his tragedy of the ‘Orphan,’ had this ‘old ditty’ in remembrance when he wrote.”
—*Percy*.

GLASGERION was a king’s owne sonne;
And a harper he was goode;
He harp’d in the kinge’s chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stoode.

And soe did hee in the queen’s chamber,
Till ladies waxèd glad.
And then bespake the kinge’s daughter;
And these wordes thus shee said:

“Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,
Of thy striking do not blinne;²
There’s never a stroke comes o’er thy harpe,
But it glads my heart withinne.”

“Faire might he fall,³ ladye,” quoth hee,
“Who taught you nowe to speake!
I have loved you, ladye, seven long yeere;
My minde I neere durst breake.”

¹ Dwell.

² Cease.

³ Well may he thrive.

“But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,
When all men are att rest :
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest.”

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord ! was hee.
“And come thou hither, Jacke, my boy ;
Come hither unto mee.

“For the kinge’s daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone ;
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.”

“Oh master, master,” then quoth hee,
“Lay your head downe on this stone :
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone.”

But up then rose that lither¹ ladd,
And hose and shoone did on ;
A collar he cast upon his necke :
Hee seem’d a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladie’s chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn ;²
The lady was true of her promise,
Rose up, and lett him in.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster or to bed ;
“Nor, thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.”

He did not kisse that ladye’s mouthe,
Nor when he came, nor youd ;³
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,
He was of some churl’s bloud.

¹ Worthless.

² “Tirled at the pin.” This refers to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

³ Went.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone ;
And cast the coller from off his necke :
He was but a churle's sonne.

"Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen ;
Awake, awake, my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

"For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,
Well bridled I have your steede ;
And I have served you a good breakfast ;
For thereof ye have need."

Up then rose good Glasgeriòn,
And did on hose and shoone ;
And cast a coller about his necke ;
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladye's chamber,
He thrild upon the pinne ;
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, "Whether have you left with me,
Your bracelett or your glove ?
Or are you return'd backe againe,
To know more of my love ?"

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne :¹
"Lady, I was never in your chambèr,
Sith the time that I was borne."

"Oh, then it was your lither foot-page ;
He hath beguiled mee ;"
Then she pull'd forth a little pen-kniffe,
That hangèd by her knee.

¹ Of the meaning of these *three* oaths nothing satisfactory can be said ; but the *thorn* is evidently an allusion to the crown of thorns.

Sayes, "There shall never noe churlè's blood
Within my body spring ;
No churlè's blood shall ever defile
The daughter of a king."

Home then went Glasgèrion,
And woe, good lord, was hee ;
Sayes, "Come thou hither, Jacke, my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

"If I had kill'd a man to-night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee ;
But if I have not kill'd a man to-night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three."

And he puld out his bright brown sword,
And dry'd it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladd's head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the sword's poynt till his brest,
The pummil untill a stone ;
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives were all gone.



WILLIE AND MAY¹ MARGARET.

A FRAGMENT.

"IN opposition to the advice of his mother, a young man determines on going in the evening to his lover's house. The night is very stormy ; but his affection for the young woman, and the thoughts of the happiness of their meeting, keep up his spirits, and make him brave every danger. His hopes are woefully disappointed ; for, notwithstanding the most pressing entreaties, his

¹ Maid.

lover will not admit him into her house, and he is obliged to take his leave. In crossing the Clyde on his return home, he is overwhelmed by the strength of the current, and drowned."—*Gilchrist*.

"GIE corn to my horse, mither ;
Gie meat unto the man ;
For I maun gang to Margaret's,
Before the nicht comes on."

"Oh stay at home now, my son Willie ;
The wind blaws cauld and sour ;
The nicht will be baith mirk and late
Before ye reach her bower."

"Oh though the nicht were ever sae dark,
Or the wind blew never sae cald,
I will be in my Margaret's bower
Before twa hours be tald."

"Oh gin ye gang to may Margaret
Without the leave of me,
Clyde's waters wide and deep enough ;
My malison ¹ drown thee !"

He mounted on his coal-black steed,
And fast he rade awa ;
But ere he came to Clyde's water,
Fu' loud the wind did blaw.

As he rade o'er yon hich hich hill,
And down yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde's water
Wad fear'd a hunder men.

His heart was warm, his pride was up ;
Sweet Willie kentna fear ;
But yet his mither's malison
Aye sounded in his ear.

Oh he has swam through Clyde's water,
Though it was wide and deep ;
And he came to may Margaret's door,
When a' were fast asleep.

¹ Curse.

Oh he's gane round and round about,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
But doors were steek'd and windows barr'd,
And nane wad let him in.

" Oh open the door to me, Margaret,
Oh open and lat me in !
For my boots are full o' Clyde's water,
And frozen to the brim."

" I darena open the door to you,
Nor darena lat you in ;
For my mither she is fast asleep,
And darena mak nae din."

" Oh gin ye winna open the door,
Nor yet be kind to me,
Now tell me o' some out-chamber
Where I this nicht may be."

" Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,
Nor here ye canna be ;
For I've nae chambers out nor in,
Nae ane but barely three.

" The tane o' them is fu' o' corn,
The tither is fu' o' hay ;
The tither is fu' o' merry young men,
They winna remove till day."

" Oh fare ye weel, then, may Margaret
Sin better mauna be ;
I've win my mother's malison
Coming this nicht to thee."

He's mounted on his coal-black steed,
Oh, but his heart was wae !
But ere he came to Clyde's water,
'Twas half up o'er the brae.

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • he plunged in,
But never raise again.

MARGARET'S GHOST.

BY DAVID MALLET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

"Awake !" she cried, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain ;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

“ Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

“ How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

“ Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale ?

“ That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
These lips no longer red .
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

“ The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

“ But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence !
A long and last adieu !
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.”

The lark sung loud ; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red :
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay :

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore :
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red :
“ Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !
Oh, art thou false or dead ? ”

With gallant Frederick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade ;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight returned to dry
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound,
With many a song of joy ;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad ;
She sought the host in vain ;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

The martial band is pass'd and gone ;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

“ Oh, rise, my child,” her mother said,
 “ Nor sorrow thus in vain ;
 A perjured lover’s fleeting heart
 No tears recall again.”

“ O mother, what is gone, is gone,
 What’s lost, for ever lorn :
 Death, death alone can comfort me ;
 Oh, had I ne’er been born !

“ Oh, break, my heart, oh, break at once !
 Drink my life-blood, Despair !
 No joy remains on earth for me,
 For me in heaven no share.”

“ Oh, enter not in judgment, Lord !”
 The pious mother prays ;
 “ Impute not guilt to thy frail child !
 She knows not what she says.

“ Oh, say thy Pater Noster, child !
 Oh, turn to God and grace !
 His will, that turn’d thy bliss to bale,
 Can change thy bale to bliss.”

“ O mother, mother ! what is bliss ?
 O mother, what is bale ?
 My William’s love was heaven on earth,
 Without it earth is hell.

“ Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
 Since my loved William’s slain ?
 I only pray’d for William’s sake,
 And all my prayers were vain.”

“ Oh take the sacrament, my child,
 And check these tears that flow ;
 By resignation’s humble prayer,
 Oh, hallow’d be thy woe !”

“ No sacrament can quench this fire,
 Or slake this scorching pain .
 No sacrament can bid the dead
 Arise and live again.

“ Oh break, my heart, oh break at once !
Be thou my god, Despair !
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer.”

“ Oh, enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay !
She knows not what her tongue has spoke ;
Impute it not, I pray !

“ Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace ;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss.”

“ O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell ?”

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

Then, crash, the heavy drawbridge fell,
That o'er the moat was hung ;
And, clatter ! clatter ! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded ;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark ! and hark ! a knock—Tap ! tap !
A rustling, stifled noise ;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring ;—
At length a whispering voice.

“Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wakest thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or
weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?”

“My love! my love!—so late by night!
I waked, I wept for thee:—
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?”

“We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell.”

“Oh, rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind:—
My love is deadly cold.”

“Let the wind howl through hawthorn-bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

“Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st
behind
Upon my black Barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed.”

“To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—
Oh, dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!
Oh wait, my love, till day!”

“Look here, look here—the moon shines
clear—
Full fast I ween we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

“The black Barb snorts, the bridle rings ;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee !
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee.”

Strong love prevail'd : She busks, she bounes,
She mounts the Barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry ! hurry ! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be ;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot, and castle flew.

“Sit fast—dost fear ?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet rides my Barb—keep hold !
Fear'st thou ?”—“Oh no !” she faintly said ;
“But why so stern and cold ?

“What yonder rings ? what yonder sings ?
Why shrieks the owlet gray ?”
“'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

“With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,
Ye may inter the dead :
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

“Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,
To swell our nuptial song !
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast !
Come all, come all along !”

Ceased clang and song ; down sunk the bier ;
The shrouded corpse arose :
And, hurry, hurry ! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

And, forward ! forward ! on they go ;
 High snorts the straining steed ;
 Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
 As headlong on they speed.

" O William, why this savage haste ?
 And where thy bridal bed ?"—
 "'Tis distant far."—" Still short and stern ?"
 "'Tis narrow, trustless maid."

" No room for me ?"—" Enough for both ;—
 Speed, speed, my Barb, thy course !"
 O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
 He drove the furious horse.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode ;
 Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;
 The steed is wight, the spur is bright,
 The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast
 Each forest, grove, and bower ;
 On right and left fled past how fast
 Each city, town, and tower.

" Dost fear ? dost fear ?—The moon shines
 clear ;—
 Dost fear to ride with me ?—
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! The dead can ride !"—
 " O William, let them be !

" See there, see there ! What yonder swings
 And creaks 'mid whistling rain ?"—
 " Gibbet and steel, the accursèd wheel ;
 A murderer in his chain.

" Hollo ! thou felon, follow here :
 To bridal bed we ride ;
 And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
 Before me and my bride."

And hurry, hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel-bush
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear?—The moon shines
clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"—
"Oh, leave in peace the dead!"

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well nigh done."

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come!
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home."

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared ;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mouldering flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious Barb snorts fire and foam
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres fleet along ;
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song :

“ E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of Heaven.
Her soul is from her body reft ;
Her spirit be forgiven ! ”



JOCK JOHNSTONE THE TINKLER.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"OH, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
Or down the King's Road of the cleuch?¹
Or saw ye a knight and a lady bright,
Wha ha'e gane the gate they baith shall rue?"

"I saw a knight and a lady bright,
Ride up the cleuch at the break of day;
The knight upon a coal-black steed,
And the dame on one of the silver-gray.

"And the lady's palfrey flew the first,
With many a clang of silver bell:
Swift as the raven's morning flight,
The two went scouring ower the fell.

"By this time they are man and wife,
And standing in St Mary's fane;
And the lady in the grass-green silk
A maid you will never see again."

"But I can tell thee, saucy wight—
And that the runaway shall prove—
Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
As maiden charms or maiden's love."

"Since thou sayst that, my Lord Douglas,
Good faith some clinking there will be;
Beshrew my heart, but and my sword,
If I winna turn and ride with thee!"

They whipp'd out ower the Shepherd Cleuch,
And doun the links o' the Corsecleuch Burn;
And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
To win his love, or ne'er return.

¹ Dell.

“First fight your rival, Lord Douglas,
And then brag after, if you may ;
For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord
As ever gave good weapon sway.

“But I for ae poor siller merk,
Or thirteen pennies and a bawbee,
Will tak in hand to fight you baith,
Or beat the winner, whiche’er it be.”

The Douglas turn’d him on his steed,
And I wat a loud laughter leuch he :
“Of a’ the fools I have ever met,
Man, I ha’e never met ane like thee.

“Art thou akin to lord or knight,
Or courtly squire or warrior leal ?”
“I am a tinkler,” quo’ the wight,
“But I like crown-cracking unco weel.”

When they came to St Mary’s kirk,
The chaplin shook for very fear ;
And aye he kiss’d the cross, and said,
“What deevil has sent that Douglas here !

“He neither values book nor ban,
But curses all without demur ;
And cares nae mair for a holy man,
Than I do for a worthless cur.”

“Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
And tell to me without delay,
Where you have hid the lord of Ross,
And the lady that came at the break of day ?”

“No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
Have I beheld since break of morn ;
And I never saw the lord of Ross
Since the woeful day that I was born.”

Lord Douglas turn’d him round about,
And look’d the Tinkler in the face ;
Where he beheld a lurking smile,
And a deevil of a dour grimace.

“How’s this, how’s this, thou Tinkler loun?
Hast thou presumed to lie on me?”
“Faith that I have!” the Tinkler said,
“And a right good turn I have done to thee;

“For the lord of Ross and thy own true love,
The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,
Rade west away, ere the break of day;
And you’ll never see the dear maid again;

“So I thought it best to bring you here,
On a wrang scent, of my own accord;
For had you met the Johnstone clan,
They wad ha’e made mince-meat of a lord.”

At this the Douglas was so wroth,
He wist not what to say or do;
But he strak the Tinkler o’er the croun,
Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

“Beshrew my heart,” quo’ the Tinkler lad,
“Thou bear’st thee most ungallantlie!
If these are the manners of a lord,
They are manners that winna gang down
wi’ me.”

“Hold up thy hand,” the Douglas cried,
“And keep thy distance, Tinkler loun!”
“That will I not,” the Tinkler said,
“Though I and my mare should both go
down!”

“I have armour on,” cried the Lord Douglas,
“Cuirass and helm, as you may see.”
“The deil me care!” quo’ the Tinkler lad;
“I shall have a skelp at them and thee.”

“You are not horsed,” quo’ the Lord Douglas,
“And no remorse this weapon brooks.”
“Mine’s a right good yaud,” quo’ the Tinkler
lad,
“And a great deal better nor she looks.

“So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord,
What I have taken I needs must give;
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,
For the langest day thou hast to live.”

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,
Till the fire from both their weapons flew;
But the very first shock that they met with,
The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,
With a good steel bonnet on his head,
Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,
Aye as together their horses ran;
But the Tinkler laid on like a very deil,—
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

“Hold up thy hand, thou Tinkler loun,”
Cried the poor priest, with whining din;
“If thou hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,
A curse be on thee and all thy kin!”

“I care no more for Lord James Douglas,
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me;
But I want to let his proud heart know
That a tinkler's a man as well as he.”

So they fought on, and they fought on,
Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone;
And the Tinkler bore him to the ground,
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

“Oh hon! oh hon!” cried the proud Douglas,
“That I this day should have lived to see!
For sure my honour I have lost,
And a leader again I can never be!

“But tell me of thy kith and kin,
And where was bred thy weapon hand?
For thou art the wale of tinkler loons
That ever was born in fair Scotland.”

“ My name’s Jock Johnstone,” quo’ the wight ;
“ I winna keep in my name frae thee ;
And here, tak thou thy sword again,
And better friends we two shall be.”

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
That was a debt he could never owe ;
He would rather die at the back of the dike,
Than owe his sword to a man so low.

“ But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
And bear my livery and my name,
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be,
And I’ll knight thee on the field of fame.”

“ Woe worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,
To think I’d change my trade for thine ;
Far better and wiser would you be,
To live a journeyman of mine,

“ To mend a kettle or a casque,
Or clout a goodwife’s yettlin’ pan,—
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
You’d make a noble tinkler-man !

“ I would give you drammock twice a-day,
And sunkets on a Sunday morn
And you should be a rare adept
In steel and copper, brass and horn !

“ I’ll fight you every day you rise,
Till you can act the hero’s part ;
Therefore, I pray you, think of this,
And lay it seriously to heart.”

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
Answering with an inward curse,—
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renown’d,
In search of Lord Douglas they came ;
And when they saw their master down,
Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the Tinkler wight,
Like perfect tigers on their prey;
But the Tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
And made him ready for the fray.

“Come one to one, ye coward knaves,—
Come hand to hand, and steed to steed;
I would that ye were better men,
For this is glorious work indeed!”

Before you could have counted twelve,
The Tinkler’s wondrous chivalrye
Had both the squires upon the sward,
And their horses galloping o’er the lea.

The Tinkler tied them neck and heel,
And mony a biting jest gave he:
“Oh fie, for shame!” said the Tinkler lad;
“Siccan fighters I did never see!”

He slit one of their bridle reins—
Oh what disgrace the conquer’d feels—
And he skelpit the squires with that good tawse,
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

The Douglas he was forced to laugh,
Till down his cheek the salt tear ran:
“I think the deevil be come here
In the likeness of a tinkler man!”

Then he has to Lord Douglas gone,
And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And he set him on his gallant steed,
And bore him away to Henderland:

“Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane;
For the leech’s art will mend the part,
And your honour lost will spring again.

“’Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name,
I’m a right good tinkler, as you see;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
Or clout one, as my need may be.

“Jock Johnstone is my name, ’tis true,—
But noble hearts are allied to me ;
For I am the lord of Annandale,
And a knight and earl as well as thee.”

Then Douglas strain’d the hero’s hand,
And took from it his sword again :
“Since thou art the lord of Annandale,
Thou hast eased my heart of meikle pain.

“I might have known thy noble form
In that disguise thou’rt pleased to wear ;
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
And England by experience dear.

“We have been foes as well as friends,
And jealous of each other’s sway ;
But little can I comprehend
Thy motive for these pranks to-day.”

“Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,
’Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the lord of Ross
An hour before the break of day ;

“For the lord of Ross is my brother,
By all the laws of chivalrye ;
And I brought with me a thousand men
To guard him to my ain countrie.

“But I thought meet to stay behind,
And try your lordship to waylay,
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
By leading you so far astray.

“Judging it better some lives to spare—
Which fancy takes me now and then—
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,
Than each with our ten thousand men.

“God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
To Border foray sound and hail !
But never strike a tinkler again,
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale.”

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

THE Laird of Roslin's daughter
Walk'd through the wood her lane ;¹
And by cam Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
He said unto his serving man,
" Were 't not against the law,
I wad tak her to my ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'."

" I am walking here alane," she says,
" Among my father's trees ;
And you must let me walk alone,
Kind sir, now, if you please :
The supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be miss'd awa ;
Sae I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

He says, " My pretty lady,
I pray, lend me your hand,
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets
Always at your command ;
And fifty men to guard you with,
That well their swords can draw ;
Sae we'se baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

" Haud awa frae me," she said,
" And pray let gae my hand :
The supper bell it will be rung,
I can nae langer stand.
My father he will angry be
Gin I be miss'd awa ;
Sae I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

¹ Alone.

Then said the pretty lady,
"I pray tell me your name?"
"My name is Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
Though thy father and his men were here,
O' them I'd have nae awe;
But wad tak you to my ain bed,
And lay you neist the wa'."

He lichtit aff¹ his milk-white steed,
And set this lady on;
And a' the way he walk'd on foot,
He held her by the hand.
He held her by the middle jimp,²
For fear that she should fa',
To tak her to his ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house;
His landlady lookèd ben:
Says, "Mony a pretty lady
In Edinbruch I've seen;
But sic a lovely face as thine
In it I never saw;
Gae mak her down a down-bed
And lay her at the wa'."

"Oh haud away frae me," she says;
"I pray you let me be;
I winna gang into your bed
Till ye dress me dishes three:
Dishes three ye maun dress me,
Gin I should eat them a',
Afore that I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"It's ye maun get to my supper
A cherry without a stane;
And ye maun get to my supper
A chicken without a bane;

¹ Leaped off.

² Small waist.

And ye maun get to my supper
A bird without a ga' ;
Or I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"It's when the cherry is in the blume,
I'm sure it has nae stane ;
And when the chicken's in the egg,
I wat it has nae bane ;
And, sin' the flood o' Noah,
The doo she had nae ga' ;
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Oh haud your tongue, young man," she
says,
"Nor that gate me perplex ;
For ye maun tell me questions yet,
And that is questions six :
Questions six ye'll tell to me,
And that is three times twa,
Afore I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"What's greener than the greenest grass ?
What's hicher than the trees ?
What's waur nor an ill woman's wish ?
What's deeper than the seas ?
What bird sings first ? and whereupon
First doth the dew down fa' ?
Ye sall tell afore I lay me doun,
Either at stock or wa'."

"Vergris is greener than the grass ;
Heaven's hicher than the trees ;
The deil's waur nor a woman's wish ;
Hell's deeper than the seas ;
The cock crows first ; on cedar tap
The dew down first doth fa' ;
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Oh haud your tongue, young man," she
says,

"And gie your fleechin ower ;
Unless ye find me ferlies,
And that is ferlies four ;
Ferlies four ye maun find me,
And that is twa and twa ;
Or I'll never lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"It's ye maun get to me a plum
That in December grew ;
And ye maun get a silk mantel,
That waft was ne'er ca'd through ;
A sparrow's horn ; a priest unborn,
This night to join us twa ;
Or I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"My father he has winter fruit,
That in December grew ;
My mother has an Indian gown,
That waft was ne'er ca'd through.
A sparrow's horn is quickly found ;
There's ane on every claw,
And twa upon the neb o' him ;
And ye shall get them a'.

"The priest, he's standing at the door,
Just ready to come in ;
Nae man can say that he was born,
Nae man, unless he sin ;
A wild boar tore his mother's side,
He out o' it did fa' ;
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'll lie neist the wa'."

Little kenn'd Girzie Sinclair,
That morning when she rase,
That this wad be the hindermost
O' a' her maiden days.

But now there's no within the realm,
I think a blyther twa ;
And they baith lie in ae bed,
And she lies neist the wa'.



THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

"O BILLIE, billie, bonnie billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow¹ slain men are we."

"Oh no, oh no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that mauna be ;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die."

So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day ;
An' he has join'd our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

"Now, fareweel father, and fareweel mother,
An' fare ye weel my sisters three ;
An' fare ye weel my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see !"

So they're awa to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily !
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me ;
And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company !"

¹ Make them believe.

“But yield your weapons ane an’ a’;
Oh yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye’ll yield your weapons up,
Ye’s e a’ gae hame to your country.”

Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spak bonnily:
“I winna yield my weapons up
To you nor nae man that I see.”

Then he set up the flag o’ red,
A’ set about wi’ bonnie blue;
“Since ye’ll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true.”

They stell’d¹ their cannons on the height,
And showr’d their shot down in the howe,
An’ beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e’er you saw the rain down fa’,
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An’ they lay slain on every knowe.

“Oh hold your hand,” then Monmouth cry’d,
“Gie quarters to yon men for me!”
But wicked Claver’s e swore an oath,
His cornet’s death revenged sud be.

“Oh hold your hand,” then Monmouth cry’d,
“If ony thing you’ll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursèd Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye’ll be.”

The wicked Claver’s e turn’d about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry’d, “God bless his majesty!”

¹ Placed.

Then he's awa to London town.
 Ay e'en as fast as he can dree ;
 Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
 An' ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
 Mony brave man lies cauld and still ;
 But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
 The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

GIL MORICE.

OF the many ancient ballads which have been preserved by tradition among the peasantry of Scotland, none has excited more interest in the world of letters than the beautiful and pathetic tale of 'Gil Morice;' and this no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly celebrated tragedy of Douglas.

"If any reliance is to be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we will be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish history. The 'green wood' of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff in Stirlingshire, and Lord Barnard's castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn which joins the Carron, about five miles above these lands, is named the Earlsburn, and the hill near the source of that stream is called the Earlshill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate erle's son who is the hero of the ballad. He also, according to the same respectable authority, was 'beautiful exceedingly,' and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair which shrouded him, as it were a golden mist. To these floating traditions we are probably indebted for the attempts which have been made to improve and embellish the ballad, by the introduction of various new stanzas since its first appearance in a printed form."

GIL MORICE was an erle's son,
 His name it waxed wide ;
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor zet his mickle pride ;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That lived on Carron side.

"Quhair sall I get a bonnie boy,
 That will win hose and shoen ;
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum ?

“ And ze maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ze may rin wi’ pride ;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ze sall ride.”

“ Oh no ! oh no ! my master dear !
I dare nae for my life ;
I’ll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest forth his wife.”

“ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie,” he say’d :
“ How can ze strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obey’d.”

“ Bot, O my master dear !” he cry’d,
“ In grene wod ze’re your lain ;
Gi owre sic thochts, I wald ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.”

“ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha’,
Bid her cum here wi’ speid ;
If ze refuse my heigh command,
I’ll gar zour body bleid.

“ Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
’Tis a’ gowd bot the hem ;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain ;

“ And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
And bid her cum to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron’s leave.”

“ Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to zour cost ;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn’d,
In it ze sall find frost.

“ The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt ;
As ze will see before it’s nicht,
How sma’ ze ha’e to vaunt.

“And sen I maun zour errand rin,
Sae sair against my will ;
I’se mak a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.”

And quhen he came to broken brigue
He bent his bow and swam ;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnard’s ha’,
Would neither chap nor ca’ ;
Bot sent his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa’.

He waud nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gate ;
Bot straight into the ha’ he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

“Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
My message winna waite ;
Dame ze maun to the gude grene wode,
Before that it be late.

“Ze’re bidden tak this gay mantel,
’Tis a’ gowd bot the hem ;
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Even by yoursel alane.

“And there it is a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sew’d the sleive ;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron’s leave.”

The lady stamp’d wi’ her foot,
And wink’d wi’ her e’e ;
Bot a’ that she coud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

“It’s surely to my bower-woman,
It neir could be to me.”
“I brocht it to Lord Barnard’s lady,
I trow that ze be she.”

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee ;)
“ If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
It’s deir welcum to mee.”

“ Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;
I brocht it to Lord Barnard’s lady,
I trow ze be nae shee.”

Then up and spak the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee ;
He’s taen the table wi’ his foot,
Sae has he wi’ his knee ;
Till siller cup and mazer¹ dish
In flinders he gard flee.

“ Gae bring a robe of zour cliding
That hings upon the pin ;
And I’ll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi’ zour lemman.”

“ Oh bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame ;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi’ nane.”

Gil Morice sat in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang :
“ Oh what means a’ the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang.”

[His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minerva’s loome ;
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a’ perfume.

His brow was like the mountain sna,
Gilt by the morning beam ;
His cheeks like living roses glow ;
His een like azure stream.

¹ A drinking cup of maple ; other editions read *ezar*.—*Percy*.

The boy was clad in robes of greene,
Sweete as the infant spring ;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the valleys ring.]

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care ;
And there he first spied Gil Morice,
Kameing his zellow hair :

[That sweetly waved around his face,
That face beyond compare ;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A' rage, but fell despair.]

“ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady loved thee weel ;
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.

“ Zet neir the less now, Gil Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Zes rew the day ze eir was born,
That head sall gae wi' me.”

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae ;
And through Gil Morice fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.

And he has tain Gil Morice head,
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on the castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Gil Morice' head
Cum trailing to the town.

“Far better I love that bluidy head,
Bot, and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a’ his lands,
As they lig here and thair.”

And she has tain her Gil Morice,
And kiss’d baith mouth and chin ;
“I was once as fou of Gil Morice
As the hip is o’ the stean.

“I got ze in my father’s house,
Wi’ mickle sin and shame ;
I brocht thee up in gude green wode,
Under the heavy rain.

“Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleep ;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weep.”

And syne she kiss’d his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin ;
“Oh better I lo’e my Gil Morice
Than a’ my kith and kin !”

“Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an ill death mait ze dee ;
Gin I had kend he’d bin zour son,
He’d neir bin slain for mee.”

“Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard !
Obraid me not for shame !
Wi’ that same speir, oh pierce my heart !
And put me out o’ pain.

“Since nothing bot Gil Morice head
Thy jealous rage could quell ;
Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

“To me nae after days nor nights
Will ere be saft or kind ;
I’ll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.”

“ Enouch of blood by me’s bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee ;
I rather lourd it had been mysel’,
Than eather him or thee.

“ With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursèd hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.

“ Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound ;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart’s blude on the ground.

“ I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill ;
The feet that bore me wi’ sik speid,
The comely zouth to kill.

“ I’ll aye lament for Gil Morice,
As gin he were mine ain ;
I’ll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain.”



THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

THE awkward conduct of a man in the management of the interior affairs of his house, in the absence of his wife, is very humorously related in the following poem. Tired with the labours of the day, cold, and drenched with rain, the husband, when he comes home, finds his wife seated comfortably at the fire. Comparing his present state with hers, he considers her present situation as far preferable to his, and in an angry mood informs her that next day she must direct the plough in his stead, while he would remain at home and perform her work. To this she consents, at same time giving him directions how he was to conduct himself. According to agreement, she rises early in the morning, and goes out to labour: shortly afterwards the husband also enters on his new office, his bungling execution of which is most ludicrously described by the poet. Finding everything go wrong with him, he gives up

his office to his wife on her return home in the evening, promising never to forsake his own employment. The poem may be viewed as a satire on those who imagine that there is no difficulty in any profession except their own.

IN Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man,
 An husband, as I hard it tauld,
 Quha weil could tippil out a can,
 And naithir luvit hunger nor cauld.
 Quhill anis it fell upon a day
 He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain;
 Gif it be trew, as I heard say,
 The day was fowll for wind and rain.

He lowsit the pleuch at the landis en',
 And draife his oxen hame at ene;
 Quhen he came in he lukit ben,
 And saw the wife, baith dry and clene,
 Sittand at ane fyre, beik and bauld,
 With ane fat soup, as I heard say;
 The man being very weit and cauld,
 Betwein thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, "Quhair is my horsis corn?
 My ox hes naithir hay nor stray:
 Dame, ye maun to the pleuch the morn;
 I sall be hussy gif I may."
 "Husband," quoth scho, "content am I
 To tak the pleuch my day about;
 Sa ye will rell baith kavis and ky,¹
 And all the house, baith in and out.

"But sen that ye will hussyskep ken,
 First ye sall sift, end syne sall kned;
 And ay, as ye gang but and ben,
 Luk that the bairns fyle not the bed.
 Yeis lay ane soft wisp to the kill;
 (We haife ain deir ferme on our heid;)
 And aye as ye gang furth and till,
 Keip weill the gaislings fra the gled."²

¹ Calves and kine.

² Goslins from the hawk.

The wyfe was up richt late at ene,
I pray God gife her weil to fair!
Scho kirk'd the kirk, and skum'd it clene,
Left the gudeman bot bledoch¹ bair.
Than in the morning up scho gat,
And on her hairt laid her disjune;
And pat als meikle in her lap
As micht haif serd them baith at nune.

Says, "Jok, be thou maister of wark,
And thou sall had, and I sall ka;
I'se promise thee ane gude new sark,
Outhir of round claith or of sma."
Scho lousit the oxin, aught or nine,
And hynt ane gad-staff in her hand;
Up the gudeman raise after syne,
And saw the wyfe had done command.

He cawd the gaislings furth to feid,
Thair was but sevensume of them a',
And by their cumis the gredy gled,
And likkit up fyve, left him but twa.
Than out he ran, in all his mane,
How sune he hard the gaislings cry,
But than, or he cam in agane,
The calvis brak louse and suckit the ky.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than thair cumis ane illwilly cow,
And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled.
Than hame ran to a rok of tow,
And he sat doun to say the spinning;
I trow he lowtit our neir the low—
Quoth he, "This wark has ill beginning."

Hynd to the kirk than did he stoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he swat;
Quhen he had fumlit a full lang hour,
The sorrow a scrape of butter he gat;

¹ Skimmed milk.

Albeit na butter he could get,
Yit he was cummerit with the kirne,
And syne he het the milk our het,
And sorrow a spark of it wald yirne.

Than ben thair cam ane griedy sow,
I trow he cund hir little thank,
For in scho shot her mekle mow,
And aye scho winkit and scho drank.
He cleikit up an cruiked club,
And thocht to hit the sow a rout ;
The twa gaislings the gled had left
That straik dang baith their harnis out.

Than he bare kindling to the kill,
But scho stert up all in ane low ;
Quhatevir he hard, quhatevir he saw,
That day he had na will to wow.
Than he gied to tak up the bairnis,
Thocht to haif fand thame fair and clene ;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was a' bedirtin to the ene.

The first it smelt sae sappellie,
To touche the lave he did nocht grene :
"The devil cut off thair hands," quoth he,
"That fill'd ye a' sa fow yestrene !"
He trailit the fowll sheites down the gait,
Thocht to haif waschet thame on a stane ;
The burne was risen grit of spait,
Away fra him the sheitis has tane.

Than up he gat on ane know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to schout ;
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
But stoutly steirid the stottes about.
Scho draif al day unto the nicht ;
Scho lousit the pleuch, and syne came hame ;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt ;
I trow the man thocht richt great shame.

Quoth he, "My office I forsaik
For all the dayis of my lyfe ;
For I wald put ane house to wraik,
Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife."

Quoth scho, "Weil meit ye bruke your place,
For trewlie I will nevir accep it :"
Quoth he, "Feind fall the lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to git it."

Then up scho gat ane mekle rung,
And the gudman maid to the doir :
Quoth he, "Deme I sall hald my tung,
For an we fecht I'll get the woir."
Quoth he, "Quhen I forsuik my pleuch,
I trow I but forsuik my sell ;
And I will to my pleuch agane,
For I and this hous will neir do weil."



THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

"It has been a favourite subject with English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the 'King and the Miller,' we have 'King Henry and the Soldier,' 'King James I. and the Tinker,' 'King William III. and the Forester,' &c. Of the latter sort are, 'King Alfred and the Shepherd,' 'King Edward IV. and the Tanner,' 'King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler,' &c. A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, entitled 'John the Reeve,' which is built on an adventure of the same kind that happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his reeves or bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. ; and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all the verses that have been since written in imitation of it."—*Percy*.

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a-hunting
To the grene forest so pleasant and faire ;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping :
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire :
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepared
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summer's day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one ;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forced all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last :
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham,
"Sir," quoth the miller, "I meane not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
Yo doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king,
merrily,
"Passing thy judgment upon me so brieve?"
"Good faith," sayd the miller, "I meane not to flatter
thee ;
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thefe :
Stand thee backe in the dark ; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knave's crowne."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king, "saying
thus ;
I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke."
"Thou hast not," quoth the miller, "one grot in thy
purse ;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."
"I have gold to discharge all that I call ;
If it be but forty pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a true man," then quoth the miller,
"I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all
night."
"Here's my hand," quoth the king ; "that was I ever."
"Nay, soft," quoth the miller, "thou mayest be a
sprite.
Better I'll know thee ere hands we will shake ;
With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse ;
The miller first enter'd in ; after him went the king ;
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
" Now," quoth hee, " let me see here what you are."
Quoth our king, " Looke your fill, and doe not
spare."

" I like well thy countenance ; thou hast an honest
face ;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye."
Quoth his wife, " By my troth, it is a handsome
youth ;
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no runaway ; prythee, youth, tell ?
Show me thy passport, and all shall be well."

Then our king, presentlye making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say :
" I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtier, rode out of my way ;
And for your kindness here offer'd to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, " It seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin."
" Yea," quoth hee, " you may see he hath some grace
When he doth speake to his betters in place."

" Well," quoth the miller's wife, " young man, ye're
welcome here ;
And, though I say it, well lodgèd shall be ;
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth
shee.
" Aye," quoth the goodman, " and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne."

“Nay, first,” quoth Richard, “good fellowe, tell me true,

Hast thou no creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?”

“I pray,” quoth the king, “what creatures are those?”

“Art thou not lousy, nor scabby?” quoth he:

“If thou beest, surely thou lvest not with mee.”

This caused the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.

Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle.
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

“Here,” quoth the miller, “good fellowe, I drinke to thee,

And to all ‘cuckholds, wherever they bee.’”

“I pledge thee,” quoth our king, “and thanke thee heartilye

For mye welcome in every good degree;

And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.”

“Do, then,” quoth Richard, “and quicke let it come.”

“Wife,” quoth the miller, “fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we’ll taste.”

A fair ven’son pastye brought she out presentlye.

“Eate,” quoth the miller; “but, sir, make no waste.
Here’s dainty lightfoote!”—“In faith,” sayd the king,
“I never before eat so daintye a thing.”

“I wis,” quoth Richard, “no daintye at all it is;
For we doe eate of it everye day.”

“In what place,” sayd our king, “may be bought like to this?”

“We never pay penny for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;

Now and then we make bold with our kinge’s deer.”

"Then I thinke," sayd our king, "that it is venison."

"Eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may know
that ;

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well flesh'd, and excellent fat :

But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe ;

We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe."

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my promist
secresye ;

The king shall never know more on't for me."

A cupp of lamb's-wool¹ they dranke unto him then,

And to their bedds they past presentlie.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,

For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the miller's "cott," soon they espy'd him
out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede ;

To whom they came presently, falling down on their
knee,

Which made the miller's heart wofully bleede ;

Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,

Thinking he should have been hang'd by the Rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,

Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed ;

The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,

Doubting the king would have cut off his head.

But he, his kind courtesye for to requite,

Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE.

When as our royall king came home from Nottingham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;

Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,

In this late progress along on the way ;

Of them all, great and small, he did protest,

The miller of Mansfield's sport likèd him best.

¹ Ale and roasted apples.

“And now, my lords,” quoth the king, “I am determined
Against Sir George’s next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm’d knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest ;
For, in this merriment, ’tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.”

When as the noble lords saw the kinge’s pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts ;
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had oftentimes been in those parts.
When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then ’gan he tell.

“God save your worshippe,” then sayd the messenger,
“And grant your ladye her own heart’s desire ;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness,
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St George’s day ;

“Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.”
“I wis,” quoth the miller, “this is an odd jest :
What should we doe there ? faith, I am halfe afraid.”
“I doubt,” quoth Richard, “to be hang’d at the least.”
“Nay,” quoth the messenger, “you doe mistake ;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.”

Then sayd the miller, “By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings to ’quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou me ; tell to our king,
We’ll wayt on his mastership in everye thing.”

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicity,
And making many leggs, tooke their reward ;
And, his leave taking with great humilitie,
To the king’s court againe he repair’d ;
Showing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knichte’s most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus 'gan the miller say,
 "Here comes expenses and charges indeed;
 Now must we needs be brave, though we spend all we
 have;

For of new garments we have great need:
 Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
 With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more."

"Tushe, Sir John," quoth his wife, "why should you
 fret or frowne?

Ye shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
 For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,
 With everye thing else as fine as may bee;
 And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
 With pillows and pannells, as we shall provide."

In this most statelie sort, rode they unto the court,
 Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;
 Who set up, for good hap,¹ a cock's feather in his cap,
 And so they jetted² downe to the king's hall;
 The merry old miller with hands on his side;
 His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
 Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine:
 "Welcome, sir knight," quoth he, "with your gay lady;
 Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe;
 And so is the squire of courage so free."
 Quoth Dickie, "A bots on you! do you know mee?"

.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
 While the king taketh them both by the hand;
 With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen of
 spades,
 The miller's wife did soe orderly stand.
 A milk-maid's courtesye at every word;
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

¹ For good luck.

² Strutted.

There the king royally, in princelye majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight ;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight :
“ Here’s to you both, in wine, ale, and beer ;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.”

Quoth Sir John Cockle, “ I’ll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire ;”
“ But then,” said our king, “ now I think of a thing ;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.”
“ Ho, ho !” quoth Richard, “ full well I may say it,
’Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.”

“ Why art thou angry ?” quoth our king merrilye ;
“ In faith I take it now very unkind ;
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
heartily.”

Quoth Dicke, “ You are like to stay till I have dined ;
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small ;
Zounds, a blacke pudding is better than all.”

“ Aye, marry,” quoth our king, “ that were a dainty
thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate.”
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his
hose,
Which with heat of his breech ’gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away :
“ ’Tis meat for your master ; good sir, you must stay.”

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent ;
And then the ladyes preparèd to dance.
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent¹
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

¹ Immediately.





They shot him dead at the Nine-Stone rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.
—BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed ;
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee :
Quoth he, "Jugg Grumball, sir, with the red head ;
She's my love, she's my life ; her will I wed ;
She only shall share with me my marriage bed.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer ;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye :
"Take heed now you steale no more of my deer ;
And once a quarter let's here have your view ;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."



BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

'THE following beautiful fragment was taken down by Mr Surtees, from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman who weeded in his garden. The hero of the ditty, if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried, at her request, near their usual place of meeting ; which may account for his being laid not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin ; and there is, or was, a headless cross, among many so named, near Elsdon, in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle, which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable. The style of the ballad is rather Scottish than Northumbrian. They certainly did bury in former days near the Nine-Stane Burn ; for the editor remembers finding a small monumental cross, with initials, lying among the heather. It was so small that, with the assistance of another gentleman, he easily placed it upright."—*Scott*.

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch,¹ and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower;
And threw her robes aside ;
She tore her ling long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They row'd him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
And the gray friars sung the dead man's
mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stane Burn,
And they cover'd him o'er with the heather-
flower,
The moss, and the lady fern.

A gray friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.



¹ Willow.

GLENLOGIE.

THREESCORE o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a' ;
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me."

"Oh, haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better
than he ;"

"Oh, say na sae, mither, for that canna be ;
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and
shoon,

Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum shun¹ again ?"

"Oh, here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and
shoon,

Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum shun again."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas wash and go
dine ;

'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine :

"Oh, 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er
shall be mine,

To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee ;"

The first line that he read, a low smile gae he ;

The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e ;

But the last line that he read, he gart the table
flee.

"Gar² saddle the black horse, gar saddle the
brown ;

Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town ;

But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to
the green,

Oh, bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

¹ Soon.

² Go.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was
 there,
 Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair :
 "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome !" said
 she ;
 "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben ;
 But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down ;
 She turn'd awa' her head, but the smile was in
 her e'e :
 "Oh, binna fear'd, mither ; I'll maybe no dee."



KATHERINE JANFARIE.

"THIS ballad was originally published in the first edition of the *Border Minstrelsy*, under the title of the 'Laird of Laminton.' It is now given in a more perfect state from several recited copies. The residence of the lady, and the scene of the affray at her bridal, is said, by old people, to have been upon the banks of the Cadden, near to where it joins the Tweed. Others say the skirmish was fought near Traquair, and Katherine Janfarie's dwelling was in the glen, about three miles above Traquair house."—*Scott*.

THERE was a may,¹ and a weel far'd may,
 Lived high up in yon glen ;
 Her name was Katherine Janfarie,
 She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
 Up frae the Lawland border ;
 And he has come to court this may,
 A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
 And he told na ane o' her kin ;
 But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersel',
 And has her favour won.

¹ Maid.

But out then cam Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weil mounted and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he told na the bonnie may hersel',
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see ;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an arm'd man
To be at his command.

The bride look'd out at a high window
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoff'd him, and scorn'd him,
Upon her wedding day ;
And said—" It was the fairy court
To see him in array !

" Oh come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play ?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day ? "

" I come na here to fight," he said,
" I come na here to play ;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonnie bride,
And mount, and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was fill'd up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsel',
At her kinsmen spear'd na leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But if you take your bride again
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in Johnstone gray;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa.

Then whingers¹ flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
"Oh waes me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will;
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whaes blude ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English border
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

¹ Knives or daggers.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,¹
Till on your wedding day ;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish
And play ye foul, foul play.

CATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

"THIS is another version of "Katherine Janfarie," from Motherwell's collection. Mr Motherwell says, 'The present copy was obtained from recitation in the west of Scotland, and is now given as exhibiting the state in which this popular ballad is there preserved. The 10th stanza,

'There were four-and-twenty belted knights,
Sat at a table round,'

seems to contain an allusion to the Knights of the Round Table.'"

THERE was a lass, as I heard say,
Lived low doun in a glen ;
Her name was Catherine Johnstone,
Weel known to many men.

Doun came the laird o' Lamington,
Doun from the south countrie ;
And he is for this bonnie lass,
Her bridegroom for to be.

He's ask'd her father and mother,
The chief of a' her kin ;
And then he ask'd the bonnie lass,
And did her favour win.

Doun came an English gentleman,
Doun from the English border ;
He is for this bonnie lass,
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mother,
As I do hear them say ;
But he never ask'd the lass hersel',
Till on her wedding day.

¹ Carry you off by force.

But she has wrote a long letter,
And seal'd it with her hand ;
And sent it to Lord Lamington,
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain ;
But or¹ he read the letter o'er,
He was baith pale and wan.

Then he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land ;
And four-and-twenty arm'd men
Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them on the lee ;
And he's awa to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
As I do understand,
There were four-and-twenty belted knights
Sat at a table round.

They rose all to honour him,
For he was of high renown ;
They rose all for to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

Oh meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups did flow ;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

Oh meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups gaed round ;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

¹ Before.

“ Oh came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play ?
Or came ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding day ? ”

“ I came not here for sport,” he said,
“ Neither did I for play ;
But for one word o’ your bonnie bride,
I’ll mount and go away.”

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say ;
But the first question he ask’d at her,
Was always answer’d nay :
The next question he ask’d at her
Was, “ Mount and come away ? ”

It’s up the Couden bank,
And doun the Couden brae ;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It’s a weel won play.

Oh meikle was the blood was shed
Upon the Couden brae ;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It’s a’ fair play.

Come a’ ye English gentlemen,
That is of England born,
Come na doun to Scotland,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They’ll feed ye up with flattering words,
And that’s foul play ;
And they’ll dress you frogs instead of
fish,
Just on your wedding day.



THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF
BRISTOW.*(From the Roxburghe Ballads.)*

PART FIRST.

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin, the merchant's daughter of Bristow
town,
Whose firm affection nothing could move ;
This favour bears the lovely brown.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many years had borne this lady great
good will ;
She lovèd him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her
friends,
The force of sorrow to expel,
To view strange countries he intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,
With music sweet that did excel
He plays under her window then.

"Farewell," quoth he, "mine own true love ;
Farewell, my dear, and chiefest treasure of my
heart !

Through fortune's spite, that false did prove,
I am inforced from thee to part

"Into the land of Italy ;
There will I wail, and weary out my days in
woe ;
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe.

“Fair Bristow town, therefore adieu ;
For Padua shall be my habitation now ;
Although my love doth lodge in thee
To whom alone my heart I vow.”

With trickling tears this did he sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart
full sore ;
He said, when he his hands did wring,
“Farewell, sweet love, for evermore !”

Fair Maudlin, from a window high,
Beholding her true love with music where he
stood ;
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents' angry mood.

In tears she spent this doleful night,
Wishing, though naked, with her faithful friend ;
She blames her friends, and fortune's spite,
That wrought their loves such luckless end.

And in her heart she made a vow
Clean to forsake her country and her kinsfolk
all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early she did rise :
She gets her down in a lower room,
Where sundry seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all—
The master of a fair and goodly ship was he—
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speak with her father if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand :
“Good sir,” said she, “would you speak with
any here ?”
Quoth he, “Fair maid, therefore I stand.”
“Then, gentle sir, I pray you to draw near.”

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all
alone ;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan.

She falls upon her tender knee :
"Good sir," she said, "now pity you a woman's
woe,
And prove a faithful friend to me,
That I my grief to you may show."

"Sith you repose your trust," he said,
"To me that am unknown, and eke a stranger
here,
Be you assured, most proper maid,
Most faithful still I will appear."

"I have a brother then,
Whom as my life I love and favour tenderly;
In Padua, alas ! is he,
Full sick, God wot, and like to die.

"And fain I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yield to let me go ;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour show.

"Some ship-boy's garment bring to me,
That I disguised may go away from hence
unknown ;
And unto sea I'll go with thee,
If thus much favour may be shown."

"Fair maid," quoth he, "take here my hand ;
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require."

She gave him then a tender kiss :
"And faith, your servant, gallant master, will
I be,
And prove your faithful friend for this ;
Sweet master, then, forget not me."

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soon after, early, before the break of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herself array ;

And ere her father did arise,
She meets her master as he walks in the hall ;
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, " Our daughter is gone away ! "

The merchant, thus amazed in mind,
" Yonder vile wretch enticed away my child,"
 quoth he ;
" But well, I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy."

With that bespake the master brave :
" Worshipful master, thither goes this pretty
 youth,
And anything that you would have,
He will perform it, and write the truth."

" Sweet youth," quoth he, " if it be so,
Bear me a letter to the English merchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow :
My daughter's welfare I do fear."

Her mother takes her by the hand :
" Fair youth," quoth she, " if there thou dost
 my daughter see,
Let me thereof soon understand,
And there is twenty crowns for thee."

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when she spake unto
 her child ;
And after her master straightway she hies,
Taking her leave with countenance mild.

Thus to the sea fair Maudlin is gone
With her gentle master : God send them a
merry wind ;
Where we awhile must let them alone,
Till you the second part do find.

PART SECOND.

“Welcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter storms and tempests do arise ;
The pleasant banks of Italy
We may behold with mortal eyes.”

“Thanks, gentle master,” then quoth she ;
“A faithful friend in sorrow hast thou been ;
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankful heart shall well be seen.

“Blest be the land that feeds my love !
Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide !
No trial will I stick to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tried.

“Now will I walk with joyful heart,
To view the town whereas my darling doth
remain,
And seek him out in every part,
Until I do his sight attain.”

“And I,” quoth he, “will not forsake
Sweet Maudlin, in her sorrow up and down ;
In wealth and woe thy part I’ll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town.”

And after many weary steps
In Padua they safely do arrive at last ;
For very joy her heart it leaps ;
She thinks not of her sorrows past.

Condemn’d to die he was, alas !
Except he would from his religion turn ;
But rather than he would to mass,
In fiery flames he vow’d to burn.

Now doth Maudlin weep and wail ;
Her joy is changed to weeping, sorrow, grief,
and care ;

But nothing could her complaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.

She walks under the prison walls,
Where her true love doth lie and languish in
distress ;

Most woefully for food he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppress.

He sighs and sobs, and makes great moan :
“ Farewell,” he said, “ sweet England, now for
evermore,

And all my friends that have me known
In Bristow town with wealth and store.

“ But most of all farewell,” quoth he,
“ My own true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left
behind ;

For never more shall I see thee ;
Woe to thy father most unkind !

“ How well were I if thou wert here,
With thy fair hands to close these wretched
eyes ;

My torments easy would appear,
My soul with joy should scale the skies.”

When Maudlin heard her lover's moan,
Her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow
fillèd was ;

To speak with him no means is known,
Such grievous doom on him did pass.

Then she cast off her lad's attire ;
A maiden's weed upon her back she seemly set :
To the judge's house she did inquire,
And there she did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her master fell ;
His servant's favour he doth crave.

“Maudlin,” quoth he, “my heart’s delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despite;
A faithful friend I will be tried.

“Grant me thy love, fair maid,” quoth he,
And at my hands require what thou canst
devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise.”

“I have a brother, sir,” she said,
“For his religion is now condemn’d to die;
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppress’d with grief and misery.

“Grant me my brother’s life,” she said,
“And to you my love and liking I will give.”
“That may not be,” quoth he, “fair maid;
Except he turn, he cannot live.”

“An English friar there is,” she said,
“Of learning great, and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soon the strife.”

Her master hearing this request,
The mariner in friar’s weed she did array,
And to her love that lay distress’d,
She did a letter straight convey.

When he had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravishèd with sudden joy;
Where now she was full well he knew;
The friar likewise was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in
hand.

The young man did the friar charge
His love should straight depart the land.

“ Here is no place for her,” he said,
“ But woeful death and danger of her harmless
 life ;
Professing truth I was betray’d,
And fearful flames must end my strife.

“ For ere I will my faith deny,
And swear myself to follow damn’d Antichrist,
I’ll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest.”

“ O sir !” the gentle friar said,
“ For your sweet love recant and save your
 wishèd life.”
“ A woeful match,” quoth he, “ is made
Where Christ is lost to win a wife.”

When she had wrought all means that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would
 not be,
Then of the judge she claim’d her right,
To die the death as well as he.

When no persuasion could prevail,
Nor change her mind in anything that she had
 said,
She was with him condemn’d to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arm in arm most joyfully
These lovers twain into the fire did go ;
The mariner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
The faithful friendship did in them remain,
They saved their lives ; and afterward
To England sent them home again.

Now was their sorrow turn’d to joy,
And faithful lovers had now their heart’s desire ;
Their pains so well they did employ,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
 And in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
 Great joy there was to all and some
 That heard the dangers they had past.

Her gentle master she desired
 To be her father, and at the church to give
 her then :
 It was fulfill'd as she required,
 Unto the joy of all good men.



GLENFINLAS ; OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.¹

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus:—While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy*, (a hut built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced, by the syren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut ; the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's-harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called *The Glen of the Green Women*.

"Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Trosachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the

¹ The lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

“ For them the viewless forms of air obey,
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
 To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.”
 —*Scott.*

OH hone a rie' ! oh hone a rie' !¹
 The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
 And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
 We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

Oh, sprung from great Macgillianore,
 The chief that never fear'd a foe,
 How matchless was thy broad claymore,
 How deadly thine unerring bow !

Well can the Saxon² widows tell,
 How on the Teith's resounding shore,
 The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
 As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
 How blazed Lord Ronald's Beltane-tree,³
 While youths and maids the light strathspey
 So nimbly danced, with Highland glee !

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
 E'en age forgot his tresses hoar ;
 But now the loud lament we swell,
 Oh, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more !

From distant isles a Chieftain came,
 The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
 And chase with him the dark brown game
 That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

¹ “ Alas for the prince, or chief.”

² “ The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-country neighbours.”—*Scott.*

³ “ The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the 1st of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.”—*Scott.*

'Twas Moy ; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wand'ring spirits shrink to hear ;
And many a lay of potent tone
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud
That shall the future corpse enfold.

Oh, so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board ;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew ;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown ;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high ?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath, and melting eye ?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile,
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh ;
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ?"

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
The yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the seer's sad spirit came.

“The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
The gift, the future ill to know

“The bark thou saw’st yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban’s bay,
My eye beheld her dash’d and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“Thy Fergus too—thy sister’s son,
Thou saw’st, with pride, the gallant’s power,
As marching ’gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“Thou only saw’st their tartans wave,
As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,
Heardst but the pibroch, answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

“I heard the groans, I mark’d the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour’d his clan’s resistless roar.

“And thou, who bidd’st me think of bliss,
And bidd’st my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss,—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

“I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they’re gone, and
now . . .
No more is given to gifted eye!”

“Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy’s transient beams,
Because to-morrow’s storm may lour?

“Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian’s chieftain ne’er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture’s glow,
Though doom’d to stain the Saxon spear.

“E’en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary’s buskins brush the dew;”—
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call’d his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return’d each hound;
In rush’d the rousers of the deer;
They howl’d in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy’s prophetic dreams,
As, bending o’er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire’s quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl
Close press’d to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch’d, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press’d the floor.

And by the watch-fire’s glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel’s side was seen
A huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill’d was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o’er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
“O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas’ moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

“With her a chief in Highland pride ;
His shoulders bear the hunter’s bow
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?”—

“And who art thou? and who are they?”
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied ;
“And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas’ side?”—

“Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

“To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

“Oh, aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost ;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking
ghost.”—

“Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there ;
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”—

“Oh, first, for pity’s gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way !
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father’s towers ere day.”—

“First, three times tell each Ave bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say ;
Then kiss with me the holy reed :
So shall we safely wind our way.”

“ Oh, shame to knighthood, strange and foul !
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

“ Not so, by high Dunlathmon’s fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna’s melting eye.”

Wild stared the Minstrel’s eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“ And thou, when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign’d,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail’d ye on the midnight wind ?

“ Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line ;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”

He mutter’d thrice St Oran’s rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan’s powerful prayer ;
Then turn’d him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair :

And, bending o’er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind ;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax’d the Spirit’s altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew ;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear :
The slender hut in fragments flew ;
But not a lock of Moy’s loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise ;
High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell ;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood,
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm ;
The fingers strain'd a half-drawn blade ;
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore ;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills :
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen !
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell ;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

Oh hone a rie' ! oh hone a rie' !
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !



PATIENT GRISSELL.

THE story of Griselda, the patient and virtuous model of womanly and wifely obedience, who came victoriously out of the most cruel and wicked ordeals, was first told in the *Decameron*. Boccaccio derived the incidents from Petrarch; and Chaucer has embodied them in his *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale*. The following version of this popular ballad is from *The Garland of Good Will*, 1596.

I.

A NOBLE marquess,
As he did ride a hunting
 Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
 His gentle eye espied.
Most fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was she,
 Although in simple attire:
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant voice melodiously,
 Which set the lord's heart on fire.
The more he look'd, the more he might;
Beauty bred his heart's delight,
And to this comely damsel
 Then he went:—
"God speed," quoth he, "thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and virtue
 Dwell with sweet content."

With comely gesture,
And modest mild behaviour,
 She bid him welcome then;
She entertain'd him
In faithful friendly manner,
 And all his gentlemen.
The noble marquess
In's heart felt such a flame,
 Which set his senses all at strife:
Quoth he, "Fair maiden,
Show me soon what is thy name!
 I mean to make thee my wife."

“Grissell is my name,” quoth she,
“Far unfit for your degree,
A silly maiden,
 And of parents poor.”
“Nay, Grissell, thou art rich,” he said,
“A virtuous, fair, and comely maid ;
Grant me thy love,
 And I will ask no more.”

II.

At length she consented,
And being both contented
 They married were with speed ;
Her country russet
Was changed to silk and velvet,
 As to her state agreed ;
And when that she
Was trimly tirèd in the same,
 Her beauty shone most bright,
Far staining every
Other fair and princely dame,
 That did appear in sight.
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,
And 'twixt her lord and she,
 Great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggar's brat,
And to her lord
 They would her oft dispraise.

“O noble marquess !”
Quoth they, “why dost thou wrong us,
 Thus basely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honourable lady
 Into your princely bed ?
Who will not now
Your noble issue still deride,
 Which shall hereafter be born,

That are of blood so base,
Born by the mother's side,
 The which will bring them in scorn.
Put her, therefore, quite away,
And take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage
 May renownèd be."
Thus every day they seem'd to prate
That maliced Grissell's good estate ;
Who all this while
 Took it most patiently.

III.

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus
 Against his faithful wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly, and entirely,
 Beloved as his life ;
Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
 Thereby her foes to disgrace ;
Thinking to show her
A hard discourteous part,
 That men might pity her case.
Great with child this lady was,
And at last it came to pass,
Two goodly children
 At one birth she had :
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,
And which did make
 Their mother's heart full glad.

Great royal feasting,
Was at these children's christening,
 And princely triumph made ;
Six weeks together,
All nobles that came thither,
 Were entertain'd and stay'd ;

And when all these pleasant
Sportings were quite done,
 The marquess a messenger sent
For his young daughter,
And his pretty smiling son ;
 Declaring his full intent,
How that the babes must murder'd be ;
For so the marquess did decree.
"Come, let me have
 The children," then he said.
With that fair Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
"My gracious lord
 Must have his will obey'd."

IV.

She took the babies,
Even from the nursing ladies,
 Between her tender arms ;
She often wishes
With many sorrowful kisses,
 That she might ease their harms.
"Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times, my children dear,
 Never shall I see you again ;
'Tis long of me,
Your sad and woeful mother here,
 For whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of royal race,
You might have lived in happy case ;
But you must die
 For my unworthiness.
Come, messenger of death," quoth she,
"Take my dearest babes to thee,
And to their father
 My complaints express."

He took the children,
And to his noble master,
 He bore them thence with speed ;

Who in secret sent them
Unto a noble lady,
 To be brought up in deed.
Then to fair Grissell,
With a heavy heart he goes,
 Where she sat mildly all alone.
A pleasant gesture,
And a lovely look she shows,
 As if no grief she had known.
Quoth he, "My children now are slain;
What thinks fair Grissell of the same?
Sweet Grissell, now
 Declare thy mind to me."
"Sith you, my lord, are pleased with it,
Poor Grissell thinks the action fit:
Both I and mine
 At your command will be."

V.

"My nobles murmur,
Fair Grissell, at thy honour,
 And I no joy can have,
Till thou be banish'd,
Both from the court and presence,
 As they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stripp'd
Out of thy stately garments all;
 And as thou cam'st to me,
In homely gray,
Instead of bisse and purest pall,
 Now all thy clothing must be:
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore
The poorest life
 Must now content thy mind.
A groat to thee I must not give
Thee to maintain while I do live;
Against my Grissell
 Such great foes I find."

When gentle Grissell
Did hear these woeful tidings,
 The tears stood in her eyes,
Nothing she answer'd,
No words of discontentment
 Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown
Most patiently she stripp'd off,
 Her kirtle of silk with the same :
Her russet gown
Was brought again with many a scoff,
 To bear them herself she did frame.
When she was dress'd in this array,
And was ready to part away,
"God send long life
 Unto my lord," quoth she ;
"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my love a parting kiss."
With watery eyes,
 "Farewell, my dear," said he.

VI.

From princely palace
Unto her father's cottage
 Poor Grissell now is gone.
Full sixteen winters
She lived there contented ;
 No wrong she thought upon.
And at that time through
All the land the speeches went,
 The marquess should married be
Unto a noble lady great,
Of high descent ;
 And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissell fair,
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare
That nothing therein
 Might be found awry.
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some ;
But Grissell took
 All this most patiently.

And in the morning,
When as they should be wedded,
Her patience there was tried :
Grissell was charged
Herself in friendly manner
For to attire the bride.
Most willingly
She gave consent to do the same ;
The bride in bravery was dress'd,
And presently
The noble marquess thither came
With all his lords at his request.
" O Grissell, I would ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree ?
Methinks thy looks
Are waxèd wondrous coy."
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissell she replied the while,
" God send lord marquess
Many years of joy."

VII.

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved
Thus patient in distress ;
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he took her,
These words he did express :—
" Thou art my bride,
And all the bride I mean to have :
These two thy own children be."
The youthful lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
Her brother as well as she.
" And you that envied her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame,
And honour virtuous life.
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissell,
My most constant wife."

THE MILLER'S SON.

"OH woe is me, the time draws nigh
My love and I must part ;
No one doth know the cares and fears
Of my poor troubled heart.

"Already I have suffer'd much,
Our parting cost me dear ;
Unless I were to go with you,
Or you to tarry here.

"My heart is fix'd within his breast,
And that he knows right well ;
I fear that I some tears will shed,
When I bid you farewell.

"When I bid you farewell," she said,
"This day, and woe is me ;
And cauld and shrill the wind blows still,
Between my love and me.

"The hat my love wears on his head,
It's not made of the woo ;
But it is o' the silk so fine,
And becomes his noble brow.

"His eyes do wink, and aye so jimp,
His hair shines like the broom ;
And I would not gi'e my laddie's love
For a' the wealth in Rome."

He said, "Farewell, my dearest dear,
Since from you I must go ;
Let ne'er your heart be full of grief,
Nor anguish make you woe.

"If life remains, I will return,
And bear you companie ;"
Now cauld and shrill the wind blows still
Between my love and me.

“ His bonnie middle is so well made,
His shoulders brave and braid ;
Out of my mind he'll never be
Till in my grave I'm laid.

“ Till I'm in grave laid low,” she says,
“ Alas ! and woe is me ;
Now cauld and raw the wind does blaw
Between my love and me.

“ Some do mourn for oxen,” she said,
“ And others mourn for kye ;
And some do mourn for dowie death,
But none for love but I.

“ What need I make all this din,
For this will never dee ;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.”

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
And sat down by the shore,
In hopes to meet with some relief,
But still her grief grew more.

“ Oh I'll sit here while my life's in,
Until the day I die ;
Oh cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

“ Oh see ye not yon bonnie ship,
She's beauteous to behold ;
Her sails are of the tafety fine,
Her topmasts shine like gold.

“ In yonder ship my love does skip,
And quite forsaken me ;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

“ My love he's neither laird nor lord,
Nor ane of noble kin ;
But my bonnie love, the sailor bold,
Is a poor miller's son.

“ He is a miller’s son,” she says,
“ And will be till he die ;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

“ My love he’s bound to leave the land,
And cross the watery faem ;
And the bonnie ship my love sails in,
The Goldspink is her name.

“ She sails mair bright than Phœbus fair
Out o’er the raging sea ;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

“ He promised to send letters to me,
Ere six months they were gone ;
But now nine months they are expired,
And I’ve receivèd none.

“ So I may sigh, and say, alas !
This day, and woe is me ;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

“ I wish a stock-stone aye on earth,
And high winds on the sea ;
To cause my true love stay at home,
And no more go from me.

“ What needs me for to wish in vain ?
Such things will never be ;
The wind blaws sair in everywhere
Between my love and me.”



KING MALCOLM AND SIR COLVIN.

THERE ance lived a king in fair Scotland,
King Malcolm call’d by name ;
Whom ancient history gives record
For valour, worth, and fame.

And it fell ance upon a day,
The king sat down to dine ;
And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
Whose name was Sir Colvin.

But out it speaks another knight,
Ane o' Sir Colvin's kin ;
" He's lying in bed right sick in love,
All for your daughter Jean."

" Oh waes me," said the royal king,
" I'm sorry for the same ;
She maun take bread and wine sae red,
Give it to Sir Colvin."

Then gently did she bear the bread,
Her page did carry the wine ;
And set a table at his bed,—
" Sir Colvin, rise and dine."

" Oh well love I the wine, lady,
Come frae your lovely hand ;
But better love I your fair body,
Than all fair Scotland's strand."

" Oh hold your tongue now, Sir Colvin,
Let all your folly be ;
My love must be by honour won,
Or nane shall enjoy me.

" But on the head o' Elrick's hill,
Near by yon sharp hawthorn,
Where never a man with life e'er came
Sin' our sweet Christ was born.

" Oh ye'll gang there and walk a' night,
And boldly blaw your horn ;
With honour that ye do return,
Ye'll marry me the morn."

Then up it raise him, Sir Colvin,
And dress'd in armour keen ;
And he is on to Elrick's hill,
Without light o' the meen.

At midnight mark the meen upstarts,
The knight walk'd up and down ;
While loudest cracks o' thunder roar'd,
Out ower the bent sae brown.

Then by the twinkling of an e'e
He spied an armèd knight ;
A fair lady bearing his brand,
Wi' torches burning bright.

Then he cried high as he came nigh,
" Coward, thief, I bid you flee !
There is not ane comes to this hill
But must engage wi' me.

" Ye'll best take road before I come,
And best take foot and flee ;
Here is a sword baith sharp and broad,
Will quarter you in three."

Sir Colvin said, " I'm not afraid
Of any here I see ;
You ha'e not ta'en your God before,
Less dread ha'e I o' thee."

Sir Colvin then he drew his sword,
His foe he drew his brand ;
And they fought there on Elrick's hill
Till they were bluidy men.

The first an' stroke the knight he strake,
Ga'e Colvin a slight wound ;
The next an' stroke Lord Colvin strake
Brought's foe unto the ground.

" I yield, I yield," the knight he said,
" I fairly yield to thee ;
Nae ane came e'er to Elrick hill
E'er gain'd such victorie.

" I and my forbears here did haunt
Three hundred years and more ;
I'm safe to swear a solemn oath,
We were never beat before."

“An asking,” said the lady gay,
“An asking ye’ll grant me.”
“Ask on, ask on,” said Sir Colvin,
“What may your asking be?”

“Ye’ll gi’e me hame my wounded knight,
Let me fare on my way ;
And I’se ne’er be seen on Elrick’s hill,
By night, nor yet by day.
And to this place we’ll come nae mair,
Could we win safe away.

“To trouble any Christian one
Lives in the righteous law ;
We’ll come nae mair unto this place,
Could we win safe awa’.”

“Oh ye’se get hame your wounded knight,
Ye shall not gang alane ;
But I maun ha’e a word o’ him,
Before that we twa twine.”

Sir Colvin being a book-learn’d man,
Sae gude in fencing tee ;
He’s drawn a stroke behind his hand,
And follow’d in speedilie.

Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin’s drawn,
And follow’d in speedilie ;
The knight’s brand, and sword hand,
In the air he gar’d them flee.

It flew sae high into the sky,
And lighted on the ground ;
The rings that were on these fingers
Were worth five hundred pound.

Up he has ta’en that bluidy hand,
Set it before the king ;
And the morn it was Wednesday,
When he married his daughter Jean.



YOUNG AIKIN.

"THIS ballad is, to all appearance, very old, and agrees with the romantic history and times of Fergus II. It will be considered by all lovers of Scottish song, as a great acquisition to their store of traditionary poetry. The heroine, Lady Margaret, a king's daughter, was stolen by her father's cup-bearer, who built for her a bower, in which she was so artfully confined, that no one could have discovered the place of her residence. In this bower she bare to her adopted husband seven sons, the oldest of whom was the means of releasing her from her dreary abode. On his arrival at the court of his grandfather, whither he had gone to reconnoitre, the old monarch at once perceived such a family likeness in the face of this woodland boy, as made him inquire after the fate of his long-lost daughter. She, with the rest of her sons, arrived at her father's palace, and, like the prodigal, or long-lost son, was welcomed with joy and gladness. The ballad concludes with the pardon of young Aikin, his reception at the king's court, and the baptism of the children."—*Buchan*.

LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,
Sewing at her silken seam ;
She heard a note in Elmond's Wood,
And wish'd she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
And the needle to her tae ;
And she is on to Elmond's Wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came a young hind cheil,
Says, " Lady, lat alane.

" Oh, why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brake ye the tree ?
For I am forester o' this wood ;
Ye should spier leave at me."

" I'll ask leave at nae living man,
Nor yet will I at thee ;
My father is king o'er a' this realm :
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
Till by it came him young Aikin,
And gar'd her let them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's Wood,
He's pu'd it by the reet ;
And he has built for her a bower
Near by a hallow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane ;
Though travellers were never sae nigh,
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's Wood
For six lang years and one ;
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,
This guid lord went from home ;
And he is to the hunting gane—
Took wi' him his eldest son.

And when they were on a guid way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk ;
The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk :

“A question I would ask, father,
Gin ye wouldna angry be.”
“Say on, say on, my bonnie boy,
Ye's nae be quarrell'd by me.”

“I see my mother's cheeks aye weet,
I never can see them dry ;
And I wonder what aileth my mother,
To mourn continually.”

“Your mother was a king's daughter,
Sprung frae a high degree ;
And she might ha'e wed some worthy prince,
Had she not been stown by me ;

“I was her father's cup-bearer,
Just at that fatal time ;
I catch'd her on a misty night,
Whan summer was in prime ;

“ My luve to her was most sincere,
Her luve was great for me ;
But when she hardships doth endure,
Her folly she doth see.”

“ I’ll shoot the buntin’ o’ the bush,
The linnet o’ the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she’ll merrier be.”

It fell upo’ another day,
This guid lord he thought lang ;
And he is to the hunting gane—
Took wi’ him his dog and gun ;

Wi’ bow and arrow by his side,
He’s aff, single, alane ;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi’ their mither at hame.

“ Oh, I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be.”
“ Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye’s nae be quarrell’d by me.”

“ As we came frae the hynd hunting,
We heard fine music ring.”
“ My blessings on you, my bonnie boy ;
I wish I’d been there my lane.”

He’s ta’en his mither by the hand,
His six brothers also.
And they are on through Elmond’s Wood,
As fast as they could go ;

They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Wi’ the stratlins o’ their feet ;
They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Till at her father’s yate.

“ I ha’e nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings ha’e three ;
I’ll gie them you, my little young son,
And ye’ll walk there for me ;

“Ye’ll gi’e the first to the proud porter,
And he will let you in ;
Ye’ll gi’e the next to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben ;

“Ye’ll gie the third to the minstrel
That plays before the king ;
He’ll play success to the bonnie boy,
Came through the wood him lane.”

He ga’e the first to the proud porter,
And he open’d and let him in ;
He ga’e the next to the butler boy,
And he has shown him ben ;

He ga’e the third to the minstrel
That play’d before the king ;
And he play’d success to the bonnie boy
Came through the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee ;
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his e’e.

“Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Gang frae my companie ;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will birst in three.”

“If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none ;
If I look like your dear daughter,—
I am her eldest son.”

“Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be ?”
“She’s just now standing at your yates,
And my six brothers her wi’.”

“Oh, where are all my porter boys,
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yates baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me.”

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee :
“Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye’ll dine wi’ me.”

“Ae bit I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think.”

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee :
“Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye’sse dine wi’ me.”

“Ae bit I canna eat, mither,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think.”

When that these two sisters met,
She hail’d her courteouslie :
“Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye’sse dine wi’ me.”

“Ae bit I canna eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think.”

“Oh, where are all my rangers bold,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far and wide,
To bring Aikin to me?”

Out it speaks the little wee boy :
“Na, na, this maunna be ;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye’ll nae him see.”

“Oh, here I grant a free pardon,
Well seal’d by my own han’ ;
Ye may make search for young Aikin
As soon as ever you can.”

They search'd the country wide and braid,
The forest far and near ;
And found him into Elmond's Wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up, now young Aikin,
Win up and boun wi' me ;
We're messengers come from the court ;
The king wants you to see."

"Oh, let him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree ;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Aikin,
Nor hang'd upon a tree ;
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee :
"Win up, win up, now young Aikin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy ask'd a boun ;
"I wish we were in the good church,
For to get Christendoun ;

"We ha'e lived in guid green wood
This seven years and ane ;
But a' this time since ere I mind,
Was never a church within."

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be :
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang you wi'."

When into the guid church she came,
She at the door did stan' ;
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She couldna come farer ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile ga'e he :
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower ;
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John ;
They call'd the eldest Young Aikin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they stay'd in the royal court,
And lived wi' mirth and glee ;
And when her father was deceased,
Heir of the crown was she.

LORD BEICHAN.

THIS ballad, of which there are several versions, is supposed to refer to the circumstance of Gilbert Becket, the father of the famous Thomas à Becket, having been captured by the Saracens, and sold into slavery, from which he was afterwards liberated through the aid of a governor's daughter, whom he subsequently married.

YOUNG Beichan was in London born,
He was a man of hie degree ;
He past through monie kingdoms great,
Until he cam unto grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he ;
But unto onie of their stocks
He wadna sae much as bow a knee :

Which made him to be taken straight,
And brought afore their high jurie ;
The savage Moor did speak upright,
And made him meikle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've bored a hole,
And in ilka hole they've put a tree ;
They've made him to draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born,
And still a Christian was he ;
Which made them put him in prison strang,
And cauld and hunger sair to dree ;
And fed on nocht but bread and water,
Until the day that he mot dee.

In this prison there grew a tree,
And it was unco stout and strang ;
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almost gane.

The savage Moor had but ae dochter,
And her name it was Susie Pye ;
And ilka day as she took the air,
The prison door she passed by.

But it fell ance upon a day,
As she was walking, she heard him sing ;
She listen'd to his tale of woe,
A happy day for young Beichan !

“My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
My youngest brother will heir my lands,
My native land I'll never see.”

“Oh were I but the prison-keeper,
As I'm a lady o' hie degree,
I soon wad set this youth at large,
And send him to his ain countrie.”

She went away into her chamber,
All nicht she never closed her ee ;
And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,
And monie pieces o' white monie,
To tak her through the bolts and bars,
The lord frae Scotland she lang'd to see :—
She saw young Beichan at the stake,
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

“Oh ha’e ye got onie lands,” she says,
“Or castles in your ain countrie?
It’s what wad ye gi’e to the ladie fair
Wha out o’ prison wad set you free?”

“It’s I ha’e houses, and I ha’e lands,
Wi’ monie castles fair to see,
And I wad gie a’ to that ladie gay,
Wha out o’ prison wad set me free.”

The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie:—
She fill’d his pockets baith wi’ gowd,
To tak him till his ain countrie.

She took him frae her father’s prison,
And gied to him the best o’ wine;
And a brave health she drank to him,—
“I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine.”

“It’s seven lang years I’ll make a vow,
And seven lang years I’ll keep it true;
If ye’ll wed wi’ na ither woman,
It’s I will wed na man but you.”

She’s tane him to her father’s port,
And gi’en to him a ship o’ fame,—
“Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
I fear I’ll ne’er see you again.”

Lord Beichan turn’d him round about,
And lowly, lowly loutit he:—
“Ere seven lang years come to an end,
I’ll tak you to mine ain countrie.”

Then whan he cam to Glasgow town,
A happy, happy man was he;
The ladies a’ around him thrang’d,
To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o’ sorrow,
And a’ his brothers were dead but he;
His lands they a’ were lying waste,
In ruins were his castles free.

Na porter there stood at his yett ;
Na human creature he could see ;
Except the screeching owls and bats,
Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,
And he had gowd and jewels free ;
And soon the pages around him thrang'd,
To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,
His table rung wi' mirth and glee ;
He soon forgot the lady fair,
That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,
To heir wi' him his lands sae free,
Ne'er thinking that a lady fair
Was on her way frae grand Turkie.

For Susie Pye could get nae rest,
Nor day nor nicht could happy be,
Still thinking on the Scottish lord,
Till she was sick and like to dee.

But she has builded a bonnie ship,
Weel mann'd wi' seamen o' hie degree :
And secretly she stept on board,
And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,
The bells were ringing sae merrilie ;
It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
Wi' a lady fair o' hie degree.

But sic a vessel was never seen,
The very masts were tapp'd wi' gold !
Her sails were made o' the satin fine,
Maist beautiful for to behold.

But when the lady cam on shore,
Attended wi' her pages three,
Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,
And she a lady of great beautie.

Then to the skipper she did say,
"Can ye this answer gi'e to me—
Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid?
He surely lives in this countrie."

Then up bespak' the skipper bold,
(For he could speak the Turkish tongue,)—
"Lord Beichan lives not far away,
This is the day of his wedding."

"If ye will guide me to Beichan's yetts,
I will ye well reward," said she,—
Then she and all her pages went,
A very gallant companie.

When she cam to Lord Biechan's yetts,
She tirl'd gently at the pin,
Sae ready was the proud porter
To let the wedding guests come in.

"Is this Lord Beichan's house," she says,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yes, he is gane into the hall,
With his brave bride, and monie ane."

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece of bread,
Bot and a cup of his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse him out o' pyne."

Then in and cam the porter bold,
I wat he gae three shouts and three,—
"The fairest lady stands at your yetts,
That ever my twa een did see."

Then up bespak the bride's mither,
I wat an angry woman was she,—
"You micht ha'e excepted our bonnie bride,
Tho' she'd been three times as fair as she."

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mot she be!
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

“She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
She has as meikle gowd upon her head,
As wad buy an earldom o’ land to thee.

“My lord, she begs some o’ your bread,
Bot and a cup o’ your best wine,
And bids you mind the lady’s love
That ance did lowse ye out o’ pyne.”

Then up and started Lord Beichan,
I wat he made the table flee,—
“I wad gi’e a’ my yearlie rent,
’Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea.”

Syne up bespak the bride’s mither,—
She was ne’er heard to speak sae free,—
“Ye’ll no forsake my ae dochter,
Though Susie Pye has cross’d the sea?”

“Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,
For she is ne’er the waur o’ me;
She cam to me on horseback riding,
And she sall gang hame in chariot free.”

He’s tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,
And led her through his halls sae hie,—
Ye’re now Lord Beichan’s lawful wife,
And thrice ye’re welcome unto me.”

Lord Beichan prepar’d for another wedding,
Wi’ baith their hearts sae fu’ o’ glee;—
Says, “I’ll range nae mair in foreign lands,
Sin’ Susie Pye has cross’d the sea.”

“Fy! gar a’ our cooks mak ready;
And fy! gar a’ our pipers play;
And fy! gar trumpets gae through the toun,
That Lord Beichan’s wedded twice in a day!”



*THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.**(From Percy's Reliques.)*

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son ;
He loved a bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she, being coy, would not believe
That he did love her so,
Nor would she any countenance
Unto this young man show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice him to bind.

And now he's gone 'tis seven long years,
And never his love could see :
" Oh, many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me !"

One day the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play ;
And then the bailiff's daughter dear,
She secretly stolē away.

She pull'd off her pretty gown of pink,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
For her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down on a grassy bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein :
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Would ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?"
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart then tell to me,
Oh tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I'll sail away for some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"Oh stay, good youth ! oh look, dear love !
She standeth by thy side ;
She's here alive, she is not dead,
She's ready to be thy bride."

"Oh, farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times, therefore !
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."



PROUD LADY MARGARET.

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She lookèd east, and she lookèd west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
You wear the horn so syde."¹

"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle
To seek the love of thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will mane;²
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer my questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.

"Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie, bonnie bird,
Sings on the evening gale?"

"The primrose is the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale;
And the thistlecock is the bonniest bird,
Sings on the evening gale."

"But what's the little coin," she said,
"Wald buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"

"Oh hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony small fishes,
Swim a' the salt sea round?"

¹ Hanging low.

² Lament.

"I think ye maun be my match," she said,
"My match, and something mair,
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three ;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.

"And round about a' thae castles
You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows they will maw."

"Oh hald your tongue, lady Marg'ret," he said,
"For loud I hear you lie !
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three ;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fa' heir to but three.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw.

"I am your brother, Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me ;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
Has gar'd sae monie die."

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."

"Oh hald your tongue, lady Marg'ret," he said,
"Again I hear you lie ;
For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've un-
washen feet,¹
To gae to clay wi' me.

¹ "Alluding to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies."—*Scott*.

“For the wee worms are my bed-fellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets;
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps.”



THE WEE WEE MAN.

THIS fragment was published by David Herd in the first edition of his collection, 1769.

As I was walking all alane,
Between the water and the wa',
There I spyed a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,¹
And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldna listen't to my knee.

“Oh, wee wee man, but thou be strang!
Oh tell me where thy dwelling be?”
“My dwelling's down by yon bonnie bower,
Oh will you go with me and see?”

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie green;
We lighted down to bate our horse,
And out there came a lady sheen.

¹ The fist closed, with the thumb extended, and may be considered a measure of about six inches.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green;
 Though the king of Scotland had been there,
 The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonnie ha',
 Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the stair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';
 But in the twinkling of an e'e,
 My wee wee man was clean awa'.



CHRISTIE'S WILL.

"IN the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters;) but upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who had a casting-vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was therefore to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will, who at once offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engaged him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furze common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle

in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded that he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the law-suit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced to the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in these disorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

“Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law under the title of ‘Durie’s Decisions.’ He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th July 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

“Tradition ascribes to Christie’s Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known that, during the troubles of Charles I., the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the king’s service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the king and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie’s Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But in the meantime his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had despatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie’s Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursue his journey. But as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The Borderer disdained to resign his enterprise even in these desperate circumstances, and, at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk—the soldiers shouted—he emerged again, and guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman’s cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarrassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless and in astonishment at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted, and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing with his pistols any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him—an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the

river Eske, which he swam without hesitation: and finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of his friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a Border rider, invited his followers to come through and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last Border freebooter of any note."—*Scott*.

TRAQUAIR has ridden up Chapelhope,
And sae has he down by the Gray Mare's
Tail;¹

He never stinted² the light gallop,
Until he speer'd³ for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peep'd frae the tower,
And out at the shot-hole keek'd he:
"And ever unlucky," quo' he, "is the hour,
That the warden comes to speer for me!"

"Good Christie's Will, now, have na fear!
Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee;
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
At the Jeddart air frae the justice-tree.

"Bethink how ye sware by the salt and the
bread,⁴
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again."

"Gramercy, my lord," quoth Christie's Will,
"Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!
When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair and the Jeddart tree."

And he has open'd the fair tower yate
To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

¹ A cataract on the Clyde, above Moffat.

² Slackened.

³ Inquired.

⁴ "He took bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips."—*Old Dramatist*.

"Now wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?"

"Oh, weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexèd sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court,
Of land and living will make me bare.

"But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . if he could be but ten days stoun . . .
My bonnie braid lands would still be my ain."

"Oh, mony a time, my lord," he said,
"I've stown the horse frae the sleeping
loun;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid;
For I'll steal auld Durie frae Edinburgh
town.

"Oh, mony a time, my lord," he said,
"I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed;
For I'll steal an auld lurdane¹ aff the bench."

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
At the Borough Muir then enter'd he:
And as he pass'd the gallows-stane,
He cross'd his brow, and he bent his knee.

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,
And there he knock'd most manfullie;
And up and spake Lord Durie sae stour,
"What tidings, thou stalwart groom, to me?"

"The fairest lady in Teviotdale
Has sent, maist reverend sir, for thee;
She pleas at the session for her land, a' haill,
And fain she wad plead her cause to thee."

¹ Fellow.

“But how can I to that lady ride,
With saving of my dignitie?”
“Oh, a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ye shall muffled be.”

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;
He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,
They met, I ween, our noble king.

When Willie look'd upon our king,
I wot a frightened man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The king he cross'd himself, I wis,
When as the pair came riding bye:
“An uglier crone, and a sturdier lown,
I think were never seen with eye.”

Willie was hied to the tower of Graeme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garr'd his auld banes gie mony a
crack.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
The lodging was sae dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross
Had fang'd him in their nets sae fast;
Or that the gypsies' glamour'd¹ gang
Had lair'd his learning at the last.

¹ Infatuated.

"Hey! Batty lad! far yaud!¹ far yaud!"

These were the morning sounds heard he;
And ever "Alack!" auld Durie cried,
"The deil is hounding his tykes on me!"

And whiles a voice on Baudrons cried,
With sound uncouth, and sharp and hie:
"I have tar-barrel'd mony a witch,
But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me!"

The king has caused a bill be wrote,
And he has set it on the Tron:
"He that will bring Lord Durie back,
Shall have five hundred marks and one."

Traquair has written a private letter,
And he has seal'd it wi' his seal:
"Ye may let the auld brock² out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel."

Oh, Will has mounted his bonnie black,
And to the tower of Graeme did trudge,
And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hent up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
"Gi'e me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!"



THE MASTER OF WEEMYS.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE Master of Weemys has biggit³ a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty bauld marineres,
Doe beare him companie.

¹ The signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance.—*Scott*.

² Fox.

³ Built.

They have hoistit sayle and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three ;
When up there lap the bonnie mermayd,
All in the Norland sea.

“ Oh, whare saile ye,” quo’ the bonnie mermayd,
“ Upon the saut sea-faem ? ”
“ It’s we are bounde until Norroway,
God send us skaithless¹ hame ! ”

“ Oh, Norroway is a gay, gay strande,
And a merrie land, I trowe ;
But nevir nane sall see Norroway,
Gin the mermayd keeps her vowe ! ”

Down deukit² then the mermayden,
Deep intil the middil sea ;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa’, and they saylit awa’,
They have saylit leagues ten ;
When lo ! uplap by the gude ship’s side
The self-same mermayden.

Shee held a glass intil her right hande,
In the uthir shee held a kame ;
And shee kembit her haire, and aye she sang
As shee flotterit³ on the faem.

And shee gliskit round and round about,
Upon the waters wan ;
Oh, nevir againe, on land or sea,
Shall be seen sik a fair woman.

And shee shed her haire off her milk-white
bree
Wi’ her fingers sae sma’ and lang ;
And fast as saylit that gude ship on,
Sae louder was aye her sang.

¹ Safely.

² Dived.

³ Floated.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang
As shee rade upon the sea :

“ If ye bee men of Christian moulde,
Throwe the master out to mee.

“ Throwe out to mee the master bauld,
If ye be Christian men ;
But an ye faile, though fast ye sayle,
Ye’ll nevir see land agen !

“ Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on,” said shee,
“ Sayle on, and nevir blinne ;
The winde at will your saylis may fill,
But the land ye shall never win ! ”

It’s never word spak that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe ;
And in the deep then the mermayden
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit¹ her bonnie face,
How dark, dark grew its lire ;
And ilk ane saw her bricht, bricht eyne,
Leming² like coals o’ fire.

And ilk ane saw her lang bright hair
Gae flashing through the tide,
And the sparkles o’ the glass shee brake
Upon that gude ship’s side.

“ Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The wind blaws unco hie.”

“ Oh, there’s not a sterne³ in a’ the lift
To guide us through the sea.”

“ Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The storm is coming fast.”

“ Then up, then up, my bonnie boy,
Unto the topmast mast.

¹ Observed.

² Shining.

³ Star.

“ Creep up into the tallest mast,
Gae up my ae best man ;
Climb up until the tall top-mast,
And spy gin¹ ye see land.”

“ Oh, all is mirk towards the eist,
And all is mirk be west ;
Alas, there is not a spot of light
Where any eye can rest !”

“ Looke oute, looke oute, my bauldest man,
Looke oute unto the storne ;
And if ye cannot get sicht o’ land,
Do you see the dawin o’ morn ?”

“ Oh alace, alace, my master deare,”
Spak then that ae best man ;
“ Nor licht nor land, nor living thing,
Do I spy on any hand.”

“ Looke yet agen, my ae best man,
And tell me what ye do see.”
“ O Lord, I spy the false mermayden
Fast sayling out owre the sea !”

“ How can ye spy the false mermayden
Fast sayling on the mirk sea ?
For there ’s neither mune nor mornin’ licht—
In troth it can nevir bee.”

“ Oh, there is neither mune nor mornin’ licht,
Nor ae star’s blink on the sea ;
But, as I am a Christian man,
That witch woman I see !

“ Good Lord ! there is a scaud o’ fire
Fast coming out owre the sea ;
And fast therein the grim mermayden
Is sayling on to thee !

² Look if.

"Shee hailes our ship wi' a shrill, shrill cry—
Shee is coming, alace, more near."

"Ah, woe is me now," said the master bauld,
"For I both do see and hear !

"Come doun, come doun, my ae best man,
For an ill weird I maun drie ;
Yet, I reck not for my sinful self,
But thou, my trew companie !"



THE GUDE WALLACE.¹

"The first seven stanzas of this ballad are from a copy in Buchan's *Baliads of the North of Scotland*. The remainder is composed out of two copies—one in Johnston's *Musical Museum*, the other in Buchan's *Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads*. The twenty-ninth, thirtieth, and thirty-first verses are slightly altered by the editor, for the sake of completing the narrative in a consistent manner."—*Robert Chambers*.

WALLACE wicht, upon a nicht,
Cam riding ower a linn ;
And he is to his leman's² bouir,
And tirl'd at the pin.³

"O sleep ye, or wake ye, lady?" he cried ;
"Ye'll rise and let me in."

"O wha is this at my bouir door,
That knocks and knows my name?"

"My name is William Wallace ;
Ye may my errand ken."

"The truth to you I will rehearse—
The secret I'll unfauld ;
Into your enemies' hands, this nicht,
I fairly ha'e you sauld."

¹ The incident on which this ballad is founded is fully narrated in *Blind Harry's Wallace*.

² Lover's.

³ Knocked at the door.

“If that be true ye tell to me,
Do ye repent it sair?”
“Oh, that I do,” she said, “dear Wallace,
And will do evermair!

“The English did surround my house,
And forcit me theretill;
But for your sake, my dear Wallace,
I could burn on a hill.”

Then he ga’e her a loving kiss;
The teir drapt fra his e’e;
Says, “Fare ye weel for evermair;
Your face nae mair I’ll see.”

She dress’d him in her ain claithing,
And frae her house he came;
Which made the Englishmen admire
To see sic a stalwart dame!

Now Wallace to the Hielands went,
Where nae meat nor drink had he;
Said, “Fa’ me life, or fa’ me death,
To some toun I maun drie.”¹

He steppit ower the river Tay—
On the North Inch steppit he;
And there he saw a weel-faured May,²
Was washing aneath a tree.

“What news, what news, ye weel-faured
May?
What news ha’e ye to me?
What news, what news, ye weel-faured May,
What news in the south countrie?”

“O see ye, sir, yon hostler-house
That stands on yonder plain?
This very day have landit in it
Full fifteen Englishmen,

¹ Repair.

² Maid.

"In search of Wallace, our champion,
Intending he should dee!"

"Then, by my sooth," says Wallace wicht,
"These Englishmen I'se see.

"If I had but in my pocket,
The worth of a single pennie,
I wad gang to the hostler-house,
These gentlemen to see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And pull'd out half-a-croun,
Says, "Tak ye that, ye beltit knicht,
And pay your lawin¹ down."

As he went frae the weel-faured May,
A beggar bold met he,
Was cover'd wi' a clouted cloke,
In his hand a trustie tree.

"What news, what news, ye silly auld man?
What news ha'e ye to gie?"
"No news, no news, ye beltit knicht,
No news ha'e I to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend to me your clouted cloke,
That kivers ye frae heid to shie;²
And I will go to the hostler-house,
To ask for some supplie."

Now he's gane to the West-muir wood,
And pull'd a trustie tree;
And then he's on to the hostler gone,
Asking there for charitie.

Doun the stair the captain comes,
The puir man for to see:
"If ye be captain as guid as ye look,
You'll give me some supplie."

¹ Reckoning.

² Foot.

"Where were you born, ye cruikit carle?
Where, and in what countrie?"
"In fair Scotland, sir, was I born,
Cruikit carle, as ye ca' me."

"O I wad give you fifty pounds
Of gold and white monie;
O I wad give you fifty pounds,
If Wallace ye would let me see."

"Tell doun your money," quo' the cruikit carle,
"Tell doun your money good;
I'm sure I have it in my pouir,
And never had a better bode."¹

The money was told upon the table,
Of silver pounds fiftie:
"Now here I stand!" quo' the gude Wallace,
And his cloke frae him gar'd flee.

He slew the captain where he stood;
The rest they did quake and rair:
He slew the rest around the room;
Syne asked if there were ony mair.

"Get up, get up, gudewife," he says,
"And get me some dinner in haste;
For it soon will be three lang days' time,
Sin' a bit o' meat I did taste!"

The dinner was na weil readie,
Nor yet on the table set,
When other fifteen Englishmen
Were lichtit at the yett.

"Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace,
This is the day ye maun dee!"
"I lippen nae sae little to God," he says,
Although I be but ill wordie."

¹ Offer.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman ;
 By gude Wallace he stiffly stude,
 Till ten o' the fifteen Englishmen
 Lay before the door in their blude.

The other five he took alive,
 To the greenwood as they ran ;
 And he has hang'd them bot¹ mercie ;
 Up hich upon a grain.

Now he is to the North Inch gone,
 Where the May was washing tenderlie.
 "Now, by my sooth," said the gude Wallace,
 "It's been a sair day's wark to me."

He put his hand in his pocket,
 And pull'd out twenty pounds ;
 Says, "Tak ye that, ye weel-faured May,
 For the gude luck o' your half-crown."

Full five-and-twenty men he slew,
 Five hang'd upon a grain ;
 On the morn he sat, wi' his merry-men a',
 In Lochmaben toun at dine.

THE YOUNG TAMLANE.

"THE following ballad, still popular in Ettrick Forest, where the scene is laid, is certainly of much greater antiquity than its phraseology, gradually modernised as transmitted by tradition, would seem to denote. The 'Tale of the Young Tamlane' is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*; and the air to which it was chaunted, seems to have been accommodated to a particular dance, for the dance of 'Thom of Lynn,' another variation of 'Thomalin,' likewise occurs in the same performance. Like every popular subject, it seems to have been frequently parodied; and a burlesque ballad, beginning,

'Tom o' the Linn was a Scotsman born,'

is still well known.

"In a medley, contained in a curious and ancient MS. cantus, *penes* J. G. Dalyell, Esq., there is an allusion to our ballad:—

'Sing young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twice so merry.'

¹ Without.

"In 'Scottish Songs,' 1774, a part of the original tale was published under the title of 'Kerton Ha,'—a corruption of Carterhaugh; and, in the same collection, there is a fragment containing two or three additional verses, beginning—

'I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,' &c.

"In Johnson's 'Musical Museum' a more complete copy occurs, under the title of 'Thom Linn,' which, with some alterations, was reprinted in the 'Tales of Wonder.'

"The present edition is the most perfect which has yet appeared; being prepared from a collation of the printed copies with a very accurate one in Glenriddell's MSS., and with several recitals from tradition. Some verses are omitted in this edition, being ascertained to belong to a separate ballad, which will be found in a subsequent part of the work. In one recital only, the well-known fragment of the 'Wee, wee Man' was introduced in the same measure with the rest of the poem. It was retained in the first edition, but is now omitted, as the editor has been favoured, by the learned Mr Ritson, with a copy of the original poem of which it is a detached fragment. The editor has been enabled to add several verses of beauty and interest to this edition of 'Tamlane,' in consequence of a copy, obtained from a gentleman residing near Langholm, which is said to be very ancient, though the diction is somewhat of a modern cast. The manners of the fairies are detailed at considerable length, and in poetry of no common merit.

"Carterhaugh is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle,—a romantic ruin which overhangs the Yarrow, and which is said to have been the habitation of our heroine's father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk, and of water, in which 'Tamlane' was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross, (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross,) where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh. In no part of Scotland, indeed, has the belief in fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire. The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert that their appearances and mischievous exploits have ceased, or at least become infrequent, since the light of the gospel was diffused in its purity. One of their frolics is said to have happened late in the last century. The victim of elfin sport was a poor man, who, being employed in pulling heather upon Peatlaw, a hill not far from Carterhaugh, had tired of his labour, and laid him down to sleep upon a fairy ring. When he awakened, he was amazed to find himself in the midst of a populous city, to which, as well as to the means of his transportation, he was an utter stranger. His coat was left upon the Peatlaw; and his bonnet, which had fallen off in the course of his aerial journey, was afterwards found hanging upon the steeple of the church of Lanark. The distress of the poor man was in some degree relieved by meeting a carrier, whom he had formerly known, and who conducted him back to Selkirk by a slower conveyance than had whirled him to Glasgow. That he had been carried off by the fairies was implicitly believed by all, who did not reflect that a man may have private reasons for leaving his own country, and for disguising his having intentionally done so."—*Scott*.

O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad,¹
Either goud rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

Now, gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
Green mantles ye may spin ;
But, gin ye lose your maidenhead,
Ye'll ne'er get that agen.

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
The fairest o' a' her kin ;
"I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' him."

Janet has kiltet her green kirtle,²
A little abune her knee ;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well ;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
A rose but barely three ;
Till up and starts a wee wee man,
At lady Janet's knee.

Says—"Why pu' ye the rose, Janet ?
What gars ye break the tree ?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Withouten leave o' me ?"

Says—"Carterhaugh it is mine ain ;
My daddie gave it me ;
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' thee."

¹ Pledge.

² The ladies are always represented in Dunbar's Poems with green mantles and yellow hair.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Among the leaves sae green ;
And what they did I cannot tell—
The green leaves were between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Among the roses red ;
And what they did I cannot say—
She ne'er returned a maid.

When she cam to her father's ha',
She looked pale and wan ;
They thought she dried some sair sickness,
Or been wi' some leman.¹

She didna comb her yellow hair,
Nor made meikle o' her heid ;
And ilka thing that lady took,
Was like to be her deid.²

It's four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba' ;
Janet, the wightest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess ;
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out and spak an auld gray-headed knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa'—
“And ever alas ! for thee, Janet,
But we'll be blamed a' !”

“Now haud your tongue, ye auld gray knight !
And an ill deid may ye die,
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee.”

¹ Lover.

² Death.

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meik and mild—
“And ever, alas ! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child.”

“And if I be with child, father,
Mysell maun bear the blame ;
There’s ne’er a knight about your ha’
Shall ha’e the bairnie’s name.

“And if I be with child, father,
’Twill prove a wondrous birth ;
For well I swear I’m not wi’ bairn
To any man on earth.

“If my love were an earthly knight,
As he’s an elfin gray,
I wadna gi’e my ain true love
For nae lord that ye ha’e.”

She princk’d hersell and prinn’d¹ hersell,
By the ae light of the moon,
And she’s away to Carterhaugh,
To speak wi’ young Tamlane.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well ;
And there she saw the steed standing,
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu’d a double rose,
A rose but only twae,
When up and started young Tamlane,
Says—“Lady, thou pu’s nae mae !

“Why pu’ ye the rose, Janet,
Within this garden green,
And a’ to kill the bonnie babe,
That we got us between ?”

¹ Dressed herself gaily.

“The truth ye’ll tell to me, Tamlane ;
A word ye mauna lie ;
Gin e’er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained¹ in Christentie.”

“The truth I’ll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie ;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.

“Randolph, earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, earl March, is thine ;²
We loved when we were children small,
Which yet you well may mind.

“When I was a boy just turn’d of nine,
My uncle sent for me,
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,
And keep him companie.

“There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell ;
And a dead sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell.

“The Queen of Fairies keppit³ me,
In yon green hill to dwell ;
And I’m a fairy, lyth and limb ;
Fair lady, view me well.

“But we, that live in Fairy-land,
No sickness know, nor pain ;
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

¹ Hallowed.

² “Both these mighty chiefs were connected with Ettrick Forest and its vicinity. Their memory, therefore, lived in the traditions of the country. Randolph, Earl of Murray, the renowned nephew of Robert Bruce, had a castle at Ha’ Guards, in Annandale, and another in Peeblesshire, on the borders of the forest, the site of which is still called Randall’s Walls. Patrick of Dunbar, Earl of March, is said, by Henry the Minstrel, to have retreated to Ettrick Forest, after being defeated by Wallace.”—*Scott*.

³ Retained.

“ I quit my body when I please,
Or unto it repair ;
We can inhabit, at our ease,
In either earth or air.

“ Our shapes and size we can convert
To either large or small ;
An old nut-shell’s the same to us,
As in the lofty hall.

“ We sleep in rose-buds, soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream ;
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sun-beam.

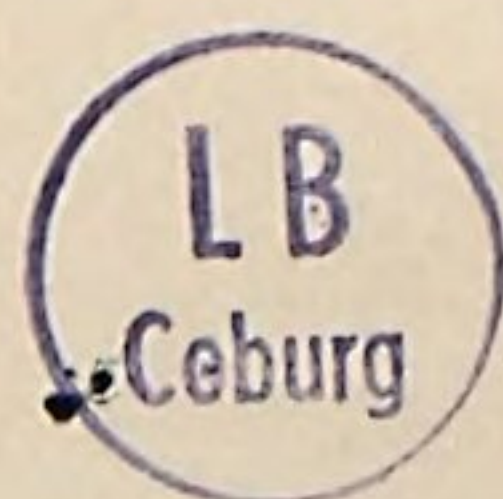
“ And all our wants are well supplied,
From every rich man’s store,
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets,
And vainly grasps for more.

‘ Then I would never tire, Janet,
In elfish land to dwell ;
But aye at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell ;
And I am sae fat, and fair of flesh,
I fear ’twill be mysell.

“ This night is Hallowe’en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday ;
And, gin ye dare your true love win,
Ye ha’e nae time to stay.

“ The night it is good Hallowe’en,
When fairy folk will ride ;
And they that wad their true love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide.”

“ But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane ?
Or how shall I thee knaw,
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw ?”





For I ride on the milk-white steed,
 Wi' a gold star in my crown;
 Because I was a christen'd knight,
 They gave me that renown.

—TAMLANE.

“The first company, that passes by,
Sae na, and let them gae;
The next company, that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company, that passes by,
Than I'll be ane o' thae.

“First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

“For I ride on the milk-white steed,
Wi' a gold star on my crown;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gave me that renown.

“My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gi'e thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

“They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maik¹.

“They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;²
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale³ that burns fast.

“They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad⁴ o' airn;
But had me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

“First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water;
But had me fast, let me not pass—
I'll be your bairn's father.

¹ Match, or companion.

³ Faggot.

² Newt, or lizard.

⁴ Rod.

“And, next, they’ll shape me in your arms,
A tod, but and an eel;
But had me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

“They’ll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan;
And, last, they’ll shape me in your arms,
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I’ll be myself again.”

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry¹ was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

The heavens were black, the night was dark,
And dreary was the place;
But Janet stood, with eager wish,
Her lover to embrace.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent;
And straight she heard strange elritch² sounds
Upon that wind which went.

About the dead hour o’ the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o’ that,
As any earthly thing!

Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog-reed struck the ear;
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,
The Fairies cannot bear.

¹ Producing superstitious dread.

² Wild.

They sing, inspired with love and joy,
Like sky-larks in the air ;
Of solid sense, or thought that's grave,
You'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood with mind unmoved,
The dreary heath upon ;
And louder, louder wax'd the sound,
As they came riding on.

Will o' the Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light ;
And soon she saw the Fairy bands
All riding in her sight.

And first gaed by the black black steed,
And then gaed by the brown ;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa' ;
And up there raise an erlish cry—
“He's won amang us a'!”

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
An esk, but and an adder ;
She held him fast in every shape—
To be her bairn's father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man ;
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan.¹

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' bush o' broom—
“She that has borrowed young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom.”

¹ Gained.

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies
 Out o' a bush of rye—
 "She's ta'en awa the bonniest knight
 In a' my cumpanie.

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
 "A lady wad borrow'd thee—
 I wad ta'en out thy twa gray een,
 Put in twa een o' tree.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
 "Before ye came frae hame—
 I wad tane out your heart o' flesh,
 Put in a heart o' stane.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen,
 That I ha'e coft¹ the day—
 I'd paid my kane² seven times to hell,
 Ere you'd been won³ away!"



THE LAIRD OF LAIRISTAN; OR, THE THREE CHAMPIONS OF LIDDISDALE.

BY JAMES HOGG.

"THE scene of this ballad is laid in the upper parts of Liddisdale, in which district the several residences of the three champions are situated, as is also the old castle of Hermitage, with the farmhouses of Saughentree and Roughley. As to the authenticity of the story, all that I can say of it is, that I used to hear it told, when I was a boy, by William Scott, a joiner of that country, and was much taken with some of the circumstances. Were I to relate it verbatim, it would only be anticipating a great share of the poem."—*Author.*

"O DICKIE, 'tis light, and the moon shines bright,
 Will ye gang and watch the deer wi' me?"
 "Ay, by my sooth, at the turn o' the night,
 We'll drive the holm of the Saughentree."

¹ Bought.

² Rent paid in kind.

³ Gained.

The moon had turn'd the roof of heaven ;
The ground lay deep in drifted snaw ;
The Hermitage bell had rung eleven,
And our yeomen watch'd behind the ha'.

The deer was skight,¹ and the snaw was light,
And never a blood-drap could they draw ;
"Now, by my sooth," cried Dickie then,
"There's something yonder will fear us a'.

"Right owre the knowe where Liddel lies—
Nae wonder that it derkens my e'e,
See yonder's a thing of fearsome size,
And it's moving this way hastilye.

"Say, what is yon, my brother John ?
The Lord preserve baith you and me !
But our hearts are the same, and sure our aim,
And he that comes near these bullets shall
prie." ²

"Oh haud your tongue, my brother dear,
Let us survey't wi' steady e'e ;
'Tis a dead man they are carrying here,
And 'tis fit that the family warn'd should be."

They ran to the ha', and they waken'd them a',
But none were at home but maidens three ;
Then close in the shade of the wall they stay'd,
To watch what the issue of this would be.

And there they saw a dismal sight,
A sight had nearly freezed their blood ;
One lost her sight in the fair moonlight,
And one of them fainted where they stood.

Four stalwart men, on arms so bright,
Came bearing a corpse with many a wound ;
His habit bespoke him a lord or knight,
And his fair ringlets swept the ground.

¹ Timid.

² Feel or taste.

They heard one to another say—

“A place to leave him will not be found ;
The door is lock'd, and the key away,
In the byre¹ will we lay him down.”

Then into the byre the corpse they bore,
And away they fled right speedilye ;
The rest took shelter behind the door,
In wild amazement as well might be.

And into the byre no ane durst gang,
No, not for the life of his bodye ;
But the blood on the snaw was trail'd alang,
And they kend a' wasna as it should be.

Next morning all the dalesmen ran,
For soon the word was far and wide ;
And there lay the Laird of Lairistan,
The bravest knight on the Border side !

He was wounded behind, and wounded before,
And cloven through the left cheek-bone ;
And clad in the habit he daily wore ;
But his sword, and his belt, and his bonnet
were gone.

Then east and west the word has gane,
And soon to Braxholm ha' it flew,
That Elliot of Lairistan he was slain,
And how or why no living knew.

Buccleuch has mounted his milk-white steed,
With fifty knights in his companye ;
To Hermitage castle they rode with speed,
Where all the dale was summon'd to be.

And soon they came, a numerous host,
And they swore and touch'd the fair bodye ;
But Jocky o' Millburn he was lost,
And could not be found in the hale countrie.

¹ Cow-house.

“ Now wae be to thee, Armstrong o’ Millburn !
And oh, an ill death may’st thou dee !
Thou hast put down brave Lairistan,
But his equal thou wilt never be.

“ The Bewcastle men may ramp and rave,
And drive away the Liddisdale kye ;
For now is our guardian laid in his grave,
And Branxholm and Thirlstane distant lye.”

The dalesmen thus his loss deplore,
And every one his virtues tell ;
His hounds lay howling at the door,
His hawks flew idle o’er the fell.

When three long years were come and gone,
Two shepherds sat on Roughley hill ;
And aye they sigh’d and made their moan
O’er the present times that look’d so ill.

“ Our young king lives at London town,
Buccleuch must bear him companye ;
And Thirlstane’s all to flinders gone ;
And who shall our protector be ?

“ And jealous of the Stuart race,
The English lords begin to thraw ;
The land is in a piteous case
When subjects rise against the law.

“ Our grief and ruin are forespoke,
The nation has received a stain,—
A stain like that on Sundup’s cloak,
That never will wash out again.”

Amazement kythed¹ in the shepherd’s face,
His mouth to open wide began ;
He stared and look’d from place to place,
As things across his mem’ry ran.

¹ Appeared.

The broider'd cloak of gaudy green,
Which Sundup wore, and was sae gay,
For three lang years had ne'er been seen
At chapel, raid, nor holiday.

Once on a night he overheard,
From two old dames of southron land,
A tale the which he greatly fear'd,
But ne'er could th'roughly understand.

"Now tell me, neighbour, tell me true;
Your sim'lie bodes us little good;
I fear the cloak you mention'd now—
I fear 'tis stain'd with noble blood."

"Indeed, my friend, you've guess'd aright;
I never meant to tell to man
That tale; but crimes will come to light,
Let human wits do what they can.

"But He, who ruleth wise and well,
Hath order'd from his seat on high,
That aye since valiant Elliot fell,
That mantle bears the purple dye.

"And all the waters in Liddisdale,
And all that lash the British shore,
Can ne'er wash out the wondrous maele!¹
It still seems fresh with purple gore."

Then east and west the word is gane,
And soon to Braxholm ha' it flew,
And Halbert o' Sundup he was ta'en,
And brought before the proud Buccleuch.

The cloak was hung in open hall,
Where ladies and lords of high degree,
And many a one, both great and small,
Were struck with awe the same to see.

¹ Stain.

"Now tell me, Sundup," said Buccleuch,
"Is this the judgment of God on high?
If that be Elliot's blood we view,
False Sundup thou shalt surely die!"

Then Halbert turn'd him where he stood,
And wiped the round tear frae his e'e;
"That blood, my lord, is Elliot's blood;
I winna keep in the truth frae thee."

"Oh ever-alack!" said good Buccleuch,
"If that be true thou tell'st to me,
On the highest tree in Branhholm-heuch,
Stout Sundup, thou must hangit be."

"'Tis Elliot's blood, my lord, 'tis true;
And Elliot's death was wrought by me;
And were the deed again to do,
I'd do't in spite of hell and thee."

"My sister, brave Jock Armstrong's bride,
The fairest flower of Liddisdale,
By Lairistan foully was betray'd,
And roundly has he pay'd the mail."

"We watch'd him in her secret bower,
And found her to his bosom prest:
He begg'd to have his broad claymore,
And dared us both to do our best."

"Perhaps, my lord, ye'll truly say,
In rage from laws of arms we swerved;
Though Lairistan got double play,
'Twas fairer play than he deserved."

"We might have kill'd him in the dark,
When in the lady's arms lay he;
We might have kill'd him in his sark,
Yet gave him room to fight or flee."

"Come on then," gallant Millburn cried,
'My single arm shall do the deed;
Or heavenly justice is denied,
Or that false heart of thine shall bleed.'

“ Then to ’t they fell, both sharp and snell,
With steady hand and watchful e’en,
From both the trickling blood-drops fell,
And the words of death were said between.

“ The first stroke Millburn to him gave,
He ript his bosom to the bone ;
Though Armstrong was a yeoman brave,
Like Elliot living there was none.

“ His growth was like the Border oak,
His strength the bison’s strength outvied ;
His courage like the mountain rock ;
For skill his man he never tried.

“ Oft had we three on border fray
Made chiefs and armies stand in awe ;
And little ween’d to see the day
On other deadly thus to draw.

“ The first wound that brave Millburn got,
The tear of rage rowed in his e’e ;
The next stroke that brave Millburn got,
The blood ran dreeping to his knee.

“ My sword I gripp’d into my hand,
And fast to his assistance ran :
What could I do ? I could not stand
And see the base deceiver win.

“ ‘ Now turn,’ I cried, ‘ thou limmer loun !¹
Turn round and change a blow with me,
Or, by the righteous Powers aboon,
I’ll hew the arm from thy bodye.’

“ He turn’d with many a haughty word,
And lounged and pass’d most furiousllye ;
But, with one slap of my broad sword,
I brought the traitor to his knee.

¹ Base villain.

“ ‘Now take thou that,’ stout Armstrong cried,
‘For all the pain thou ’st gi’en to me ;’
(Though then he shortly would have died)
And ran him through the fair bodye.”

Buccleuch’s stern look began to change,
To tine¹ a warrior loath was he ;
The crime was call’d a brave revenge,
And Halbert of Sundup was set free.

Then every man for Millburn mourn’d,
And wish’d him to enjoy his own ;
But Millburn never more return’d
Till ten long years were come and gone.

Then loud alarms through England ring,
And deeds of death and dool began ;
The commons rose against the king,
And friends to different parties ran.

The nobles join the royal train,
And soon his ranks with grandeur fill ;
They sought their foes with might and main,
And found them lying on Edgehill.

The trumpets blew, the bullets flew,
And long and bloody was the fray :
At length o’erpower’d, the rebel crew
Before the royal troops gave way.

“Who was the man,” Lord Lindsey cried,
“That fought so well through all the fray ?
Whose coat of rags, together tied,
Seems to have seen a better day.

“Such bravery in so poor array,
I never in my life did see ;
His valour three times turn’d the day,
When we were on the point to flee.”

¹ Lose.

Then up there spoke a man of note,
Who stood beside his majesty—
“My liege, the man’s a Border Scot,
Who volunteer’d to fight for thee.

“He says you’re kind, but counsell’d ill,
And sit unstable on your throne;
But had he power unto his will,
He swears he’d kill the dogs each one.”

The king he smiled, and said aloud,
“Go bring the valiant Scot to me;
When we have all our foes subdued,
The lord of Liddel he shall be.”

The king gave him his gay gold ring,
And made him there a belted knight;
But Millburn bled to save his king,
The king to save his royal right.



THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

THERE stands a knight at the tap o’ yon hill,
Oure the hills and far awa’—
He has blawn his horn loud and shrill,
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
Oure the hills and far awa’—
And the knight that blaws that horn,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

She had na sooner thae words said,—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
Than the elfin knight cam to her side,—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“Are na ye oure young a may,¹—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 Wi’ onie young man doun to lie,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“I have a sister younger than I,—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 And she was married yesterday,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“Married wi’ me ye sall ne’er be nane,—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 Till ye mak to me a sark but² a seam,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun shape it knife, sheerless,—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 And ye maun sew it needle, threedless,”³—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 Whare water never stood nor ran,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 Whare the sun ne’er shon sin’ man was born,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“Gin that courtesie I do for thee,—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 Ye maun do this for me,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“Ye’ll get an acre o’ gude red land,⁴—
 Oure the hills and far awa’—
 Atween the saut sea and the sand,”—
 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

¹ Maid.

³ Without knife or scissors, needle or thread.

² Without.

⁴ Tilled land.

“I want that land for to be corn,—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
And ye maun aer¹ it wi’ your horn,”
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun saw it without a seed,—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
And ye maun harrow it wi’ a threed,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun shear it wi’ your knife,—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
And na tyne a pickle o’t for your life,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun moue² it in yon mouse-hole,—
Oure the hills and far awa’,—
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun fan it wi’ your luves,³—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
And ye maun sack it in your gloves,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And ye maun bring it oure the sea,—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
Fair and clean, and dry to me,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

“And whan that your wark is weill deen,⁴—
Oure the hills and far awa’—
Ye’se get your sark without a seam,”—
The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa’.

¹ Till.

³ Winnow it with your palms.

² Put it up in ricks.

⁴ Well done.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

(From Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.)

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
Wi' many a grievous groan ;
And aye he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love, Willie,
From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John ;
But 'tis thy true love, Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man ;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

"O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirkyard,
And wed me wi' a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirkyard,
Afar beyond the sea ;
And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretchèd out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best :
"Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie ;
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night,
The dead corp follow'd she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie ?
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep ?"

"There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet ;
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray :
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away."

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

"Oh stay, my only true love, stay,"
The constant Marg'ret cry'd ;
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and died.



LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

"THIS fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesly as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dow Glen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the *Lady's Seat*, is still shown, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady is still shown. It is a large stone, broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may yet be traced and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:—

'HERE LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS WYFE MARJORY.'

"Tradition says that Cockburne was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road*, and seems to have been the route which he followed. The remains of the tower of Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick, and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the *Thief's Road*, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the Border."—*Scott*.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear:
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
 I watch'd the corpse mysell alane ;
 I watch'd his body night and day ;
 No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
 And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
 I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
 And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ?
 Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
 When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,
 Since that my lively knight is slain ;
 Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
 I'll chain my heart for evermair.

LIZZIE LINDSAY.

THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh,
 And mony braw ladies were there,
 But nae ane at a' the assembly
 Could wi' Lizzie Lindsay compare.

In cam the young laird o' Kincassie,
 An' a bonnie young laddie was he :
 "Will ye lea' yere ain kintra, Lizzie,
 An' gang to the Hielands wi' me ?"

She turn'd her roun' on her heel,
 An' a very loud laughter gaed she :
 "I wad like to ken whar I was gangin',
 And wha I was gaun to gang wi'."

"My name is young Donald M'Donald,
 My name I will never deny ;
 My father he is an auld shepherd,
 Sae weel as he can herd the kye ;

“ My father he is an auld shepherd,
My mother she is an auld dame ;
If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye's neither want curds nor cream.”

“ If ye'll call at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port call on me,
I'll give you a bottle o' sherry,
And bear you companie.”

He ca'd at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port call'd he ;
She drank wi' him a bottle o' sherry,
And bore him guid companie.

“ Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me ?
If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye shall not want curds nor green whey.”

In there cam her auld mither,
A jolly auld lady was she :
“ I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,
And wha she was gaun to gang wi'.”

“ My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny ;
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye.

“ Oh, but I would give you ten guineas
To have her one hour in a room,
To get her fair body a picture,
To keep me from thinking long.”

“ Oh, I value not your ten guineas,
As little as ye value mine ;
But if that you covet my daughter,
Take her with you if you do incline.”

“ Pack up my silks and my satins,
And pack up my hose and my shoon,
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
And away wi' young Donald I'll gang.”

They pack'd up her silks and her satins,
They pack'd up her hose and her shoon,
And likewise her clothes in small bundles,
And away with young Donald she's gane.

When that they cam to the Hielands,
The braes they were baith lang and stey,
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging—
She had travell'd a lang summer day.

"Oh, are we near hame, Sir Donald,
Oh, are we near hame, I pray?"
"We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
Nor yet the half o' the way."

They cam to a homely poor cottage,
An auld man was standing by:
"Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
Ye've been sae lang away."

"Oh, call me no more Sir Donald,
But call me young Donald, your son;
For I have a bonnie young lady
Behind me for to come in."

"Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
Come in, come in," said he;
"Although that our cottage be little,
Perhaps the better we'll 'gree."

"Oh, make us a supper, dear mother,
And make it of curds and green whey;
And make us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it o'er wi' green hay."

"Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
Why lie ye so long in the day?
Ye might hae been helping my mother
To make the curds and green whey."

"Oh, haud your tongue, Sir Donald,
Oh, haud your tongue, I pray;
I wish I had ne'er left my mother;
I can neither make curds nor whey."

“ Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
 And put on your satins so fine ;
 For we maun be at Kincassie
 Before that the clock strikes nine.”

But when they came to Kincassie,
 The porter was standing by :
 “ Ye’re welcome home, Sir Donald,
 Ye’ve been so long away.”

It’s down then came his auld mither,
 With all the keys in her hand,
 Saying, “ Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
 All under them’s at your command.”

LAMMIKIN.

“ LAMMIKIN is one of the most popular of all the Scottish ballads, and it is recited in many different ways, and in many different shapes of verse. The first printed version is in Herd’s Collection, 1776, since which time various editions have been published in the successive collections of Messrs Jamieson, Finlay, and Motherwell ; Mr Finlay printing two different copies. The present edition is composed out of these five various versions ; a few words and lines being supplied here and there by the editor, to make the ingredients anneal—as, for instance, the greater part of the thirtieth, thirty-second, and thirty-fifth stanzas. Mr Finlay conjectures that Balwearie Castle, in Fife, was the scene of the dreadful tragedy described in the ballad,—a conjecture which derives force from the circumstance of Lammikin being stated, in one of Mr Finlay’s versions, to have taken refuge in the woods round Doune Castle, in the neighbouring district of Menteith. It is constantly affirmed by the old people who recite the ballad, that all the circumstances were of real occurrence ; but at what period they may have taken place, it is not in their power to say.”—*R. Chambers.*

LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason
 As ever hew’d a stane.
 He biggit¹ Lord Weirie’s castel,
 But payment gat he nane.

“ Oh pay me, Lord Weirie,
 Come, pay me my fee.”
 “ I canna pay you, Lammikin,
 For I maun gang ower the sea.”

¹ Built.

"Oh pay me now, Lord Weirie,
Come, pay me out of hand."

"I canna pay you, Lammikin,
Unless I sell my land."

"Sin' ye winna gie me my guerdon, lord,
Sin' ye winna gie me my hyre,
Yon stout castel, that I hae built,
I sall gar't rock wi' fyre."

Lord Weirie got a bonnie ship,
To sail the saut sea faem;
Bade his ladye weel the castel keep,
Aye till he should come hame.

He said unto his ladye fair,
Before he gaed abuid,
"Beware, beware o' Lammikin,
For he lies in the wudde."

Syne he's gane to the green saut sea,
And she's gane to her bouir;
But first she gard steik¹ the doors and
windows
Of castle, ha', and tour.

They steikit windows, they steikit yetts,²
Close to the cheek and chin;
A' but a little shot-window,
Where Lammikin crap in.

"Good morrow, good morrow, and save
you, nurse,"
Spak out the Lammikin.
"Good morrow to yoursell, fair sir,"
The fause nurse said to him.

Where is the lord o' this castel?"
Spak out the Lammikin.
"He's ower the sea," the fause nurse
said,
"To counsel wi' the king."

¹ Close.

² Gates.

“Where are the lads o’ this castel?”
Spak out the Lammikin.
“They’re a’ wi’ Lord Weirie, ower the
sea,”
The fause nurse said to him.

“Where are the lasses o’ this castel?”
Spak out the Lammikin.
“They’re a’ out at the washing, sir,”
The fause nurse said to him.

“Where is the lady o’ this castel?”
Spak out the Lammikin.
“She’s sewing in her paintit bouir,”
The fause nurse said to him.

“Oh where, oh where is her auld son?”
Spak out the Lammikin.
“He’s gane awa to buy pearlins,
'Gain’ our lady ly in.”¹

“Thae pearlins she shall never weir,”
Spak out the Lammikin;
“And that, I trow, is nae pitie,”
Said the fause nurse to him.

“But how can we get at this dame?”
Spak out the Lammikin.
“Oh stab the babe, and mak it cry,
And that will bring her down.”

Lammikin nipp’d the bonnie babe,
While loud the nourice sings;
Lammikin nipp’d the bonnie babe,
While heich the red blude springs.

“Oh gentle nourice, still my bairn;
Oh still him wi’ the keys.”
“He will not still, fair lady,
Let me do what I please.”

¹ Against the time when our lady shall lie in.

"Oh gentle nourice, still my bairn ;
Oh still him wi' the ring."

"He winna still, fair lady,
Let me do any thing."

"Oh gentle nourice, still my bairn,
Wi' the spune, but or the knife."

"I'll try what I can do, madam,
Though I should lose my life."

"Sweet nourice, loud still cries my bairn ;
Oh still him wi' the bell."

"He will not still, fair lady,
Till ye come down yoursell."

"Oh how can I come down, nourice,
This cauld, dark, frosty nicht,
Without a coal into my bouir,
But or¹ a candle licht?"

"There are twa smocks into your kist,
As white as ony swan :
Put ane o' them about you, madam ;
Its sheen will licht you doun."

She's taen the white smock about her,
And she's come tripping doun ;
And wha did meet her at the fit,
But the bluidy Lammikin.

"Oh mercy, mercy, Lammikin !
Hae mercy upon me !
Though you hae taen my young son's
life,
You may let mysell abee."

"Now sall I kill her, nourice, say,
Or sall I let her be?"

"Oh kill her, kill her, Lammikin,
For she ne'er was gude to me."

¹ Without.

“Scour, then, the basin, nourice fair,
And scour it very clean;
It's a' to haud this ladye's blude,
For she's come o' noble kin.”

She's lifted up her babe sae fair,
And kiss'd his caller brow;
“I needna say fareweel, my babe,
For I sune sall follow you.”

Syne they have taen this winsome
dame,
And tied her doun wi' bands;
And in her heart's blude, as it ran,
They've blythely wash'd their hands.

Lord Weirie sat, far ower the sea,
With mony a lord and dame;
And aye he thocht on his ladye,
That lanesome sat at hame.

“I wish, I wish a' may be weel,
With my ladye at hame;
For the rings o' gowd on my fingers,
They're bursting a' in twain!”

He's gar'd his ship be riggit fast,
And he's sail'd ower the faem,
And sune, full sune, was Lord Weirie
Ance mair at his door-stane.

When Weirie and his train licht doun,
It was cauld winter e'en;
Nae voice was there to welcome them,
Nor nae licht to be seen.

“Oh, open, open, lady mine,
The doors come ope to me!”
Nae kindly voice cam frae within,
An answer for to gie.

Oh, dowie was Lord Weirie's heart
 When he cam to the door ;
 But better dowie was his heart
 When he saw his chamber floor.

Oh sweetly sang the blackbird
 That sat upon the tree ;
 But sairer grat the Lammikin,
 When he was condemn'd to die.

Oh bonnie sang the mavis
 Out o' the thorny brake ;
 But sairer grat the nourice,
 When she was tied to the stake.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

I FIND no traces of the particular Hughie Græme of this ballad ; but, from the mention of the bishop, I suspect he may have been one of about four hundred Borderers against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, lord bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, 'for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils, by them committed.'—*Scott*.

GUDE Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
 He has ridden o'er moss and muir ;
 And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
 For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be ;
 Here hangs a broad sword by my side ;
 And if that thou canst conquer me,
 The matter it may soon be try'd."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief :
 Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
 I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
 If God but grant me life and time."

“Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can ;
It shall be tried within an hour
Which of us two is the better man.”

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town ;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying “Hughie the Græme, thou’se ne’er
gae down !”

Then hae they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle town ;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
“Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down !”

Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge’s knee :
“Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you’ll grant Hughie the Græme to me.”

“Oh no, oh no, my gude Lord Hume !
Forsooth and sae it mauna be ;
For were there but three Græmes of the name,
They suld be hanged a’ for me.”

’Twas up and spak the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge’s knee :
“A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you’ll grant Hughie the Græme to me.”

“Oh no, oh no, my gude Lady Hume !
Forsooth and so it mauna be ;
Were he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me.”

“If I be guilty,” said Hughie the Græme,
 “Of me my friends shall have small talk ;”
 And he has loup’d fifteen feet and three,
 Though his hands they were tied behind his
 back.

He look’d over his left shoulder,
 And for to see what he might see ;
 There was he aware of his auld father,
 Came tearing his hair most piteously.

“Oh, hald your tongue, my father,” he says,
 “And see that ye dinna weep for me ;
 For they may ravish me o’ my life,
 But they canna banish me fro’ heaven hie.

“Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife !
 The last time we came ower the muir,
 ’Twas thou bereft me of my life,
 And wi’ the bishop thou play’d the whore.

“Here, Johnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
 That is made o’ the metal sae fine ;
 And when thou comest to the English side,
 Remember the death of Hughie the Græme.”

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

BURNS transmitted the following version of Hughie Graham to ‘Johnson’s Museum.’ He obtained it from oral tradition in Ayrshire ; and Stirling, not Carlisle, is here made the locality of the ballad.

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
 A-hunting o’ the fallow-deer,
 And they hae grippit Hughie Graham
 For stealing o’ the bishop’s mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up through Stirling town ;
 The lads and lasses met him there,
 Cried, “Hughie Graham, thou art a loun.”

“Oh, lowse my right hand free,” he says,
“And put my braid sword in the same ;
He’s no in Stirling town this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.”

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop’s knee :
“Five hundred white stots I’ll gie you,
If ye’ll let Hughie Graham gae free.”

“Oh, haud your tongue,” the bishop says,
“And wi’ your pleading let me be ;
For though ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall dee.”

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop’s knee :
“Five hundred white pence I’ll gie you,
If ye’ll gie Hughie Graham to me.”

“Oh, haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi’ your pleading let it be ;
Although ten Grahams were in his coat,
It’s for my honour he maun dee.”

They’ve ta’en him to the gallows-knowe,
He looked to the gallows-tree ;
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin’ his e’e.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy ;
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

“Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi’ your weeping let it be ;
Thy weeping’s sairer on my heart
Than a’ that they can do to me.

“And ye may gie my brother John
My sword that’s bent in the middle clear ;
And let him come at twelve o’clock,
And see me pay the bishop’s mare.

“And ye may gie my brother James
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown ;
 And bid him come at four o'clock,
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

“Remember me to Maggy my wife,
 The neist time ye gang o'er the moor ;
 Tell her she staw the bishop's mare—
 Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

“And ye may tell my kith and kin,
 I never did disgrace their blood ;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
 To mak it shorter by the hood.”



JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

“THE hero of this ballad appears to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer—probably one of the broken men residing upon the Border. There are several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called Johnie of Cockielaw. The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy. It is sometimes said that this outlaw possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous:—‘Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts—such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares—did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle—such as cows, sheep, or goats—did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, *it is doubted* if their owners were permitted to get them out again.’—(*Account of Presbytery of Penpont, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*) Such a park would form a convenient domain to an outlaw's castle; and the mention of Durrisdeer, a neighbouring parish, adds weight to the tradition. I have seen, on a mountain near Callendar, a sort of pinfold, composed of immense rocks piled upon each other, which, I was told, was anciently constructed for the above-mentioned purpose. The mountain is thence called *Uah var*, or the *Cove of the Giant*.”—Scott.

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
 Call'd for water to wash his hands :
 “Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs
 That are bound wi' iron bands.”

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang :
"O Johnie ! for my benison,¹
To the greenwood dinna gang !

"Eneugh ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine ;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bent bow,
His arrows, ane by ane ;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.²

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side ;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled³ the deer sae
weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs ;
And wi' these he has feasted his bludy
hounds,
As if they had been erl's sons.

They eat so much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die !
For he's awa to Hislinton,
Where the seven foresters did lie.

¹ Blessing.

² Heath.

³ Cut up.

“What news, what news, ye gray-headed
carle?

What news bring ye to me?”

“I bring nae news,” said the gray-headed
carle,

“Save what these eyes did see.

“As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,¹
The bonniest child that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

“The shirt that was upon his back
Was o’ the Holland fine ;
The doublet which was over that
Was o’ the Lincome twine.

“The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o’ the goud sae gude ;
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi’ blude.”

Then out and spak the first forester,
The heid man ower them a’ :

“If this be Johnie o’ Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw.”

But up and spak the sixth forester,
(His sister’s son was he :)

“If this be Johnie o’ Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him dee !”

The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee ;
And out and spak the seventh forester :
“The next will gar him dee.”

Johnie’s set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane ;
And he has slain the seven foresters—
He has slain them a’ but ane.

¹ Stunted trees.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's
side,
But and his collar-bane ;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed—
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

“ Oh, is there na a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say ;
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away ! ”

The starling flew to his mother's window-
stane,
It whistled and it sang ;
And aye the owerword ¹ o' the tune,
Was—“ Johnie tarries lang ! ”

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching our Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa' :
“ Ye wadna be warn'd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

“ Aft hae I brought to Breadislee
The less gear² and the mair ;
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee
What grieved my heart sae sair !

“ But wae betyde that silly auld carle !
An ill death shall he dee !
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee.”

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain ;
And his bodie lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

¹ Refrain.

² Spoil.

OSCAR OF ALVA.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE catastrophe of this ballad was suggested by the story of "Jeronyme and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's *Armenian; or, The Ghost-Seer*. It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore ;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd ;
And view'd at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd :

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low ;

While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light ;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan ?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall :
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave ;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note :
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

And they who heard the war-notes wild,
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son ;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth ;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave : the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel ;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell ;
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came ;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled ;
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !
Hark to the swelling nuptial song !
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace ;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar ? sure 'tis late :
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame ?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride ;
" Why comes not Oscar ?" Angus said.
" Is he not here ?" the youth replied ;
" With me he roved not o'er the glade.

" Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe ;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay ;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

" Oh, no !" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
" Nor chase nor wave my boy delay ;
Would he to Mora seem unkind ?
Would aught to her impede his way ?

" Oh, search, ye chiefs ! oh, search, around !
Allan, with these through Alva fly ;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings ;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain,
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave !
Then hope is lost ; in boundless grief,
His locks in gray torn ringlets wave.

" Oscar, my son !—thou God of heaven,
Restore the prop of sinking age !
Or if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

" Yes, on some desert rocky shore
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie ;
Then grant, thou God ! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die !

“Yet he may live—away, despair !
Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live ;
T’ arraign my fate, my voice forbear !
O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

“What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva’s age is o’er ;
Alas ! can pangs like these be just ?”

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, which soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear :
His hope now droop’d and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll’d along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race,
No Oscar bless’d his father’s sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain’d,
And now his father’s only joy ;
And Mora’s heart was quickly gain’d,
For beauty crown’d the fair-hair’d boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan’s face was wondrous fair :
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim’d his faithless bosom’s care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass’d away,
His fondest scruples should be o’er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll’d the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn ;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers’ cheeks adorn !

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done?
Thou saw'st 'twas duly drunk by me:
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the helpless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight :
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'Tis well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye ;
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn :
Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return ;
Perchance the chief has only roved ;
For him thy beltane yet may burn.¹

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth ;
With wine let every cup be crown'd ;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim ;
"Here's to my boy ! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped ;
But why does trembling Allan stand ?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue ;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonising dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste ;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury placed.

¹ Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the 1st of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

“And is it thus a brother hails
A brother’s fond remembrance here?
If thus affection’s strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?”

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
“Would Oscar now could share our mirth!”
Internal fear appall’d his soul;
He said, and dash’d the cup to earth.

“’Tis he! I hear my murderer’s voice!”
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form;
“A murderer’s voice!” the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger’s gone—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream’d on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds
there,
And fix’d was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown’d on a chief on the
ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of
the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind’s
wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased,
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press’d old Angus’ breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

“Away ! away ! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan’s eyes ;”
His sand is done—his race is run ;
Oh ! never more shall Allan rise !

But Oscar’s breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale :
And Allan’s barbèd arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar’s vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva’s sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan’s hand,
Exulting demons wing’d his dart ;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour’d her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan’s bow ;
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side ?
Dark Oscar’s sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora’s eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel ;
Alas ! that eyes which beam’d with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo ! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o’er a warrior dead ?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom ;
Oh ! that is Allan’s nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan’s great ashes stood ;
And o’er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain’d with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan’s deeds on harp-strings raise ?
The song is glory’s chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer’s praise ?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
 No minstrel dare the theme awake ;
 Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
 His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
 Shall sound his glories high in air :
 A dying father's bitter curse,
 A brother's death-groan echoes there.



KNOCKESPOCK'S LADY.

BY WILLIAM THOM.

'AN ancestor of James Adam Gordon, Esq., the present laird of Knockespock, about a century and a half ago, in a second marriage, had taken to wife the lovely Jean Leith of Harthill. His affectionate lady, notwithstanding their great disparity of age, watched the chamber of her sick husband by day and by night, and would not divide her care with any one. Worn out and wasted from continued attendance on her husband, she fell into a sleep, and was awakened only by the smoke and flames of their burning mansion: the menials had fled—the doom of the dying laird and his lady seemed fixed. In her heroic affections she bore her husband from the burning house, laid him in a sheltered spot, and forced through the very flames for 'plaids to wrap him in.'"—*Whitelaw*.

AE wastefu' howl o'er earth and sea,
 Nae gleam o' heaven's licht,
 Might mark the bounds o' Benachie
 That black and starless nicht.

Siclike the nicht, siclike the hour,
 Siclike the wae they ken,
 Wha watch till those loved eyes shall
 close
 That ne'er may ope again.

As gin to tak the last lang look,
 He raised a lichtless e'e ;
 Now list, oh thou, his lady wife,
 Knockespock speaks to thee !

" Sit doun, my Jeanie Gordon, love,
Sit doun an' haud my head ;
There's sic a low beneath my brow
Maun soon, soon be my dead.

" Aye whaur ye find the stoun, O Jean,
Press tae your kindly han' ;
I wadna gi'e ae breath o' thee
For a' else on my lan'.

" Your couthie words dreep medicine,
Your very touch can heal ;
An' oh, your e'e does mair for me
Than a' our doctor's skill !"

She leant athwart his burnin' brow,
Her tears lap lichtly doun ;
Beneath her saft, saft, dautin' han'
Knockespock sleepit soun'.

For woman's watch is holiness—
In woman's heart sae rare,
When a' the world is cauld an' dark,
There's licht and litheness there !"

What's yon that tints the deep dark
brae,
An' flickers on the green ?
It's no the rays o' morning gray,
Nor yet the bonnie meen !

That licht that flares on Benachie
Knockespock weel may rue ;
Nor Gadie's stream would dit yon
gleam
That wraps his dwelling now.

But what recks she how fast they
flee—
The heartless hinds are gane ;
Are nane to help their listless laird ?
Their friendless lady ? Nane !

Yet woman's love! oh, woman's love!
The wide unmeasured sea
Is nae so deep as woman's love—
As her sweet sympathy!

Upon the wet and windy sward
She wadna let him down,
But wiled an' wiled the lithest beild
Wi' breckans happet roun'.

Knockespock's cauld, he's deadly
cauld—
Whaur has his lady gane?
How has she left him in the loan
A' tremblin' there alane?

An' has she gane for feckless gowd,
To tempt yon fearfu' lowe?
Or is her fair mind, wreck'd and
wrang,
Forgane its guidance now?

She fearless speels the reekin' tower,
Though red, red is the wa',
An' braves the deaf'nin' din an' stour,
Whare cracklin' rafters fa'.

It is na gowd, nor gallant robes,
Gars Jeanie Gordon rin;
But she has wiled the safest plaids
To wrap her leal lord in.

For woman's heart is tenderness;
Yet woman weel may dare
The deftest deed, an' tremble nane,
Gin true love be her care.

"The lowe has scaith'd your locks, my
Jean,
An' scorch'd your bonnie brow;
The graceless flame consumes our hame—
What thinks my lady now?"

“ My locks will grow again, my love,
 My broken brow will men’;
 Your kindly breast’s the lealest hame
 That I can ever ken;

“ But, oh that waesome look o’ thine,
 Knockespock, I wad gi’e
 The livin’ heart frae out my breast
 For aught to pleasure thee!”

Weel, woman’s heart! ay, woman’s heart!
 There grows a something there;
 The sweetest flower on bank or bower
 Maun nane wi’ that compare.



EARL RICHARD.

“WHETHER this ballad is originally the production of an English or a Scotch minstrel admits of question; certain, however, it is, that it has been received into both countries at a pretty early period. Hearne, in his preface to *Gul. Neubrigiensis Historia*, Oxon., 1719, vol. i., p. 70, mentions that the Knight and Shepherd’s Daughter was well known in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In Fletcher’s *Pilgrim*, act iv., scene ii., a stanza of the same ballad is quoted. The English version of this ballad is given in the *Reliques of English Poetry*, vol. iii. There are various copies of it current in Scotland. The present version, obtained from recitation in one of the northern counties, is out of sight the most circumstantial and elaborated that has yet been printed. It possesses no small portion of humour, and appears to be of greater antiquity than the copy published in the *Reliques*. In one of the recited copies of this ballad, Earl Richard endeavours to shake the lady’s conviction of his identity by using the same means as the Gaberlunzie man, who sang:—

‘I’ll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my e’e,
 A cripple or blind they will ca’ me.’

But the eyes of love were too sharp to be deceived by such witty devices, for as the ballad has it, when

‘He came hirplin’ on a stick,
 And leanin’ on a tree,’

the lady, with a hasty voice, in the face of all the court, immediately cries out—

‘Be he cripple, or be he blind,
 The same man is he!
 With my low silver e’e.’

“Earl Richard’s unbridegroom-like behaviour on his wedding night, and

his agreeable discovery on the morrow, will remind the ballad reader of the gentle Sir Gawaine, who, when reluctantly turning round to caress his lothly bride, much to his joy and contentment found her transformed into a most lovesome lady."—*Motherwell*.

EARL RICHARD once on a day,
And all his valiant men so wight ;
He did him down to Barnisdale,
Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
I wot fast on she did her bound,
With towers of gold upon her head,
As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, " Busk on you, fair ladye,
The white flowers and the red ;
For I would give my bonnie ship
To get your maidenhead."

" I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all this would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."

" The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

" I have four-and-twenty mills in Scotland,
Stand on the water Tay ;
You'll have them and as much flour
As they'll grind in a day."

" I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do for me."

" The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it will be.

" I have four-and-twenty milk-white cows
All calved in a day ;
You'll have them and as much hain'd grass
As they all on can gae."

“ I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown ye in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss,
That ye would do to me.”

“ The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

“ I have four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,
All foaled in one year ;
You ’ll have them and as much red gold,
As all their backs can bear.”

She turn’d her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold,
“ I would not be your love,” said she,
“ For that church full of gold.”

He turn’d him right and round about,
And he swore by the mass,
Says, “ Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less.”

She turn’d her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon,
“ I would not be your love,” says she,
“ For all the gold in Rome.”

He turn’d him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon,
Says, “ Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none.”

He caught her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

The lady frown’d and sadly blush’d,
And oh ! but she thought shame ;
“ Says, “ If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name.”

“ In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John ;
But when into the Queen’s court,
Oh then, Lithcock it is my name.”

Lithcock ! Lithcock !” the lady said,
And oft she spelt it over again ;
“ Lithcock ! it’s Latin,” the lady said,
“ Richard’s the English of that name.”

The knight he rode, the lady ran,
A live long summer’s day ;
Till they came to the wan water,
That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
Just through it for to ride ;
And the lady was as ready as him,
The waters for to wade.

For he had never been as kind hearted,
As to bid the lady ride ;
And she had never been so low hearted,
As for to bid him bide.

But deep into the wan water,
There stands a great big stone ;
He turn’d his wight horse head about,
Said, “ Lady fair, will ye loup on ?”

She’s taken the wand was in her hand,
And struck it on the foam,
And before he got the middle stream,
The lady was on dry land.
“ By the help of God and our Lady,
My help lyes not in your hand.”

“ I learn’d it from my mother dear,
Few is there that has learn’d better ;
When I came to a deep water,
I can swim through like ony otter.

“ I learn’d it from my mother dear,
I find I learn’d it for my weel ;
When I came to a deep water,
I can swim through like ony eel.”

“ Turn back, turn back, you lady fair,
You know not what I see ;
There is a lady in that castle,
That will burn you and me.”
“ Betide me weal, betide me wae,
That lady will I see.”

She took a ring from her finger,
And gave ’t the porter for his fee ;
Says, “ Tak you that, my good porter,
And bid the queen speak to me.”

And when she came before the queen,
There she fell low down on her knee ;
Says, “ There is a knight into your court,
This day has robb’d me.”

“ Oh, has he robb’d you of your gold,
Or has he robb’d you of your fee ? ”
“ He has not robb’d me of my gold,
He has not robb’d me of my fee ;
He has robb’d me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie.”

“ There is no knight in all my court,
That thus has robb’d thee ;
But you’ll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he’ll dee ;

Though it were Earl Richard my own
brother,
And oh ! forbid that it be ; ”
Then, sighing, said the lady fair,
“ I wot the samen man is he.”

The queen called on her merry men,
Even fifty men and three ;
Earl Richard used to be the first man,
But now the hindmost was he.

He's taken out one hundred pounds,
And told it in his glove;
Says, "Tak you that, my lady fair,
And seek another love."

"Oh no, oh no," the lady cried,
"That's what shall never be;
I'll have the truth of your right hand,
The queen it gave to me."

"I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
When I did drink your wine;
That for a carle's fair daughter,
It does gar me dree¹ all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?"

"Will you wear the short clothes,
Or will you wear the side,
Or will you walk to your wedding,
Or will you till it ride?"

"I will not wear the short clothes,
But I will wear the side;
I will not walk to my wedding,
But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
The lady him behind;
Then cauld and eerie² were the words,
The twa had them between.

She said, "Good e'en, ye nettles tall,
Just there where ye grow at the dyke,
If the auld carlin my mother was here,
Sae weel's she would your pates pike.

¹ Suffer.

² Ominous.

“ How she would stap¹ you in her poke,²
I wot at that she wadna fail ;
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
And of ye mak right gude kail.

“ And she would meal you with millering,
That she gathers at the mill ;
And mak you thick as any daigh,
And when the pan was brimful

“ Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
Syne bid us sup till we were fou,
Lay down her head upon a poke,
Then sleep and snore like any sow.”

“ Away ! away ! you bad woman,
For all your vile words grieveth me,
When ye heed so little for yourself,
I’m sure ye’ll heed far less for me.

“ I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
When that I did drink of your wine ;
Since for a carle’s fair daughter,
It aye gars me dree all this pine.”

“ May be I am a carle’s daughter,
And may be never nane ;
When ye met me in the good green wood,
Why did you not let me alane ?

“ Gude e’en, gude e’en, ye heather berries,
As ye’re growing on yon hill ;
If the auld carle and his bags were here,
I wot he would get meat his fill.

“ Late, late at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty knots ;
And in the morn at breakfast time,
I’ll carry the keys of an earl’s locks.

¹ Put.

² Bag.

“Late, late, at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty strings;
And if you look to my white fingers,
They have as many gay gold rings.”

“Away! away! ye ill woman,
And sore your vile words grieveth me;
When you heed so little for yourself,
I’m sure ye’ll heed far less for me.

“But if you are a carle’s daughter,
As I take you to be;
How did you get the gay clothing,
In green wood ye had on thee?”

“My mother she’s a poor woman,
She nursed earl’s children three;
And I get them from a foster sister,
For to beguile such sparks as thee.”

“But if you be a carle’s daughter,
As I believe you be;
How did you learn the good Latin,
In green wood ye spoke to me?”

“My mother she’s a mean woman,
She nursed earl’s children three;
I learn’d it from their chapelain,
To beguile such sparks as ye.”

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men boune for bed;
Then Earl Richard and this ladye
In ane bed they were laid.

He turn’d his face to the stock,
And she hers to the stane;
And cauld and dreary was the luve
That was thir twa between.

Great was the mirth in the kitchen,
Likewise intill the ha' ;
But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
Wiping the tears awa'.

He wept till he fell fast asleep,
Then slept till licht was come ;
Then he did hear the gentlemen
That talkèd in the room.

Said, " Saw ye ever a fitter match
Betwixt the ane and ither ;
The king o' Scotland's fair dochter,
And the queen of England's brither."

" And is she the king of Scotland's fair
dochter ?
This day, oh, weel is me !
For seven times has my steed been saddled
To come to court with thee ;
And with this witty lady fair
How happy must I be !"



ANDREW LAMMIE.

" THIS ballad is said to be founded on real circumstances: the daughter of the miller of Tifty, near Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, fell in love with the trumpeter of the laird of Fyvie, and being prevented from marrying him by her father, who esteemed the match beneath his dignity, died in consequence of a broken heart. Both parties are said to have been remarkable for good looks. Annie's death, according to her grave-stone in Fyvie churchyard, took place in 1631. Andrew, however, did not die, as related in the ballad. There is a tradition in 'the Lawland leas of Fyvie,' that, some years afterwards, the melancholy fate of Tifty's Annie being mentioned, and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh where he was present, he remained silent and motionless, till at length he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him, and several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat. This will remind the reader of King Lear calling to his attendants to unbutton him, and also of a circumstance which occurs in the beautiful ballad of 'the Marchioness of Douglas.' It would appear that, in Allan Ramsay's day, 'Bonnie Andrew Lammie' was a

person of traditional celebrity. In the beginning of that poet's third canto of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' a good old free-spoken cummer, as the best evidence of the power of her youthful charms, says—

'I'se warrant ye have a' heard tell
O' bonnie Andrew Lammie;
Stiffly in love wi' me he fell,
As soon as e'er he saw me—
That was a day.'—*Chambers.*

AT Mill o' Tifty lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonnie Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That salutes the rosy morning;
With innocence and graceful mien
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter,
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie;
No one was there that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door
Where lived Tiftie's Annie;
His trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother call'd her to the door,
"Come here to me, my Annie;
Did you ever see a prettier man
Than this trumpeter of Fyvie?"

She sigh'd sore, but said no more,
Alas! for bonnie Annie;
She durst not own her heart was won
By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night, when they went to their beds,
All slept full sound but Annie ;
Love so opprest her tender breast,
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

“ Love comes in at my bed-side,
And love lies down beyond me ;
Love has possess'd my tender breast,
And love will waste my body.

“ The first time I and my love met
Was in the woods of Fyvie ;
His lovely form and speech so sweet,
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

“ He call'd me mistress ; I said, ‘ No ;
I'm Tiftie's bonnie Annie ; ’
With apples sweet he did me treat,
And kisses soft and many.

“ It's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,
I've often gone to meet my love,
My bonnie Andrew Lammie.”

But now, alas ! her father heard
That the trumpeter of Fyvie
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tiftie's bonnie Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie,
To tell his daughter was bewitch'd
By his servant, Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
Oh dear, but he was sorry ;
The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land
Is bewitch'd by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his trumpeter
He call'd soon and shortly :
" Pray tell me soon, What's this you've
done
To Tiftie's bonnie Annie ? "

" In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I canny ;
True love alone the heart has won
Of Tiftie's bonnie Annie.

" Woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
For it has ruin'd many ;
He'll no ha'e't said that she should wed
The trumpeter of Fyvie.

" Where will I find a boy so kind
That'll carry a letter canny—
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
Give it to my love Annie ? "

" Here you shall find a boy so kind,
Who'll carry a letter canny—
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
And gi'e't to thy love Annie."

" It's Tiftie he has daughters three,
Who all are wondrous bonnie ;
But ye'll ken her o'er a' the lave—
Gi'e that to bonnie Annie."

" It's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonnie ;
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
Thy bonnie Andrew Lammie.

" When wilt thou come, and I'll attend ?
My love, I long to see thee : "

" Thou may'st come to the Bridge of
Sleugh,
And there I'll come and meet thee."

"My love, I go to Edinbro',
And for a while must leave thee ;"
She sigh'd sore, and said no more,
"But I wish that I were wi' thee."

"I'll buy to thee a bridal gown ;
My love, I'll buy it bonnie :"
"But I'll be dead e'er ye come back
To see your bonnie Annie."

"If you'll be true, and constant too,
As my name's Andrew Lammie,
I shall thee wed when I come back
To see the lands o' Fyvie."

"I will be true, and constant too,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;
But my bridal bed will ere then be made
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

"Our time is gone, and now comes on,
My dear, that I must leave thee ;
If longer here I should appear,
Mill o' Tiftie he would see me."

"I now for ever bid adieu
To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;
Ere ye come back I will be laid
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house-top of Fyvie ;
He blew his trumpet loud and schill—
'Twas heard at Mill o' Tiftie.

Her father lock'd the door at night,
Laid by the keys fu' canny ;
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
Said, "Your cow is lowing, Annie."

"My father dear, I pray forbear,
And reproach no more your Annie ;
For I'd rather hear that cow to low,
Than ha'e a' the kine in Fyvie.

“ I would not for my braw new gown,
And a’ your gifts so many,
That it were told in Fyvie’s land
How cruel you are to Annie.

“ But if you strike me I will cry,
And gentlemen will hear me ;
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
And he’ll come in and see me.”

At the same time the lord came in,
He said, “ What ails thee, Annie ? ”
“ ’Tis all for love now I must die
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.

“ Pray, Mill o’ Tifty, gi’e consent,
And let your daughter marry.”
“ It will be with some higher match
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.”

If she were come of as high a kind
As she’s adorn’d with beauty,
I would take her unto myself,
And make her mine own lady.”

“ It’s Fyvie’s lands are fair and wide,
And they are rich and bonnie ;
I would not leave my own true love
For all the lands of Fyvie.”

Her father struck her wondrous sore,
As also did her mother ;
Her sisters always did her scorn ;
But woe be to her brother.

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,
With cruel strokes and many ;
He brake her back in the hall door,
For liking Andrew Lammie.

“ Alas ! my father and mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie ?
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broken my body.

“ Oh, mother dear, make ye my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie ;
Thus will I ly, and thus will die,
For my love, Andrew Lammie !

“ Ye neighbours hear, both far and near,
Ye pity Tiftie’s Annie ;
Who dies for love of one poor lad—
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.

“ No kind of vice e’er stain’d my life,
Nor hurt my virgin honour ;
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner.”

Her mother then she made her bed,
And laid her face to Fyvie ;
Her tender heart it soon did break,
And ne’er saw Andrew Lammie.

But the word soon went up and down,
Through all the lands of Fyvie,
That she was dead and buried—
Even Tiftie’s bonnie Annie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
Said, “ Alas, for Tiftie’s Annie !
The fairest flower’s cut down by love
That e’er sprung up in Fyvie.”

“ Oh, woe betide Mill o’ Tiftie’s pride,
He might have let them marry ;
I should have given them both to live
Into the lands of Fyvie.”

Her father sorely now laments
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had gi’en consent,
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both air and late,
Her sister’s cause they scorned her ;
Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve,
For the cruel usage he’d given her.

But now, alas ! it was too late,
 For they could not recall her ;
 Through life, unhappy is their fate,
 Because they did controul her.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,
 With meikle grief and sorrow ;
 " My love has died for me to-day,
 " I'll die for her to-morrow.

" Now I will on to Tiftie's den,
 Where the burn rins clear and bonnie ;
 With tears I'll view the bridge of Sleugh,¹
 Where I parted last with Annie.

" Then will I speed to the church-yard,
 To the green church-yard of Fyvie ;
 With tears I'll water my love's grave,
 Till I follow Tiftie's Annie."

Ye parents grave, who children have,
 In crushing them be canny ;
 Lest when too late you do repent,
 Remember Tiftie's Annie.



THE BARON OF BRACKLEY.

DOWN Dee-side came Inverey whistling and play-
 ing ;
 He's lighted at Brackley yates at the day dawing.

" Says, " Baron o' Brackley, O are ye within ?
 There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your
 blood spin."

¹ "It is a received superstition in Scotland, that when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never again meet."—*Motherwell*.

The lady rase up, to the window she went ;
She heard her kye¹ lowing o'er hill and o'er bent.

"O rise up, ye baron, and turn back your kye ;
For the lads o' Drumwharran are driving them bye."

"How can I rise, lady, or turn them again ?
Whare'er I have ae man, I wat they hae ten."

"Then rise up, my lasses, tak rocks in your hand,
And turn back the kye ;—I hae you at command.

"Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,
He wadna lye in his bed, see his kye ta'en."

Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith ;²
Says, "Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you I'm laith.

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, and gie me my speir ;
I aye was for peace, tho' I never fear'd weir."²

"Come, kiss me, then, Peggy, nor think I'm to blame ;
I weel may gae out, but I'll never win in !"

When Brackley was busked, and rade o'er the closs,³
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted, and rade o'er the green,
He was as bauld a baron as ever was seen.

Though there cam wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother
and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw ;
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa ?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround ;
And they've pierced bonny Brackley wi' many a
wound.

¹ Cows.² Arms.³ War.⁴ Yard.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban¹ Inverey.

"O came ye by Brackley yates, was ye in there?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving² her hair?"

"O I came by Brackley yates, I was in there,
And I saw his Peggy a-making good cheer."

That lady she feasted them, carried them ben;
She laugh'd wi' the men that her baron had slain.

"O fye on you, lady! how could you do sae?
You open'd your yates to the fause Inverey."

She ate wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in;
She welcomed the villain that slew her baron!

There's grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa'.

LADY ANNE.

FAIR lady Anne sate in her bower,
Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did
sing,
'Twas the pleasant May-day tide.

But fair lady Anne on Sir William call'd,
With the tear grit in her e'e,
"O though thou be fause, may Heaven thee
guard,
In the wars ayont the sea!"

Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing, and play at the ba',
As naked as they were born.

¹ Curse.

² Tearing.

“ O seven lang years wad I sit here,
Amang the frost and snaw,
A’ to ha’e but ane o’ these bonnie boys,
A playing at the ba’.”

Then up and spake the eldest boy,
“ Now listen, thou fair ladie,
And ponder well the read that I tell,
Then make ye a choice of the three.

“ ’Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
And that ane, sae fair to see,
But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,
To join with our companie.”

“ O I will ha’e the snaw-white boy,
The bonniest of the three.”
“ And if I were thine, and in thy propine,
O what wad ye do to me ? ”

“ ’Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,
And nourice thee on my knee.”
“ O mither ! mither ! when I was thine,
Sic kindness I couldna see.”

“ Beneath the turf, where now I stand,
The fause nurse buried me ;
The cruel penknife sticks still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee.”

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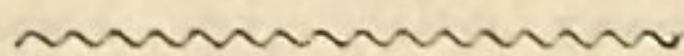
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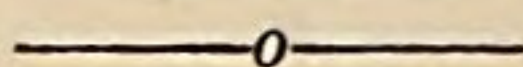
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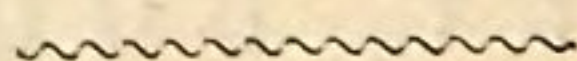
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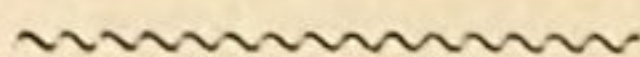
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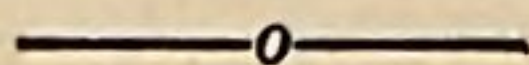
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